

**GOSPEL**  
**HOSANNAS**

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Author of

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# GOSPEL HOSANNAS

FOR CHURCH AND SABBATH SCHOOL  
YOUNG PEOPLE'S SERVICES AND  
EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS

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LAKE SIDE BLDG.

CHICAGO

## A WORD TO THE PUBLIC

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The editors of Gospel Hosannas present herewith to the Christian public a book of songs which we sincerely believe will meet with utmost satisfaction the needs of the Sabbath School, Evening Services and Evangelistic Meetings. We believe Gospel Hosannas will speak for itself and ask you to notice the large collection of choruses, new and old, the old familiar pieces and the large number of the most popular present day copyrights. We send the songs forth with a prayer that God will be honored in their use.

THE EDITORS.

Try especially Numbers 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 10, 13, 14, 20, 23, 26, 27, 31, 37, 42, 43, 44, 49, 50, 52, 55, 57, 60, 64, 67, 68, 73, 75, 77, 80, 81, 85, 86, 99, 102, 110, 112, 113, 121, 127, 153.



# Gospel Hosannas.

## No. 1.

## All Hail the Power.

Edward Perronet.

Wm. Shrubsole.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros-trate
2. Crown Him, ye morn-ing stars of light, Who fixed this earth - ly
3. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial
4. O that with yon-der sa - cred throng We at His feet may



fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem And crown Him,  
ball; Now hail the strength of Is - rael's might, And crown Him,  
ball; To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe And crown Him,  
fall; We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him,



crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.  
crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.  
crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.  
crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all. A - men



## No. 2.

## The New Glory Song.

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LAKESIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

C. B. S.

Clarence B. Strouse.

1. If you are dis-cour-aged In dark-ness or in doubt, If you are down-  
 2. Do you long for com-fort This world has nev-er brought? Do you car-ry  
 3. When you're sorely tempt-ed, Be-cause of some de-feat, When you have fore-  
 4. When life's joys and sor-rows, Its hopes and fears are o'er, When with those we've

heart-ed, The Lord can bring you out, Don't give o'er the bat-tle The vic-t'ry  
 bur-dens, Your ma-n-y sins have wrought? Take it all to Je-sus, Your Friend He's  
 bod-ings, Of tri-als you're to meet, Trust and do not wor-ry, Thy faith will  
 la-bored, We reach the gold-en shore, We'll re-joice for ev-er, For vic-t'ry

you can win, O-pen your heart to heav-en And the glo-ry will come in.  
 al-ways been, O-pen your heart to heav-en And the glo-ry will come in.  
 sure-ly win, O-pen your heart to heav-en And the glo-ry will come in.  
 o-ver sin, O-pen your heart to heav-en And the glo-ry will come in.

# The New Glory Song.

## CHORUS.

O - pen your heart to heav - en and the glo - ry will come in, O - pen your

This system contains the first line of the chorus. It features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the bass and tenor staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "O - pen your heart to heav - en and the glo - ry will come in, O - pen your".

heart to heav - en and the glo - ry will come in; Tell Je - sus all your tri - als He'll

This system contains the second line of the chorus. The vocal melody continues in the treble clef, with piano accompaniment in the bass and tenor staves. The lyrics are: "heart to heav - en and the glo - ry will come in; Tell Je - sus all your tri - als He'll".

save you from your sin, O - pen your heart to heav - en and the glo - ry will come in.

This system contains the third line of the chorus. The vocal melody continues in the treble clef, with piano accompaniment in the bass and tenor staves. The lyrics are: "save you from your sin, O - pen your heart to heav - en and the glo - ry will come in." The system concludes with a double bar line.

## No. 3.

## I Want to be True to Thee.

S. L.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT 1911, BY BIEDERWOLF & STROUSE.  
LAKESIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

Scott Lawrence.

1. Dear Je - sus, my Sav - ior, now list to my plea, I want to be  
 2. I see Thee at prayer in the gar - den a - lone, I want to be  
 3. I think of Thy suf - f'ring on Cal - va - ry's brow, I want to be  
 4. My bless - ed Re - deem - er, keep me in the way, I want to be

true to Thee; I love Thee be-cause Thou hast first lov - ed me,  
 true to Thee; Neg - lect - ed by those Thou didst count as Thine own,  
 true to Thee; O bless me and cleanse me dear Sav - ior just now,  
 true to Thee; That I in Thy beau - ty may see Thee some day,

## CHORUS.

I want to be true to Thee. I want to be true, I mean to be

true To my King who reign - eth in glo - ry; I'll pray night and

day, And al - ways o - bey My King who reign - eth in glo - ry.



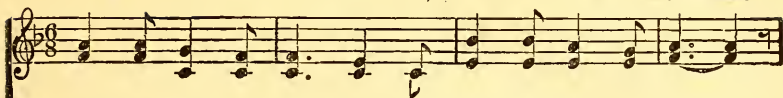
## No. 4.

## Win Stars for Your Crown.

C. B. S.

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Clarence B. Strouse.



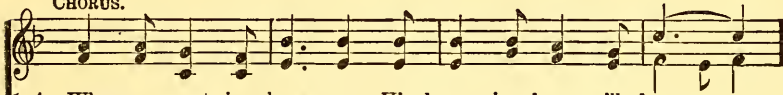
1. Win a soul to Je - sus The great - est work in life;
2. Car - ry now the mes - sage, To some poor darkened soul,
3. Go speak to some lost friend, There's dan - ger in de - lay,
4. Give the gos - pel mes - sage, Un - to some seek - ing heart,
5. Lead no soul to Je - sus, Neg - lect the work of life,
6. Be a Chris - tian work - er, With pow - er from a - bove,



Help some struggling sin - ner, From dark - ness and from strife.  
 Guide his err - ing foot - steps, In - to the Sav - ior's fold.  
 Beg him now to en - ter Up - on the nar - row way.  
 Tell the love of Je - sus Twill ne'er from Him de - part.  
 Help no poor lost sin - ner From dark - ness and from strife.  
 Je - sus will go with you, He'll fill you with His love.



## CHORUS.



- 1-4v. When you meet in heav - en His beam - ing face will be . . . . will be  
 5v. If you get to heav - en There'll be no stars for thee . . . . for thee  
 6v. When you meet in heav - en His great re - ward will be . . . . will be



A con - stant joy for - ev - er, Your star e - ter - nal - ly.  
 A star - less crown for - ev - er, Your loss e - ter - nal - ly.  
 A crown of life and glo - ry, With stars e - ter - nal - ly.



# No. 5. Take Time to be Holy.

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W. D. Longstaff.

USED BY PER.

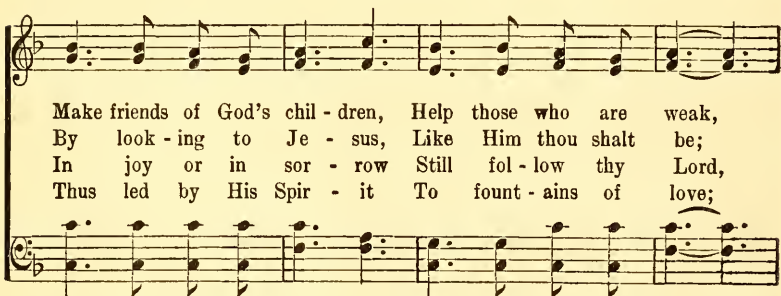
Geo. C. Stebbins.



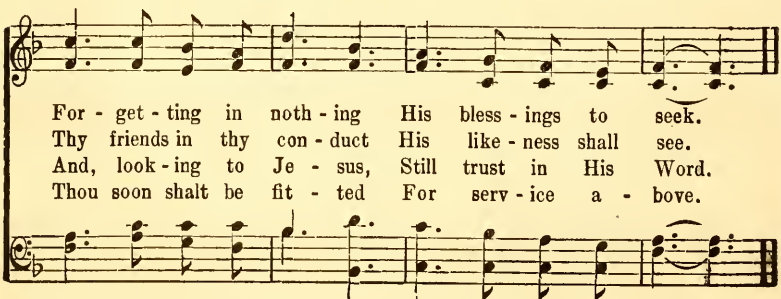
1. Take time to be ho - ly, Speak oft with thy Lord;  
2. Take time to be ho - ly, The world rush - es on;  
3. Take time to be ho - ly, Let Him be thy Guide,  
4. Take time to be ho - ly, Be calm in thy soul,



A - bid in Him al - ways, And feed on His word;  
Spend much time in se - cret, With Je - sus a - lone;  
And run not be - fore Him, What - ev - er be - tide;  
Each tho't and each mo - tive Be - neath His con - trol;



Make friends of God's chil - dren, Help those who are weak,  
By look - ing to Je - sus, Like Him thou shalt be;  
In joy or in sor - row Still fol - low thy Lord,  
Thus led by His Spir - it To fount - ains of love;



For - get - ting in noth - ing His bless - ings to seek.  
Thy friends in thy con - duct His like - ness shall see.  
And, look - ing to Je - sus, Still trust in His Word.  
Thou soon shalt be fit - ted For serv - ice a - bove.



## No. 6.

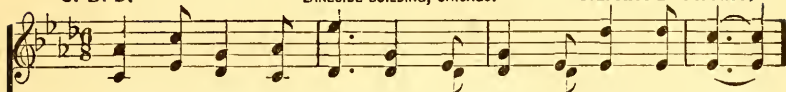
## Show Your Sunshine.

Dedicated to the Strouse Sunshine Society of Atlantic City, N. J.

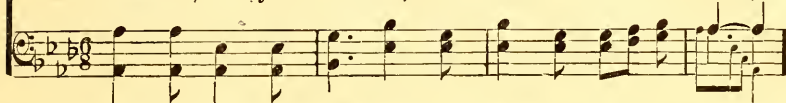
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LAKEBIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

C. B. S.

Clarence B. Strouse.



1. Chris - tian, show your sun-shine, Your frowns and cares e - raise;
2. Chris - tian, show your sun-shine, When you are sore - ly ' tried;
3. Chris - tian, show your sun-shine, Go to some home of care;
4. Chris - tian, show your sun-shine, And live a life of love,



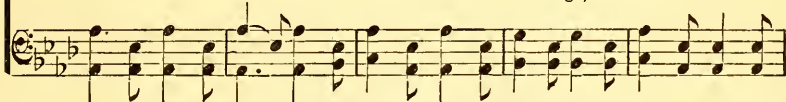
The world is full of sor - row, It loves a smil - ing face.  
 Oh, do not be re - sent - ful, In grace and love a - bide.  
 A deed of love and kind - ness Will leave a fra - grance there.  
 This is the life of pow - er That's giv - en from a - bove.



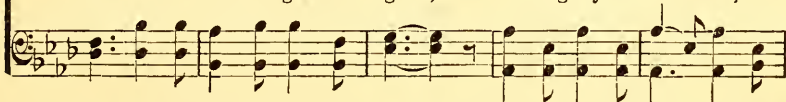
## CHORUS.



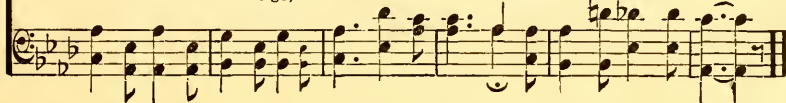
Shedding rays of sun-shine As thro' the world we go, Reflected rays from  
 we go,



Je - sus The flow'rs of grace will grow; Shedding rays of sun - shine, As



thro' the world we go, Then show your sunshine, 'Twill make the sad heart glow.  
 we go,



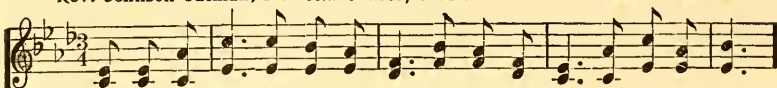
## No. 7.

## Higher Ground.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER.

Chas: H. Gabriel.



1. I'm pressing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurl'd;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;



Still pray-ing as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."  
 Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My pray'r, my aim is high-er ground.  
 For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.  
 But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground."



## CHORUS.



Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heav-en's ta-ble-land;



A high-er plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.




## No. 8.

## The Bible of Our Fathers.

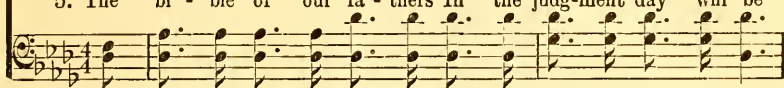
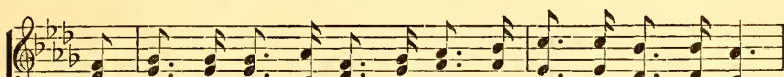
C. B. S.

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LAKESIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO.


Clarence B. Strouse.




1. The bi - ble of our fa - thers Is the bless - ed word of God,  
 2. The bi - ble of our fa - thers Its great prom - is - es are true,  
 3. The bi - ble of our fa - thers Tho' at-tacked with-out, with-in,  
 4. The bi - ble of our fa - thers, On - ly those who preach it whole  
 5. The bi - ble of our fa - thers In the judg-ment day will be

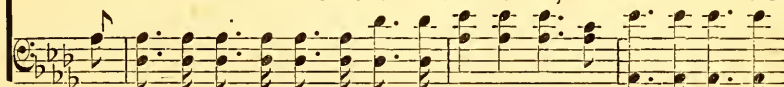
Its pag - es are in - spir - ed—By its light our fa - thers trod.  
 They nev - er fail be - liev - ers; Trust, its gos - pel will save you!  
 Is still re - joic - ing mill - ions It is sav - ing from their sin.  
 Are reach - ing dy - ing sin - ners, Bring-ing peace to the lost soul.  
 The on - ly book re-main-ing, Save the book of life we'll see.




## CHORUS.




The bi - ble of our fa - thers is the book for me, The bi - ble of our



fath-ers, let it ev - er be, The bi - ble of our fa - thers is good e-



nough for me, The bi - ble of our fa - thers, our hope e - ter - nal - ly.



## No. 9.

## Keep On Believing.

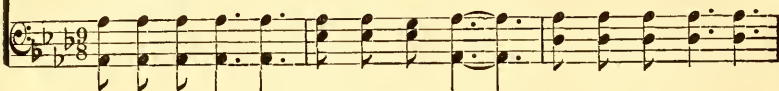
M. D.

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L. M. B.

*Con espress.*

1. When you feel weak-est, dan-gers sur - round; Sub-tle temp-ta-tions,  
 2. If all were ea-sy, if all were bright, Where would the cross be?  
 3. God is your wis-dom; God is your might; God's ev-er near you  
 4. Let us press on then; nev-er des-pair; Live a -bove feel-ing,



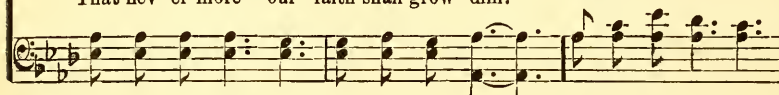
troub-les a - bound; Noth-ing seems hope-ful, noth-ing seems glad,  
 where would the fight? But in the hard-ness, God gives to you,  
 guid-ing you right; He un - der-stands you, knows all you need:  
 vic - to - ry's there; Je - sus can keep us so near to Him,



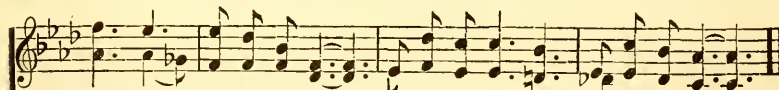
## CHORUS.



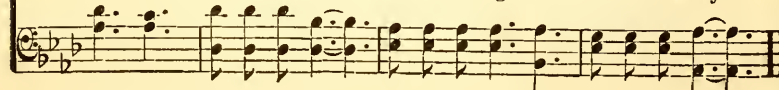
All is de-spair-ing, oft - en times sad. 1. Keep on be - liev-ing,  
 Chan-ces for prov-ing what He can do.  
 Trust-ing in Him you'll sure-ly suc-ceed, 2. Keep on re-joic-ing,  
 That nev-er-more our faith shall grow dim.



Je - sus is near, Keep on be-liev-ing, there's nothing to fear; Keep on be-



liev - ing, this is the way, Faith in the night as well as the day.





## No. 10.

## Since I Have Been Forgiven.

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Clarence B. Strouse.



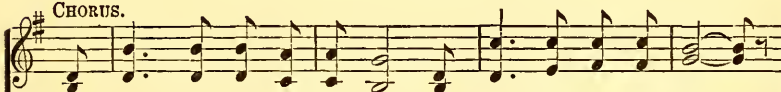
1. I used to think sweet peace I'd find, In world-ly pleas-ure and its kind;
2. I used to be a - fraid to die, I had no home be-yond the sky;
3. What matters wheth-er sick or well, Our Je - sus do - eth all things well;
4. Now let earth's fiercest bil - lows roll, I've heav - en an - chored in my soul;
5. Now I've a right to shout and sing, For my best friend is heaven's King,



But no such peace to me was giv'n, Till I be-came a child of heav'n.  
 Now Je - sus comes and walks with me, All fear is gone and I am free.  
 Of earth-ly goods we're oft be-reft, But, praise His name, we've heaven left.  
 And if on earth no more we meet, We'll meet a - bove at Je - sus' feet.  
 His whis-pers now, they thrill my soul, The shouts of joy I can't con-trol.



## CHORUS.



Since I have been for - giv - en, His dear, dear face I see,

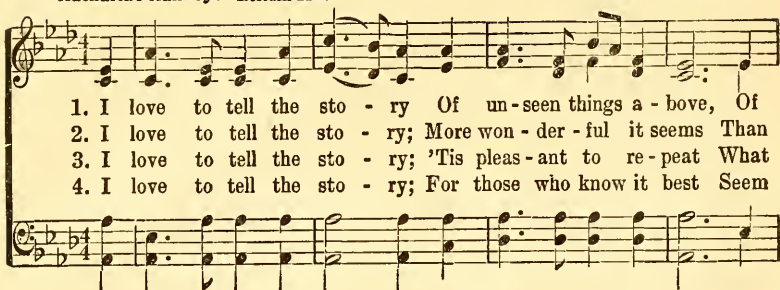


While we walk to - geth - er, This world's a heav'n to me.



Katharine Hankey. Refrain added.

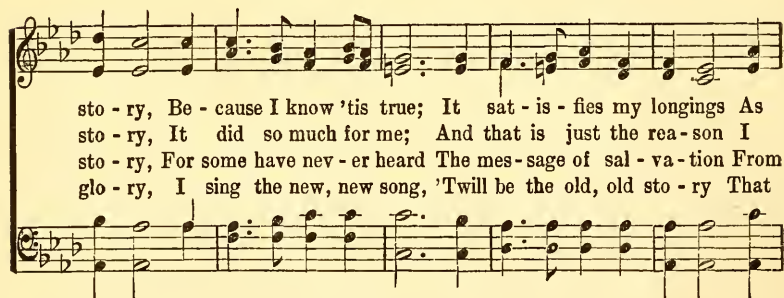
William G. Fischer.



1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of  
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than  
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What  
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem

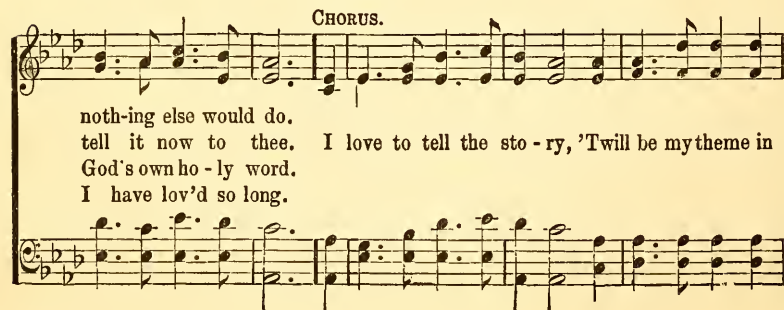


Je - sus and His glo - ry Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the  
 all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the  
 seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the  
 hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of



sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my longings As  
 sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the rea - son I  
 sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From  
 glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That

CHORUS.



noth - ing else would do.  
 tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in  
 God's own ho - ly word.  
 I have lov'd so long.



# I Love To Tell The Story.

glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

No. 12.

## Why Not Now?

El Nathan,

COPYRIGHT 1891, BY C. C. CASE.  
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C. C. Case.

1. While we pray, and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wan - dered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've fail'd to find Aught of peace for troubled mind:
4. Come to Christ, con - fess - sion make; Come to Christ and par - don take;

While your Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth - er, come?  
Do not turn from God your face, But, to - day, ac - cept His grace.  
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.  
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

CHORUS.

Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?  
Why not now? why not now?

Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?  
Why not now? why not now?

## No. 13.

## Saved by Grace.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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Geo. C. Stebbins.



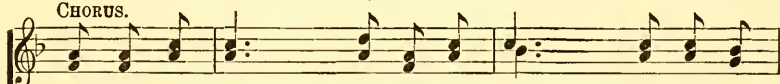
1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth - ly house will fall, I can - not tell how soon 'twill be,
3. Some day when fades the gold - en sun Be - neath the ros - y - tint - ed west,
4. Some day, till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimm'd and burning bright,



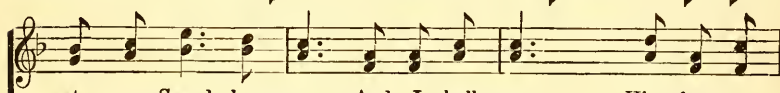
But, O, the joy when I shall wake With-in the pal - ace of the King?  
 But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in heav'n for me.  
 My bless - ed Lord shall say, "well done!" And I shall en - ter in - to rest.  
 That when my Sav - ior ope's the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.



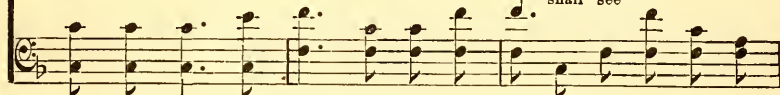
## CHORUS.



And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the  
 shall see to face,



sto - ry—Saved by grace; And I shall see Him face to  
 shall see



face, And tell the sto - ry—Saved by grace.  
 to face,



## No. 14.

## He's Real to Me.

Essek W. Kenyon.

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LAKESIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

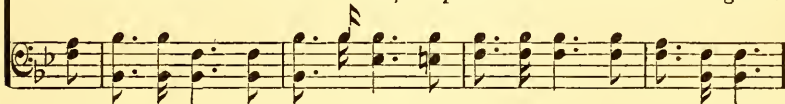
Oliver Arnold, Jr.

*Slowly, with expression.*

1. He's real to me, my Fa - ther God, I know Him thro' His pre - cious Word;
2. It's real to me, my Sav - ior's blood, By grace the truth I've un - der - stood,
3. The Spirit's real, His might - y power Pro - tects me in temp - ta - tion's hour;
4. His word is real, O soul re - joice, It is your bless - ed Sav - ior's voice;
5. O soul, He will be real to thee If thou but claim Re - al - i - ty;
6. His prom - ise is so real to me, Of His re - turn Re - al - i - ty;



He's real to me, my Shepherd King, I see Him now in ev - 'ry - thing.  
 It's pow'ro'er sin and flesh - y lust Is now so real I ful - ly trust.  
 In per - fect light He guid - eth me And makes Himself Re - al - i - ty.  
 It tells you of His con - stant love That in - ter - cedes for you a - bove.  
 Be real thy - self in ev - 'ry part, Re - al - i - ty will fill thy heart.  
 When I shall see His bless - ed face, I'll praise Him for His wondrous grace.



## CHORUS.



He's real to me, He's real to me, My Fa - ther God is real to me;



My soul demands Re - al - i - ty, My Fa - ther God is real to me.



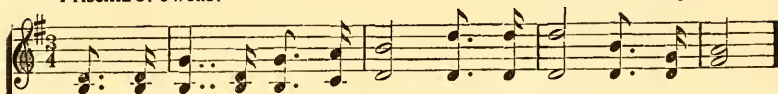
## No. 15.

## Jesus Saves!

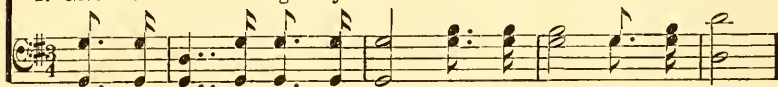
COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. RENEWAL.

Priscilla J. Owens.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



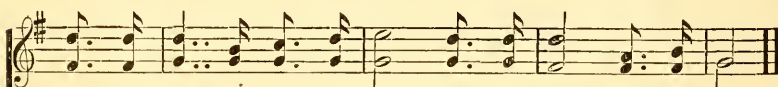
1. We have heard a joy - ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
4. Give the winds a might - y voice: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!



Spread the ti - dings all a - round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 Tell to sin - ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 Let the na - tions now re - joice, — Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!



Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves;  
 Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;  
 Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;  
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves;



On - ward!—'tis our Lord's com - mand; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, — Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 This our song of vic - to - ry, — Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!





## No. 16.

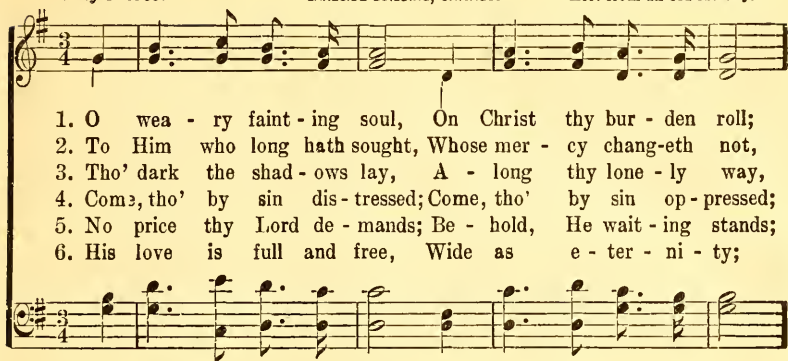
## Power Enough for Thee.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY BIEDERWOLF & STROUSE.  
LAKESIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

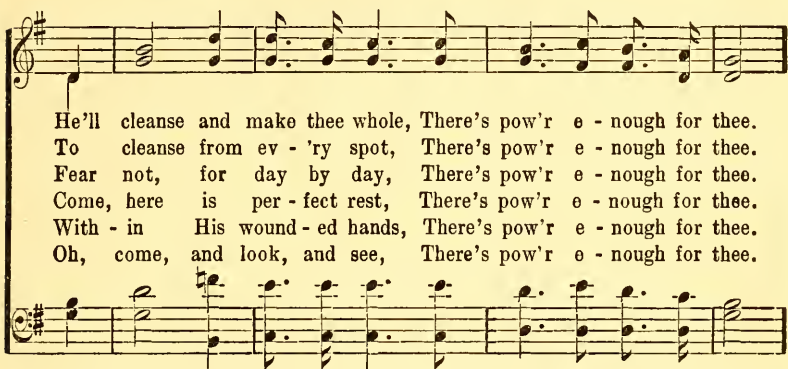
May Pierce.

Arr. from an old Melody.

May Pierce.

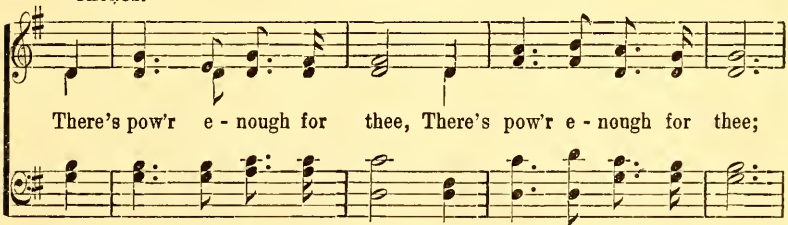


1. O wea - ry faint - ing soul, On Christ thy bur - den roll;  
 2. To Him who long hath sought, Whose mer - cy chang-eth not,  
 3. Tho' dark the shad - ows lay, A - long thy lone - ly way,  
 4. Come, tho' by sin dis - tressed; Come, tho' by sin op - pressed;  
 5. No price thy Lord de - mands; Be - hold, He wait - ing stands;  
 6. His love is full and free, Wide as e - ter - ni - ty;

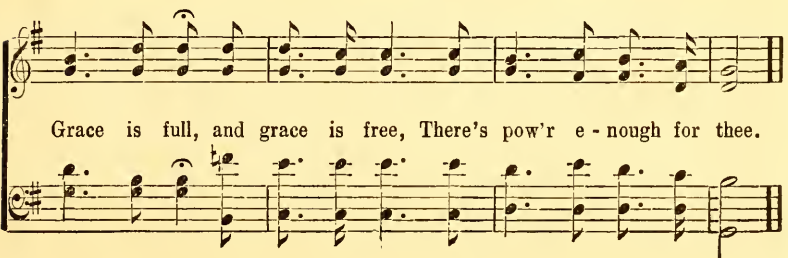


He'll cleanse and make thee whole, There's pow'r e - nough for thee.  
 To cleanse from ev - ry spot, There's pow'r e - nough for thee.  
 Fear not, for day by day, There's pow'r e - nough for thee.  
 Come, here is per - fect rest, There's pow'r e - nough for thee.  
 With - in His wound - ed hands, There's pow'r e - nough for thee.  
 Oh, come, and look, and see, There's pow'r e - nough for thee.

## CHORUS.



There's pow'r e - nough for thee, There's pow'r e - nough for thee;



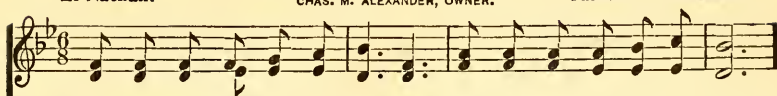
Grace is full, and grace is free, There's pow'r e - nough for thee.

# No. 17      There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.

El Nathan.

COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY JAMES McGRANAHAN.  
CHAS. M. ALEXANDER, OWNER.

James McGranahan.



1. "Thereshall be show-ers of bless-ing"—This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "Thereshall be show-ers of bless-ing"—Pre-cious re - viv - ing a - gain,
3. "Thereshall be show-ers of bless-ing"—Send them up - on us, O Lord!
4. "Thereshall be show-ers of bless-ing"—O that to - day they might fall,



There shall be sea-sons re - fresh - ing, Sent from the Sav - ior a - bove.  
O - ver the hills and the val - leys Sound of a - bun-dance of rain.  
Grant to us now a re - fresh - ing, Come, and now hon - or Thy Word!  
Now as to God we're con-fess - ing, Now as on Je - sus we call!



## CHORUS.



Show - ers of bless - ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need;  
Show - ers, show - ers



Mer - cy-drops round us are fall - ing, But for the show-ers we plead.



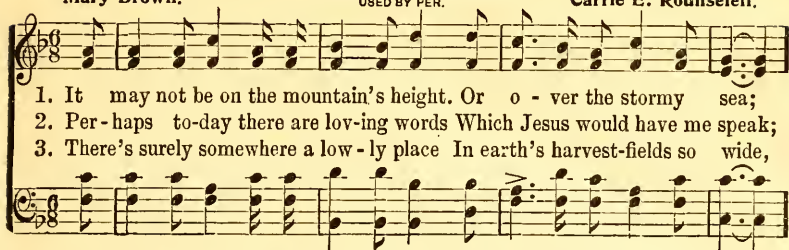


# No. 18. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.


Mary Brown.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY C. E. ROUNSEFELL.  
USED BY PER.

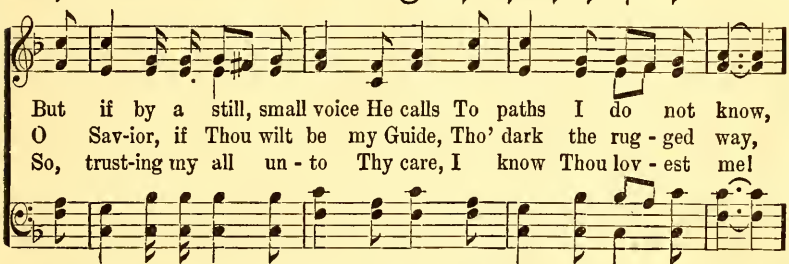
Carrie E. Rounsefell.



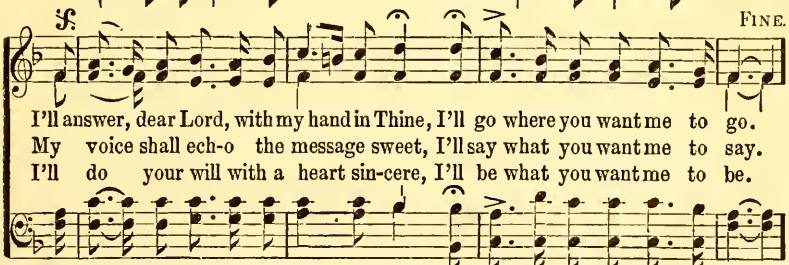
1. It may not be on the mountain's height. Or o - ver the stormy sea;  
2. Per-haps to-day there are lov-ing words Which Jesus would have me speak;  
3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place In earth's harvest-fields so wide,



It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;  
There may be now, in the paths of sin, Some wand'rer whom I should seek.  
Where I may labor thro' life's short day, For Je - sus, the Cru-ci - fied.



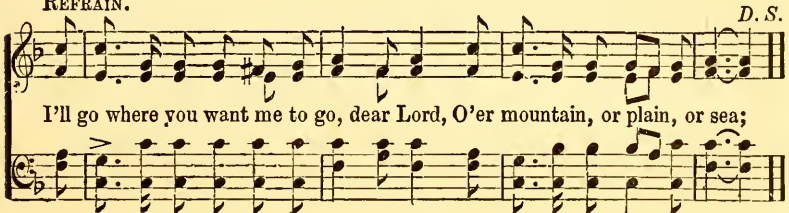
But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths I do not know,  
O Sav-ior, if Thou wilt be my Guide, Tho' dark the rug - ged way,  
So, trust-ing my all un - to Thy care, I know Thou lov - est me!



I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.  
My voice shall ech-o the message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.  
I'll do your will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

D.S.—I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN.



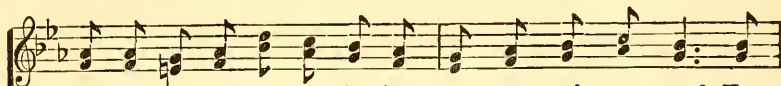
I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;

Anon.

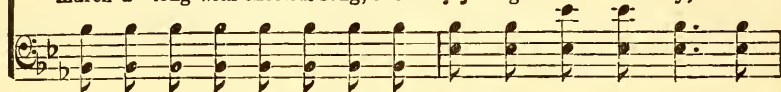
Arranged.



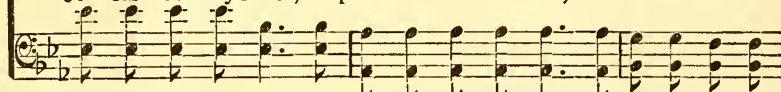
1. Tho' dark the night, and clouds look black And storm-y o - ver-head, And
2. When those who once were dearest friends Be - gin to per - se - cute, And
3. And thus, by fre - quent lit - tle talks, I gain the vic - to - ry, And



trials of al-most ev - 'ry kind A - cross my path - way spread; How  
those who once professed to love Have si - lent grown and mute, I  
march a - long with cheerful song, En - joy - ing lib - er - ty; With

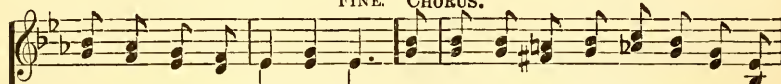


Soon I con-quer all, As to the Lord I call, — A lit - tle talk with  
tell Him all my grief, He quick-ly sends re - lief, — A lit - tle talk with  
Je - sus as my friend, I'll prove un - to the end, A lit - tle talk with



D.S.-trials of ev - 'ry kind, Praise God, I al-ways find A lit - tle talk with

FINE. CHORUS.



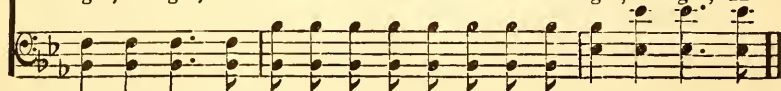
Je - sus makes it right, all right. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it



Je - sus makes it right, all right.



right, all right, A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it right, all right; In



D. S.

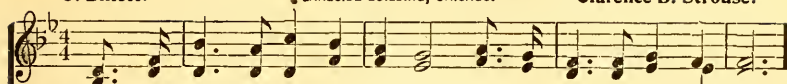
## No. 20.

## That Will Be Glory.

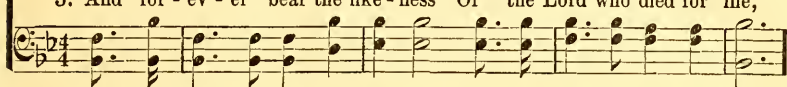
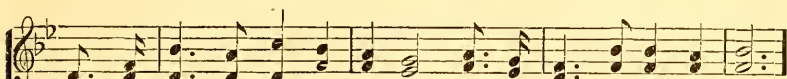
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY BIEDERWOLF & STROUSE.  
LAKESIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

C. Billett.


Clarence B. Strouse.



1. When the gold - en gates are opened, And I en - ter in to rest,  
 2. When this wea - ry way has end-ed, With its con - flict sharp and long,  
 3. Then the promised rest and glo - ry In fru - i - tion shall be known,  
 4. O, but 'tis the One in glo - ry It will be so good to meet,  
 5. And for - ev - er bear the like - ness Of the Lord who died for me,



And be - hold the blessed Sav - ior, And am fold - ed to His breast—  
 And the peace and joy of heav - en Fills the heart and tunes the song—  
 And the long im - agined splen - dor In - to knowledge shall have grown.  
 And to cast my crown be - fore Him Down at His be - lov - ed feet.  
 And for - ev - er join the chor - us Of the ransomed and the free.



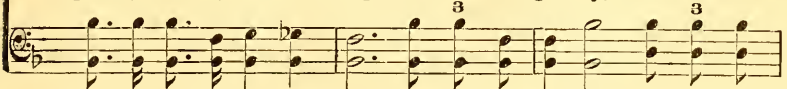
## CHORUS.



That will be glo - ry, That will be glo - ry, That will be

glo - ry with my Sav - ior King; That will be glo - ry, That will be



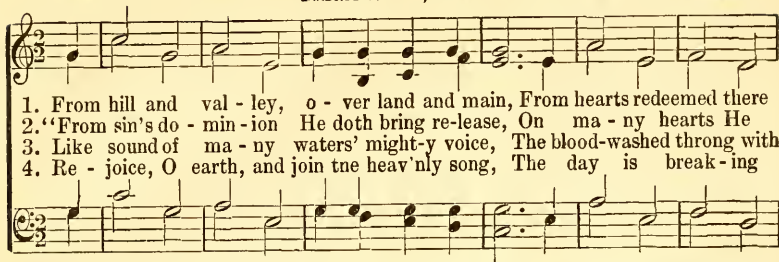

glo - ry, That will be glo - ry while we shout and sing.



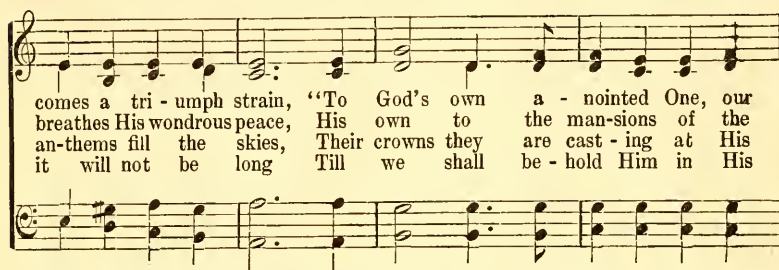
## No. 21.

## Our Redeemer King.

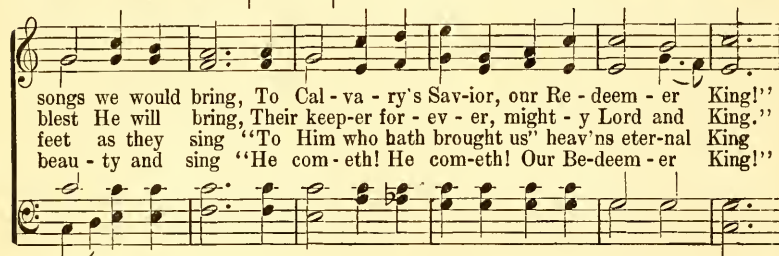
Ella M. Parks. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY BIEDERWOLF & STROUSE. W. J. Baltzell.  
LAKESIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO. Cho. by C. B. Strouse.



1. From hill and val - ley, o - ver land and main, From hearts redeemed there  
2. "From sin's do - min - ion He doth bring re - lease, On ma - ny hearts He  
3. Like sound of ma - ny waters' might - y voice, The blood - washed throng with  
4. Re - joice, O earth, and join the heav'nly song, The day is break - ing



comes a tri - umph strain, "To God's own a - nointed One, our  
breathes His wondrous peace, His own to the man - sions of the  
an - thems fill the skies, Their crowns they are cast - ing at His  
it will not be long Till we shall be - hold Him in His



songs we would bring, To Cal - va - ry's Sav - ior, our Re - deem - er King!"  
blest He will bring, Their keep - er for - ev - er, might - y Lord and King."  
feet as they sing "To Him who hath brought us" heav'n's eter - nal King  
beau - ty and sing "He com - eth! He com - eth! Our Be - deem - er King!"

## CHORUS.



Our Re - deem - er King, our Redeemer King, Shout the loud ho -  
Re - deem - er, Re - deem - er,



san - nas, To our Re - deem - er King, our Redeemer King,  
Re - deem - er, Re - deem - er,



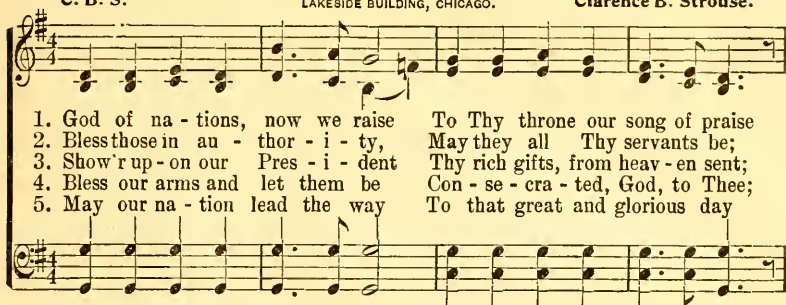
## No. 22.

## In God We Trust.

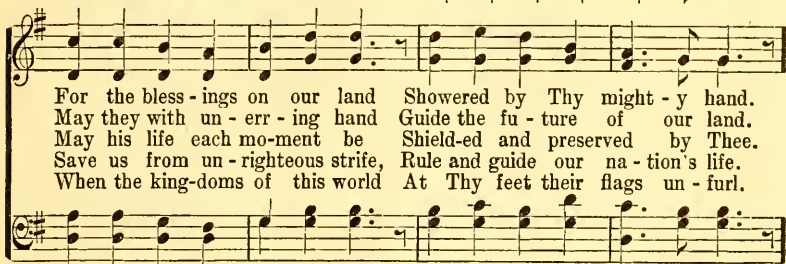
C. B. S.

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LAKESIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

Clarence B. Strouse.



1. God of na - tions, now we raise      To Thy throne our song of praise  
2. Bless those in au - thor - i - ty,      May they all Thy servants be;  
3. Show'r up - on our Pres - i - dent      Thy rich gifts, from heav - en sent;  
4. Bless our arms and let them be      Con - se - cra - ted, God, to Thee;  
5. May our na - tion lead the way      To that great and glorious day



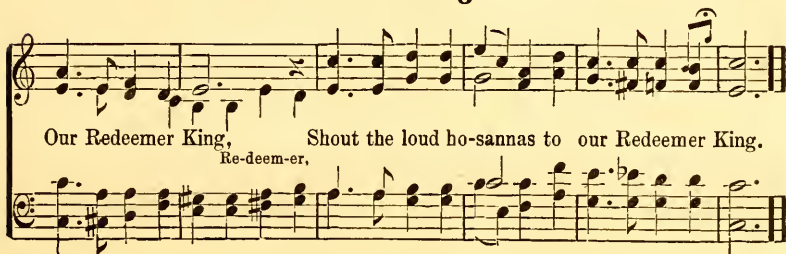
For the bless - ings on our land      Showered by Thy might - y hand.  
May they with un - err - ing hand      Guide the fu - ture of our land.  
May his life each mo - ment be      Shield - ed and preserved by Thee.  
Save us from un - righteous strife,      Rule and guide our na - tion's life.  
When the king - doms of this world      At Thy feet their flags un - furl.

CHORUS.



God, our Fa - ther pi - lot us,      May our na - tion in Thee trust,  
Star and stripes for - ev - er be      Em - blem of God's lib - er - ty.

## Our Redeemer King.—Concluded.



Our Redeemer King,      Shout the loud ho - san - nas to our Redeemer King.  
Re - deem - er,

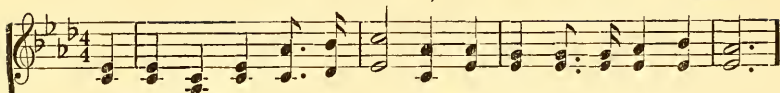
## No. 23.

## My Savior's Love.

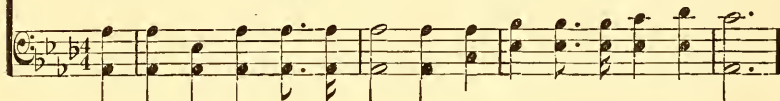
C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.  
CHAS. M. ALEXANDER, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. I stand a-mazed in the pres-ence Of Je-sus, the Naz-a - rene,
2. For me it was in the gar-den He prayed—"Not my will but thine;"
3. In pit - y an - gels be - held Him, And came from the world of light
4. When with the ransom'd in glo - ry, His face I at last shall see,



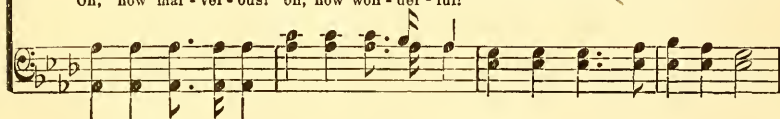
And won-der how He could love me, A sin - ner, condemned, un-clean.  
He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat drops of blood for mine.  
To com-fort Him in the sor - row He bore for my soul that night.  
'Twill be my joy thro' the a - ges To sing of His love for me.



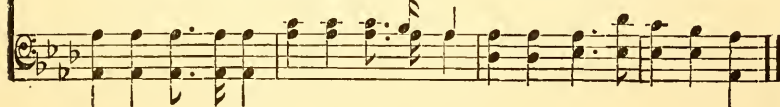
## CHORUS.



How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful! And my song shall ev-er be:—  
Oh, how mar-vel-ous! oh, how won-der-ful!



How mar-vel-ous, how won-der-ful, Is my Sav-ior's love for me.  
Oh, how mar-vel-ous, oh, how won-der-ful,





Sabine Baring-Gould.

Arthur Sullivan.



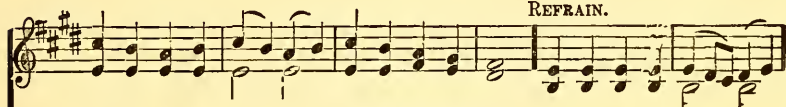
1. Onward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian sol-diers,
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are tread - ing
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voic-es



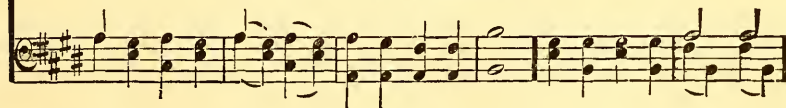
Go - ing on be-fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;  
 On to vic-to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise,  
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed; [All one bod - y we,  
 In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King,



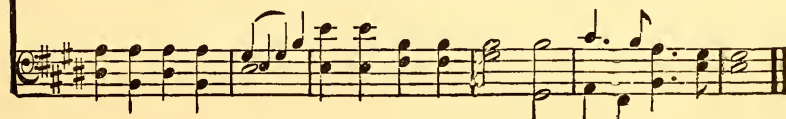
## REFRAIN.



For-ward in - to bat - tle. See His ban-ner go!  
 Brothers, lift your voic - es, Loud your anthems raise. Onward, Christian sol-diers!  
 One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.  
 This thro' count-less a - ges Men and an-gels sing.



Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be-fore.



## No. 25.

## From Every Stormy Wind.

H. Stowell.

S. Wilder.

SOLO OBBLIGATO,



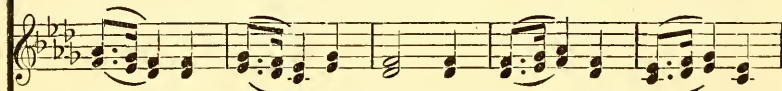
1. From ev-'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry  
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds Thè' oil of

*Accompanying voices pp.*

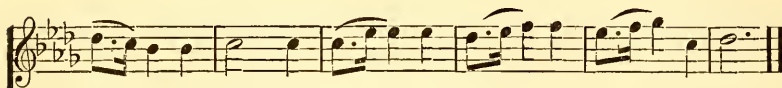
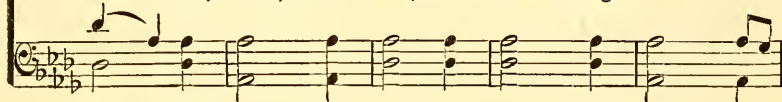
3. There is a scene where spir - its blend, Where friend holds  
4. Oh, let my hand for - get her skill, My tongue be



swell - ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a  
glad - ness on our heads; A place than all be-



fel - low - ship with friend; Tho' sun - dered far, by  
si - lent, cold, and still, This bound - ing heart for-



sure re-treat; 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy-seat.  
sides more sweet; It is the blood-bought mer - cy-seat.



faith they meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy-seat.  
get to beat, If I for - get the mer - cy-seat.



## A Penitent's Plea.

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LAKESIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

Arr. by Clarence B. Strouse.

C. B. S.

1. My Je - sus wilt Thou hear my hum - ble cry? With - out Thee I must  
 2. Wor - thy I, and full of sin and shame And al - most fear to  
 3. With - in my - self but help - less - ness I find I'm poor, and weak, and  
 4. Thy prom - is - es I ful - ly now be - lieve, And long Thy cleans - ing  
 5. Be - fore Thy throne of mer - cy low I bow, In mer - cy look up -

sure - ly die! To me on wings of ten - der mer - cy fly, And  
 call Thy name; Yet an - swer now the fee - ble prayer I frame. And  
 lame, and blind; Oh, show Thy love, for - ev - er true and kind, And  
 to re - ceive; My ma - ny sins in mer - cy now for - give, And  
 on me now! O set Thy seal up - on my heart and brow, And

CHORUS.

take me as I am. O take me, just as I am, un - to


Thee I cry, Thou blessed Sav - ior, Thou dy - ing Lamb; Just now my  
 to Thee I cry, dy - ing Lamb;


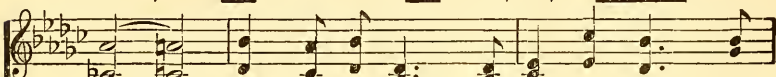
Lord, bring Thy per - fect sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.

Julia H. Johnston.

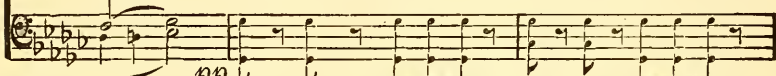
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D. B. Towner.

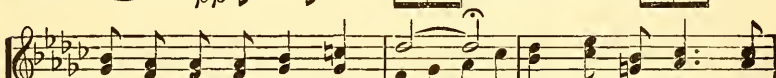
- 
1. O golden day when light shall break And dawn's bright glo-ries shall un-
  2. Life's upward way, a nar-row path, Leads on to that fair dwelling-
  3. I dim-ly see my jour-ney's end, But well I know who guid-eth


fold,                      When He who knows                      the path I take                      Shall  
place                      Where, safe from sin,                      and storm, and wrath,                      They  
me;                      I fol-low Him,                      that won-drous Friend                      Whose



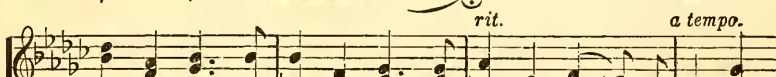
*pp*



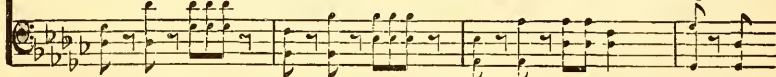
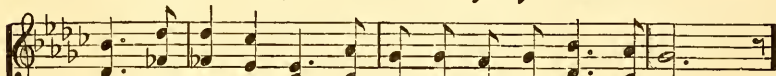
ope for me the gates of gold! . . Earth's lit-tle while will  
live who trust re-deem-ing grace. . . Sing, sing, my heart, a-  
matchless love is full and free. . . . And when with Him I



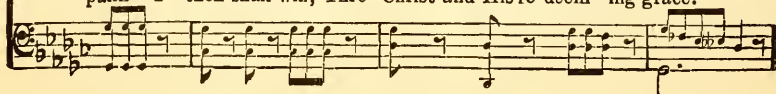
*rit.*                      *a tempo.*



soon be past, My pil-grim song will soon be o'er; The grace that  
long the way! The grace that saves will keep and guide Till breaks the  
en-ter in, And all the way look back to trace, The conqu'ror's

saves shall time out-last, And be my theme on yon-der shore.  
glo-rious crown-ing day, And I shall cross to yon-der side.  
palm I then shall win, Thro' Christ and His re-deem-ing grace.





## No. 28.

## Nearer, Still Nearer.

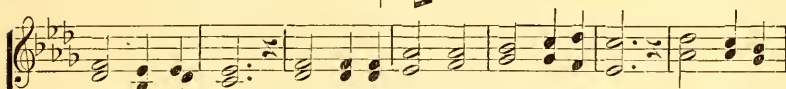
C. H. M.

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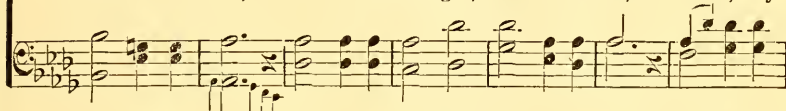
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



1. Near-er, still near-er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my Sav-ior, so
2. Near-er, still near-er, noth-ing I bring, Naught as an of-f'ring to
3. Near-er, still near-er, Lord, to be thine, Sin, with its fol-lies, I
4. Near-er, still near-er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo-ry my



pre-cious Thou art: Fold me, O fold me close to Thy breast, Shel-ter me  
 Je-sus my King; On-ly my sin-ful, now contrite heart, Grant me the  
 glad-ly re-sign; All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride, Give me but  
 an-chor is cast; Thro' end-less a-ges, ev-er to be, Near-er, my

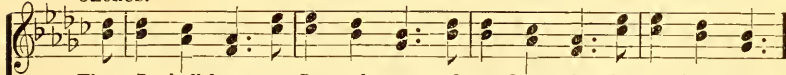


safe in that "Ha-ven of Rest," Shelter me safe in that "Haven of Rest."  
 cleansing Thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth impart.  
 Je-sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied, Give me but Je-sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied.  
 Sav-ior, still near-er to Thee, Near-er, my Savior, still near-er to Thee.



## Saving Grace.

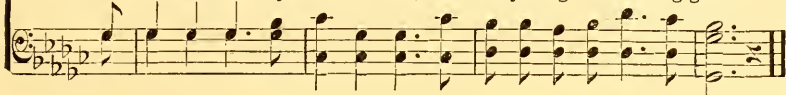
CHORUS.



Then I shall know as I am known, and stand complete before the throne;



Then I shall see my Savior's face, And all my song be "Sav-ing grace!"





# No. 29.

# The Joyful Song.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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Adam Geibel.

1. Be-hold! a roy-al ar-my, With banner,sword and shield,Are marching forth to
2. And now the foe ad-vanc-ing That val-iant host as-sails, And yet they nev-er
3. Oh, when the war is end-ed, When strife and conflict cease,When all are safely

con-quer, On life's great battlefield; Its ranks are fill'd with sol-diers, U-nit-ed,  
fal-ter, Their courage never fails; Their Leader calls, "Be faithful," They pass the  
gath-ered With-in the vale of peace, Be-fore the King e-ter-nal, That vast and

bold and strong, Who follow'd their Commander, And sing their joyful song.  
word a-long, They see His sig-nal flash-ing, And shout the joy-ful song.  
might-y throng Shall praise His name for-ev-er, And this shall be their song.

## CHORUS. Unison.

Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, Thro' Him that redeemed us, Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, Thro' Jesus

## harmony.

Christ our Lord; Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, Thro' Je-sus Christ our Lord.

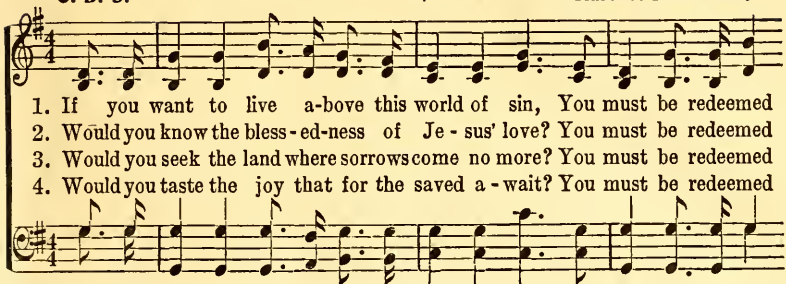
thro' Christ our Lord.

# No. 30. You Must Be Redeemed By the Blood.

C. B. S.

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LAKESIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

Clarence B. Strouse.

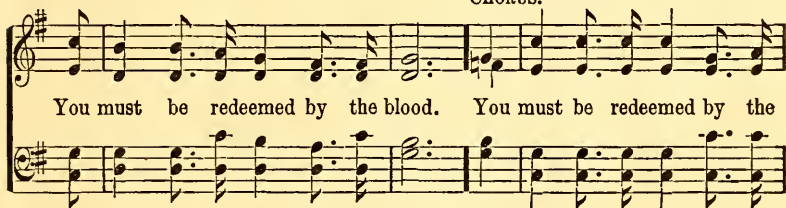


1. If you want to live a-bove this world of sin, You must be redeemed  
2. Would you know the bless-ed-ness of Je-sus' love? You must be redeemed  
3. Would you seek the land where sorrows come no more? You must be redeemed  
4. Would you taste the joy that for the saved a-wait? You must be redeemed

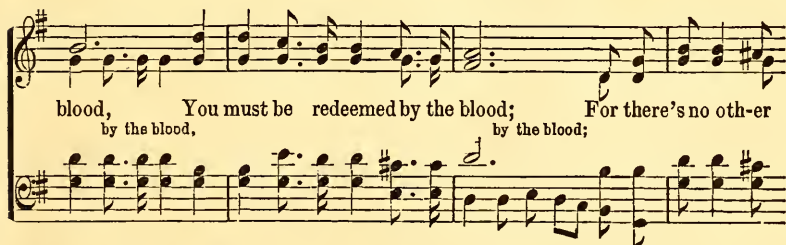


by the blood; If you'd have God's Spir - it reign su-preme with-in,  
by the blood; Would you know the joy that com - eth from a-bove?  
by the blood; Would you meet the loved ones who have gone be-fore?  
by the blood; Would you pass in tri-umph thro' the pearl - y gate?

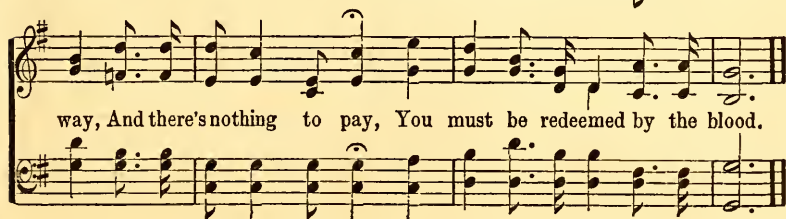
CHORUS.



You must be redeemed by the blood. You must be redeemed by the



blood, You must be redeemed by the blood; For there's no oth-er  
by the blood, by the blood;

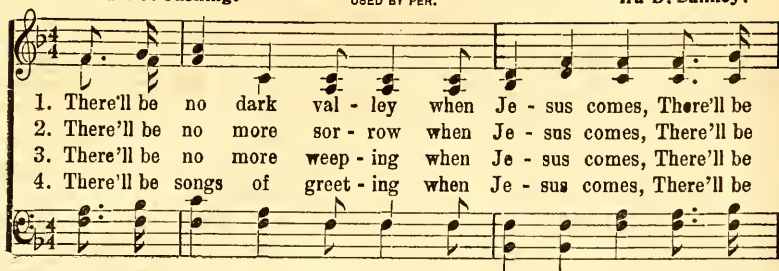


way, And there's nothing to pay, You must be redeemed by the blood.

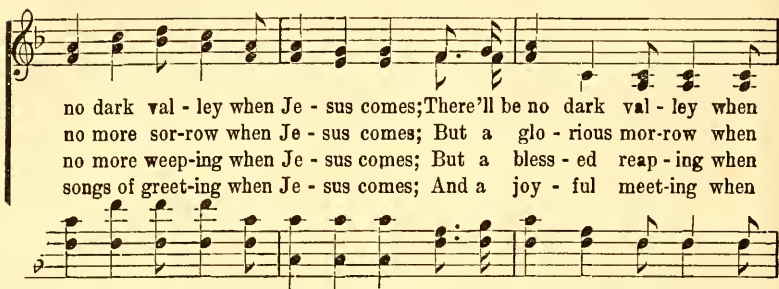
William O. Cushing.

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USED BY PER.

Ira D. Sankey.




1. There'll be no dark val - ley when Je - sus comes, There'll be  
 2. There'll be no more sor - row when Je - sus comes, There'll be  
 3. There'll be no more weep - ing when Je - sus comes, There'll be  
 4. There'll be songs of greet - ing when Je - sus comes, There'll be



no dark val - ley when Je - sus comes; There'll be no dark val - ley when  
 no more sor - row when Je - sus comes; But a glo - rious mor - row when  
 no more weep - ing when Je - sus comes; But a bless - ed reap - ing when  
 songs of greet - ing when Je - sus comes; And a joy - ful meet - ing when

## REFRAIN.



Je - sus comes To gath - er His loved ones home. To gath - er His loved ones



home (safe home), To gath - er His loved ones home (safe home); There'll be



no dark val - ley when Je - sus comes To gath - er His loved ones home.

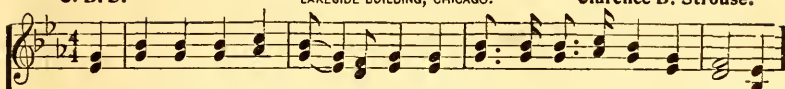
## No. 32.

## Standing On the Rock.

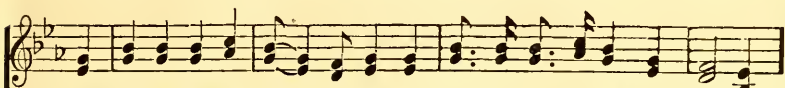
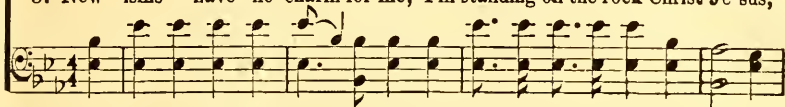
C. B. S.

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LAKESIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

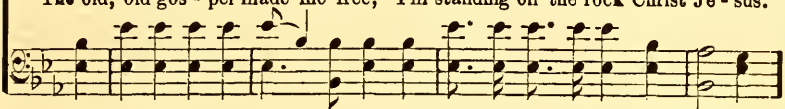
Clarence B. Strouse.



1. This old world will soon pass a - way, I'm standing on the rock Christ Je - sus;
2. All oth - er hopes are sure to fail, I'm standing on the rock Christ Je - sus;
3. He holds me by His might - y hand, I'm standing on the rock Christ Je - sus;
4. When Satan tempts my soul to doubt, I'm standing on the rock Christ Je - sus;
5. New isms have no charm for me, I'm standing on the rock Christ Je - sus;



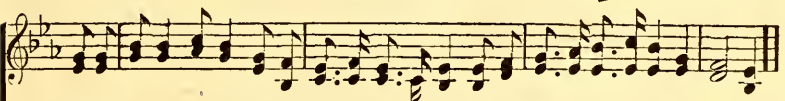
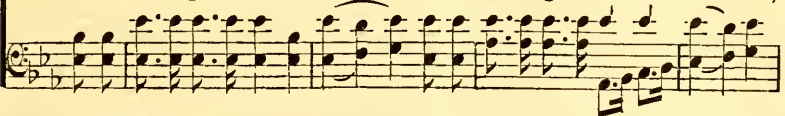
The time draws nearer, day by day, I'm standing on the rock Christ Je - sus.  
 And trusting Him I'll weather the gale, I'm standing on the rock Christ Je - sus.  
 I now am in the prom - ised land, I'm standing on the rock Christ Je - sus.  
 I'll con - quer with a might - y shout, I'm standing on the rock Christ Je - sus.  
 The old, old gos - pel made me free, I'm standing on the rock Christ Je - sus.



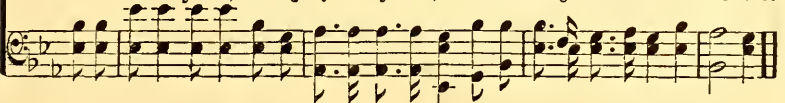
## CHORUS.



I am standing on the rock Christ Je - sus, I am standing on the rock Christ Jesus;  
 6, 7v. - I'll be standing on the rock Christ Jesus, I'll be standing on the rock Christ Jesus;



Tho' the billows may roll, There is glory in my soul, And I'm standing on the rock Christ Jesus.  
 Tho' the billows may roll, I have glory in my soul, I'll be standing on the rock Christ Jesus.



- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>6 When critics sink into dismay,<br/>         I'll be standing on the rock Christ Jesus;<br/>         The good old Book will be my stay,<br/>         I'll be standing on the rock Christ Jesus.</p> | <p>7 When waves of death around me roll,<br/>         I'll be standing on the rock Christ Jesus;<br/>         No doubt nor fear can touch my soul,<br/>         I'll be standing on the rock Christ Jesus.</p> |
|---|--|

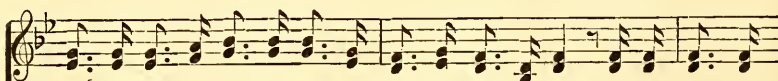
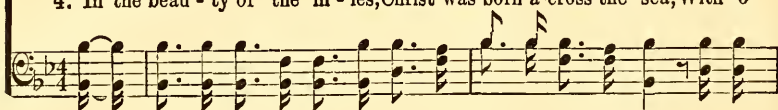


Julia Ward Howe.

Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."



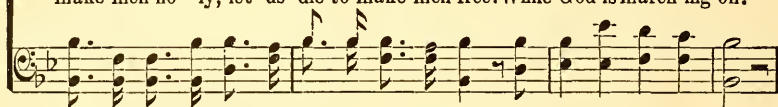
1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir-cling camps; They have
3. He has sound-ed forth the trum-pet that shall nev-er call re-treat; He is
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a-cross the sea, With o



trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the  
 build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve-nings dews and damps; I can read His  
 sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judgment seat; O be swift, my  
 glo - ry in His bos-om that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He died to



fate-ful light-ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword; His truth is march-ing on.  
 right-eous sentence by the dim and flar-ing lamps; His day is march-ing on.  
 soul, to an-swer Him! be lu - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march-ing on.  
 make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free: While God is march-ing on.



## CHORUS.



Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jan!

*D. S. 2nd time.*

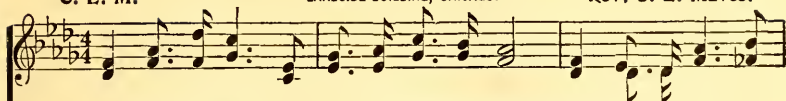




C. E. M.

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LAKESIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

Rev. C. E. Maves.



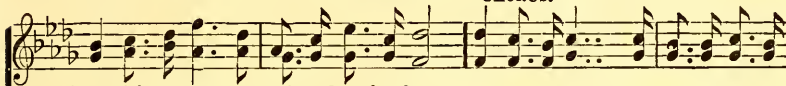
1. I've heard the sound of my dear Savior's voice, Sweet is the ech - o
2. His Shep-herd voice de-light-ed me to hear: When I was lost I
3. His lov-ing voice, there is none quite so dear In dark-est hours it



bid-ding me re-joyce; It thrills my heart with mu-sic from a-bove  
heard Him call-ing near; He bade my soul, un-safe and sore oppressed,  
brings the need-ed cheer, How glad the prom-ise of my Savior-Friend:



## CHORUS.

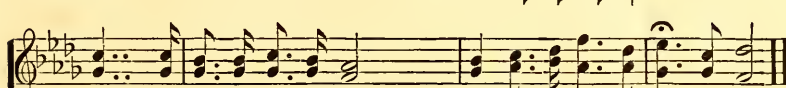
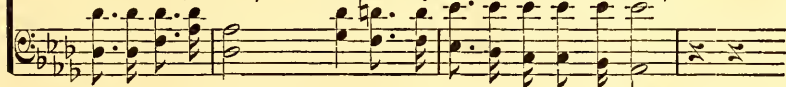


And with a rapt-ure of redeeming love.

"Come un-to me and I will give you rest." How sweet the voice, how wonderful the  
"Lo! I am with you, e-ven to the end." How sweet the voice, how



sound, Down in my soul its ech-oes ere a-bound, Oh, for the  
won-der-ful the sound, Down in my soul its ech-oes a-bound,



time when we with Him a-bide! I shall in heav-en near His side.

Oh, for the time when we with Him a-bide, in



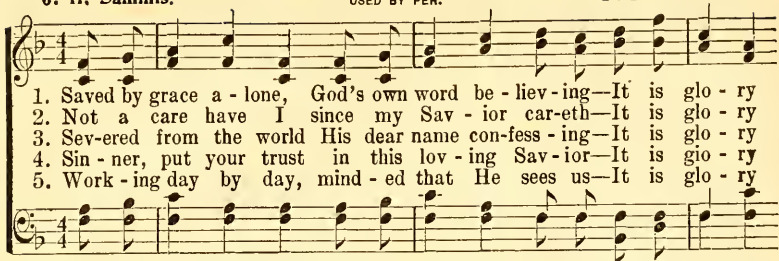
## No. 35.

## Glory All the Way!

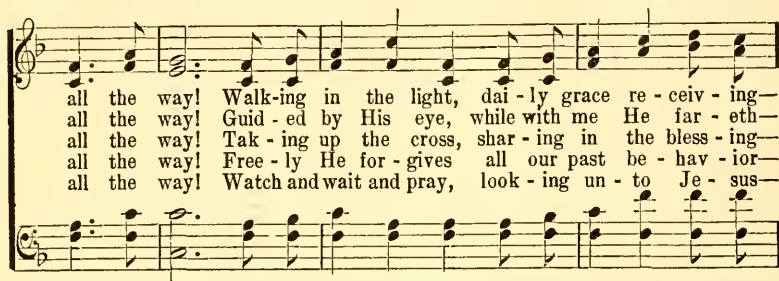
J. H. Sammis.

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D. B. Towner.

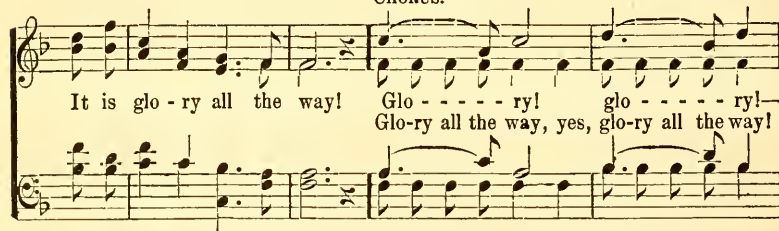


1. Saved by grace a-lone, God's own word be-liev-ing-It is glo-ry  
 2. Not a care have I since my Sav-ior car-eth-It is glo-ry  
 3. Sev-ered from the world His dear name con-fess-ing-It is glo-ry  
 4. Sin-ner, put your trust in this lov-ing Sav-ior-It is glo-ry  
 5. Work-ing day by day, mind-ed that He sees us-It is glo-ry



all the way! Walk-ing in the light, dai-ly grace re-ceive-ing-  
 all the way! Guid-ed by His eye, while with me He far-eth-  
 all the way! Tak-ing up the cross, shar-ing in the bless-ing-  
 all the way! Free-ly He for-gives all our past be-hav-ior-  
 all the way! Watch and wait and pray, look-ing un-to Je-sus-

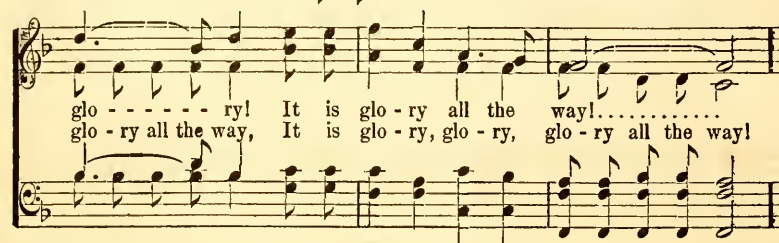
## CHORUS.



It is glo-ry all the way! Glo-ry! glo-ry!  
 Glo-ry all the way, yes, glo-ry all the way!



It is glo-ry all the way! ..... Glo-ry  
 It is glo-ry, glo-ry all the way! Glo-ry all the way, yes,

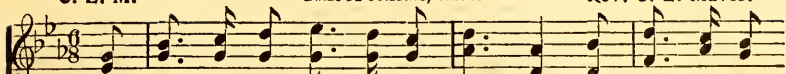


glo-ry! It is glo-ry all the way! .....  
 glo-ry all the way, It is glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry all the way!

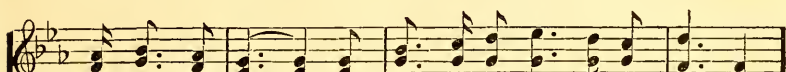
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LAKESIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

C. E. M.

Rev. C. E. Maves.



1. The Christ, the a - noint - ed of heav - en, Re-deemed us with  
 2. As Christ low - ly walked in the val - leys, His maj - es - ty  
 3. Since dark - ness and death broke up - on Him, Ex - alt - ed on



life from a - bove; The cross is the em - blem He gave us,  
 hal - lowed the hills; His cross the world count-ed most shame-ful;  
 Cal - va - ry's tree, The rays of God's love they are beam - ing,

CHORUS.



A glo - ri - ous to-ken of love.  
 It's glo - ry all heav-en now fills. "The Christ and the cross" is our  
 And I im-mor-tal-i - ty see.



gos - pel cry, Let earth re - sound! We'll sing it a -  
 earth re-sound, let earth re-sound!

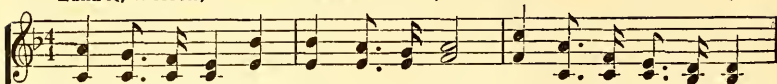


new when at home on high Re-deemed and crowned for - ev - er!

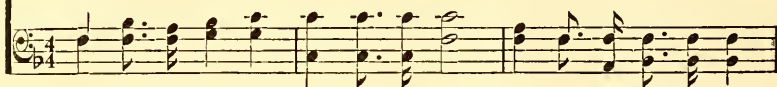
Edna R. Worrell,

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LAKEVIEW BUILDING, CHICAGO.

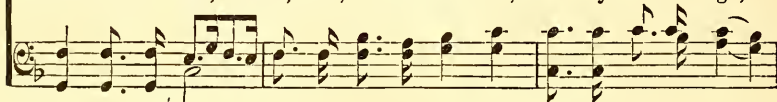
A. F. Mey.



1. Cling-ing, my Sav - ior, Cling-ing to Thee, Tho' from my sin - ful clasp
2. Cling-ing, my Sav - ior, Stay-ing Thy flight, Thro' ma - ny wea - ry
3. Cling-ing, still cling-ing, Lord, Thou canst see, Strength born of deepest love,
4. Cling-ing no long - er When I am blest, God's arms will bear me up,



Thou wouldst be free; Fear lest Thou shouldst spurn me, Makes my spirit bold,  
Hours of night! Crip-pled, weak and help-less, Lord, al-though I be,  
Holds me to Thee; Know-ing, bless-ed Sav-ior, That Thou wilt not fail,  
While I shall rest; Safe, then, on His bo-som, Swift-ly borne on high,

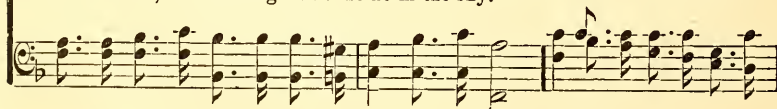


## CHORUS.

Lord except Thou bless me, I shall ne'er lose my hold.

Daylight breaks to find my soul Still clinging to Thee. Clinging to Thee; For  
Soon to bless my contrite heart, For prayer doth prevail. to Thee;

Lost to earth, at last I'll gain A home in the sky.



all e - ter - ni - ty, My Lord, my love, my all I'm cling - ing to Thee.  
all e - ter - ni - ty,



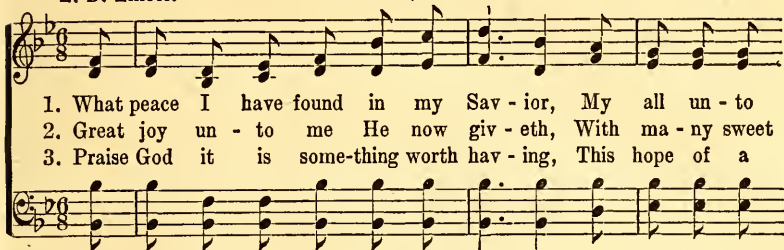
## No. 38.

## Something Worth Having.

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E. D. Elliott.

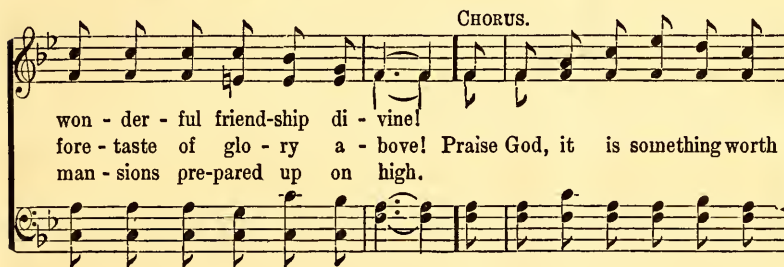
Wm. Edie Marks.



1. What peace I have found in my Sav - ior, My all un - to  
 2. Great joy un - to me He now giv - eth, With ma - ny sweet  
 3. Praise God it is some-thing worth hav - ing, This hope of a

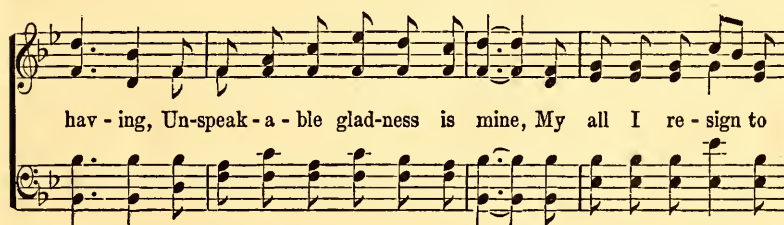


Him I re - sign; Praise God, it is something worth hav - ing, This  
 to - kens of love! Praise God, it is something worth hav - ing, This  
 sweet by and by, When I shall be liv - ing with Je - sus In



CHORUS.

won - der - ful friend-ship di - vine!  
 fore - taste of glo - ry a - bove! Praise God, it is something worth  
 man - sions pre-pared up on high.



hav - ing, Un-speak - a - ble glad-ness is mine, My all I re - sign to



love so di - vine, Praise God, it is some-thing worth hav - ing!



1. Would you live for Je - sus and be always pure and good? Would you walk with  
 2. Would you have Him make you free, and follow at His call? Would you know the  
 3. Would you in His kingdom find a place of constant rest? Would you prove Him

Him with - in the nar - row road? Would you have Him bear your bur - den,  
 peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that  
 true each prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in His serv - ice la - bor

## CHORUS.

car - ry all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.  
 you need nev - er fall? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you  
 al - ways at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.

what you ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can

fill your soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee.

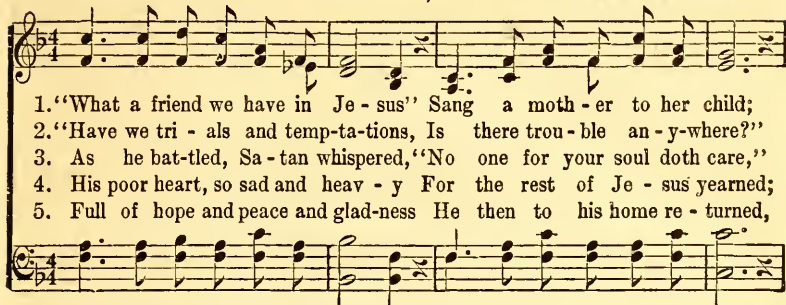
## No. 40.

## Saved by a Hymn.

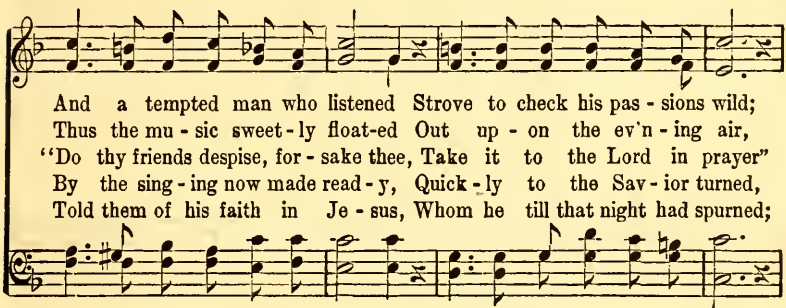
Charles W. McCrossan.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY BIEDERWOLF & STROUSE.  
LAKESIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

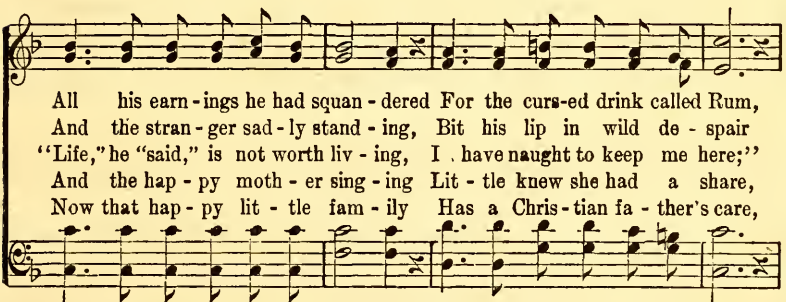
Clarence B. Strouse.



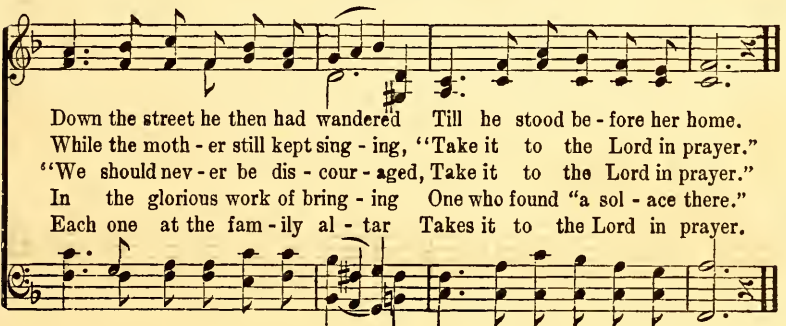
1. "What a friend we have in Je - sus" Sang a moth - er to her child;  
 2. "Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions, Is there trou - ble an - y - where?"  
 3. As he bat - tled, Sa - tan whispered, "No one for your soul doth care,"  
 4. His poor heart, so sad and heav - y For the rest of Je - sus yearned;  
 5. Full of hope and peace and glad - ness He then to his home re - turned,



And a tempted man who listened Strove to check his pas - sions wild;  
 Thus the mu - sic sweet - ly float - ed Out up - on the ev' - n - ing air,  
 "Do thy friends despise, for - sake thee, Take it to the Lord in prayer"  
 By the sing - ing now made read - y, Quick - ly to the Sav - ior turned,  
 Told them of his faith in Je - sus, Whom he till that night had spurned;



All his earn - ings he had squan - dered For the curs - ed drink called Rum,  
 And the stran - ger sad - ly stand - ing, Bit his lip in wild de - spair  
 "Life," he "said," is not worth liv - ing, I have naught to keep me here;"  
 And the hap - py moth - er sing - ing Lit - tle knew she had a share,  
 Now that hap - py lit - tle fam - ily Has a Chris - tian fa - ther's care,



Down the street he then had wandered Till he stood be - fore her home.  
 While the moth - er still kept sing - ing, "Take it to the Lord in prayer."  
 "We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer."  
 In the glorious work of bring - ing One who found "a sol - ace there."  
 Each one at the fam - ily al - tar Takes it to the Lord in prayer.

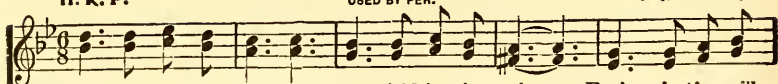
## No. 41.

## Yield Not to Temptation,

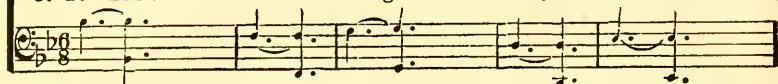
H. R. P.

DR. H. R. PALMER, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.  
USED BY PER.


H. R. Palmer.



1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will  
 2. Shun e - vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in  
 3. To him that o'er-com-eth God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall



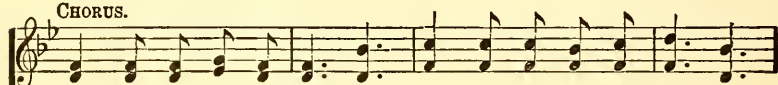

help you Some oth-er to win; l ight man-ful-ly on-ward,  
 rev'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn-est,  
 con-quer, Though oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-ior,

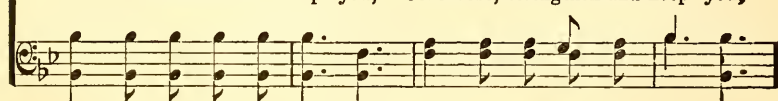
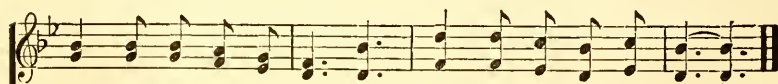
Dark pas-sions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll carry you through.  
 Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll carry you through.  
 Our strength will re-new, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll carry you through.




## CHORUS.



Ask the Sav-ior to help you, Com-fort, strengthen and keep you;

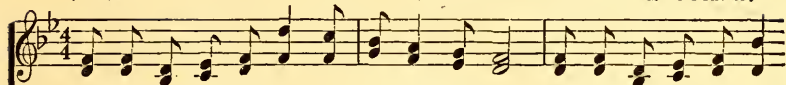



He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

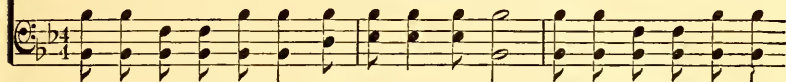


E. Dee.

Wm. Edie Marks.



1. Are you great-ly tempt-ed to turn from the way, Does the world en-tice you
2. Are the bur-dens ma - ny and heav - y to bear, And has sorrow filled you
3. Would you know the ful-ness of glad-ness with - in, Would you have the pow-er



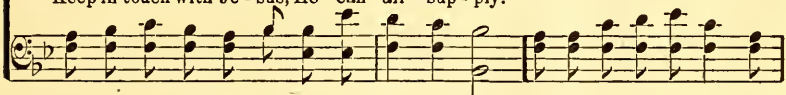
in sin far to stray? Tell it all to Je - sus, the Friend kind and true,  
with troub-le and care? Keep in touch with Je - sus, up - on Him now call,  
to con-quer each sin, Have a friend to help you when troub-le is nigh?



## CHORUS.



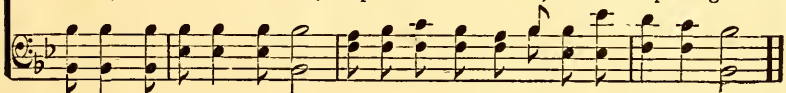
Keep in touch with Je - sus, He will help you thro'.  
He knows how to com-fort, to re-move them all. Keep in touch with Jesus each  
Keep in touch with Je - sus, He can all sup - ply.



step of the way, Keep in touch with Jesus from day un - to day; Clos-er, ev-er



closer, to His wounded side, Keep in touch with Jesus, He can help and guide.





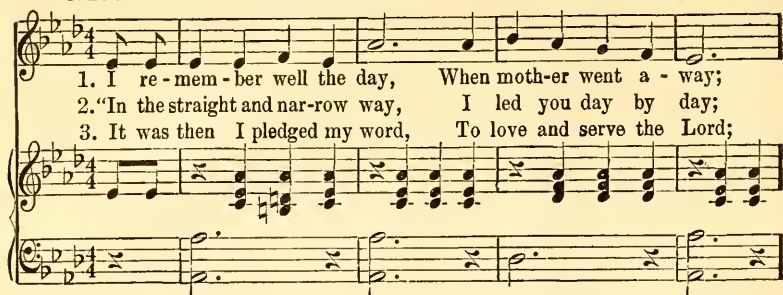
## No. 43.

## Tell Mother I'll Start To-day.

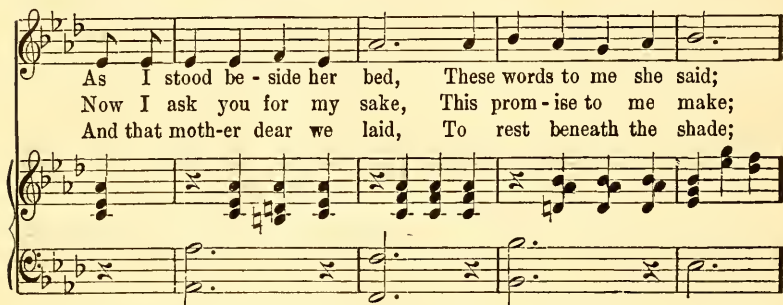
C. B. S.

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LAKESIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

Clarence B. Strouse.



1. I re-mem-ber well the day, When moth-er went a - way;  
 2. "In the straight and nar-row way, I led you day by day;  
 3. It was then I pledged my word, To love and serve the Lord;



As I stood be - side her bed, These words to me she said;  
 Now I ask you for my sake, This prom - ise to me make;  
 And that moth-er dear we laid, To rest beneath the shade;



"My son give God your heart; We must not live a - part,  
 You've drift - ed from the track; My boy, my boy come back,  
 Long years have passed and gone, I face that brok - en vow,



For heav'n shall be my home, Thro' end - less years to come."  
 O prom - ise me, dear heart, For heav'n to make a start."  
 O Sav - ior, lead the way, I'll start for heav'n to - day!



# Tell Mother I'll Start To-day,

CHORUS.

Tell mother I'll start to - day, Up - on the nar - row way,

Sav - ior tell my moth - er I won't de - lay,

Tell her it was her pray'r That saved me from de - spair,

Sav - ior, tell my moth - er I'll be there.

## No. 44.

## Christian Soldiers' March.

Geo. Newell Lovejoy.

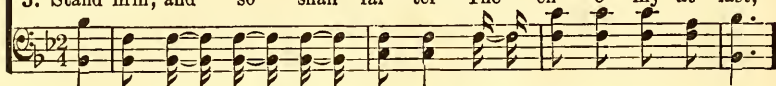
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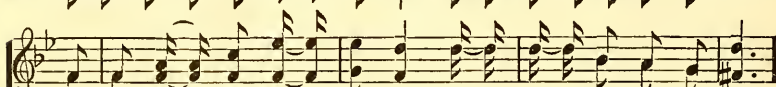
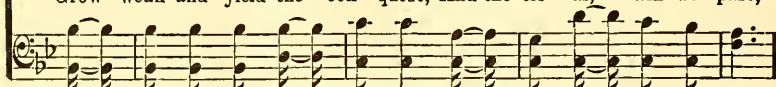
Rev. Clarence B. Strouse.

*Martial.*

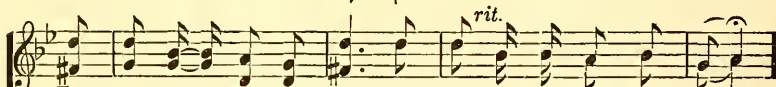
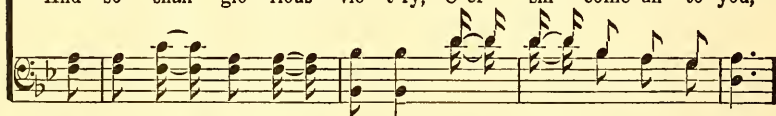
1. Stand firm when the en - e - my charg - es Your ranks in all his might,
2. Stand firm, and not for an in - stant Let the coward's thought be yours,
3. Stand firm, and so shall fal - ter The en - e - my at last,



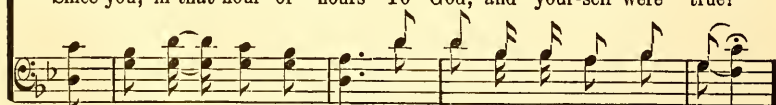
When sore, in - deed, is the dan - ger, Which lies in the hot, fierce fight;  
Or the heart that's weak and tremb - ling, Nor the heart that not en - dures;  
Grow weak and yield the con - quest, And the tri - al, will be past;



Cow'r not in that hour of con - flict When the test comes un - to you;  
But steel your breast to the con - flict, With courage your soul en - due,  
And so shall glo - rious vic - t'ry, O'er sin come un - to you,



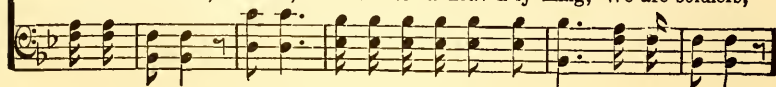
But in that hour of hours To God, and your-self be true!  
And in that hour of hours To God, and your-self be true!  
Since you, in that hour of hours To God, and your-self were true!



CHORUS.



We are soldiers, soldiers, Soldiers of a heav'n-ly King, We are soldiers,



## No. 45.

## He Died for Me.

E. W. L.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY BIEDERWOLF & STROUSE.  
LAKESIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

Effie W. Loucks.

1. My Sav - ior left His home in glo - ry, He died for me;  
 2. Shall I re - ject a love so pre - cious? He died for me;  
 3. Ah, no! I'll own Him as my Sav - ior Who died for me;  
 4. I'll glad - ly tell the won - drous sto - ry, He died for me;  
 5. He of - fers now a full sal - va - tion, He died for thee;

To save the sin - ner—won - drous sto - ry! He died for me.  
 From One so ten - der, kind and gra - cious Who died for me?  
 I faith - ful - ly will serve Him ev - er Who died for me.  
 Un - til He calls me home to glo - ry, He died for me.  
 Ac - cept the gra - cious in - vi - ta - tion, He died for thee.

## CHORUS.

He died for me,..... He died for me;.....  
 my Sav - ior, for me on Cal - v'ry's tree.

Up - on the cru - el cross He suf - fered, He suf - fered and died for me.

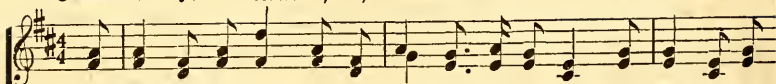
## Christian Soldiers' March.

soldiers, And we'll make His praises ring, We'll make His praises ring for - ev - er.

James M. Gray.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY DANIEL B. TOWNER.

D. B. Towner.



1. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob-tained my re-demp-tion, No rich-es of
2. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob-tained my re-demp-tion, The guilt on my
3. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob-tained my re-demp-tion, The ho - ly com-
4. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob-tained my re-demp-tion, The way in - to



earth could have saved my poor soul; The blood of the cross is my  
 con-science too heav - y had grown; The blood of the cross is my  
 mand-ment for-bade me draw near; The blood of the cross is my  
 heav - en could not thus be bought; The blood of the cross is my



on - ly foun-da-tion, The death of my Sav-ior now mak-eth me whole.  
 on - ly foun-da-tion, The death of my Sav-ior could on - ly a - tone.  
 on - ly foun-da-tion, The death of my Sav-ior re-mov-eth my fear.  
 on - ly foun-da-tion, The death of my Sav-ior re-demp-tion hath wrought.



## CHORUS.



I am re - deemed, . . . but not with sil - ver, . . .

I am redeemed, I am re-deemed, but not with sil-ver,





## No. 47.

## Savior, More than Life.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. H. DOANE.  
USED BY PER.

W. H. Doane.

1. Sav-ior, more than life to me, I am cling-ing, cling-ing close to Thee;  
 2. Thro' this chang-ing world be-low, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly as I go;  
 3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet-ing, fleet-ing life is o'er;

Let Thy pre-cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev-er, ev-er near Thy side.  
 Trust-ing Thee, I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.  
 Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world a-bove.

D. S.—May Thy ten-der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to Thee.

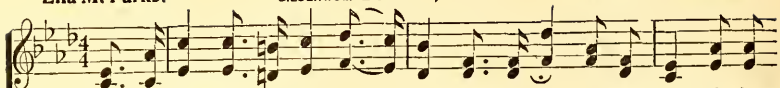
REFRAIN.  
 Ev-'ry day, ev-'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r;  
 Ev-'ry day and hour, ev-'ry day and hour,

## Nor Silver Nor Gold!

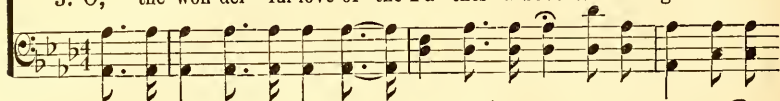
I am bought, but not with gold; Bought with a price—the  
 I am bought, I am bought, but not with gold; Bought with a price—  
 blood of Je-sus, Pre-cious price of love un-told!  
 the pre-cious blood of Je-sus,

Ella M. Parks.

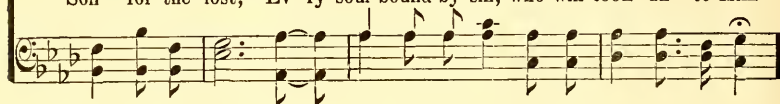
Clarence B. Strouse.



1. I am thinking to-day of a hill far a-way On whose sum-mit there
2. From that cross-crown-ed height there streameth a light That has banished the
3. O, the won-der - ful love of the Fa - ther a-bove Who has giv - en His



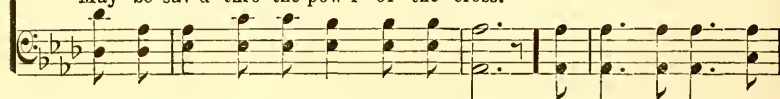
stand-eth a cross; And mine eyes fill with tears as that vision ap-pears,  
gloom of my soul; For my cru - ci - fied Lord hath spoken the word,  
Son for the lost; Ev-'ry soul bound by sin, who will look un - to Him



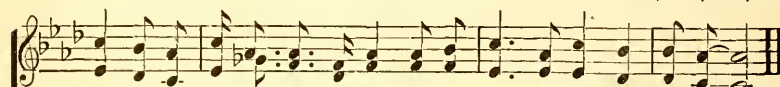
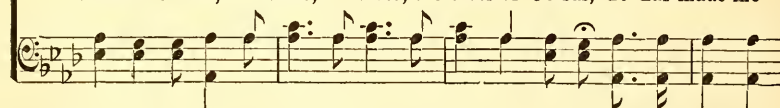
## CHORUS.



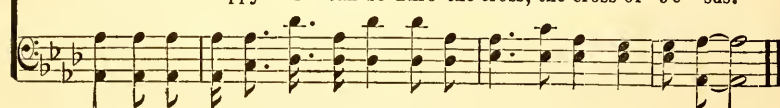
And I think of sal - va - tion's great cost.  
And thro' Him I am per - fect - ly whole. The cross, the cross, the  
May be sav'd thro' the pow'r of the cross.



cross of Je-sus, The cross, the cross, the cross of Je-sus, It has made me



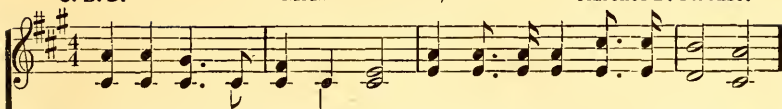
free and I'm happy as can be Thro' the cross, the cross of Je - sus.



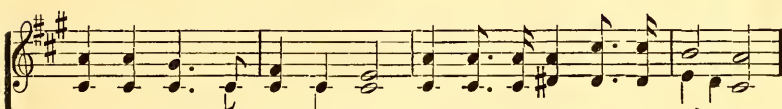
C. B. S.

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Clarence B. Strouse.



1. Je - sus' grace now makes us free, Glo - ry to God in the high - est!
2. Storms of life a - round us roll, Glo - ry to God in the high - est!
3. Par - don, cleans - ing in the flood, Glo - ry to God in the high - est!
4. Death is con - quer'd by His pow'r, Glo - ry to God in the high - est!



Let us shout the vic - to - ry, Glo - ry to God in the high - est!  
 There's a calm with - in the soul, Glo - ry to God in the high - est!  
 Keep - ing pow - er in the blood, Glo - ry to God in the high - est!  
 We fear not the dy - ing hour, Glo - ry to God in the high - est!



## CHORUS.



Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God in the high - est!



## No. 50.

## His Loving Arms Around Me.

Ella M. Parks

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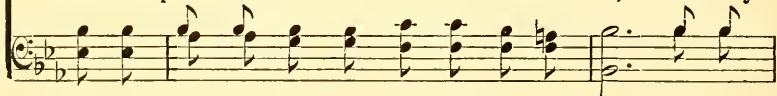
Clarence B. Strouse.



1. I was far a - way from Je - sus, dead in tres - pass - es and sin,
2. Then He whispered to me par-don thro' the all a - ton - ing blood
3. Day by day He guides and keeps me in the bless - ed nar-row way,
4. In the hour of deep - est tri - al when all earth - ly com-fort fails
5. Oh, this bless - ed life in Je - sus! Sin - ner, won't you hear His call?



And I thought for one so vile no hope could be; But the  
Which He shed for my trans-gres-sions on the tree; And the  
From the ban of sin and death He makes me free; There's no  
And no cheer-ing ray of sun-shine I can see, Then to  
From the pow'r of sin's do-min-ion He can free; Yield thy



bless-ed Lord of Glo-ry stooped and raised me to Him-self, And He  
bless-ed peace of heav-en came in-to my wea-ry soul, As He  
e-vil can be-fall me while I'm rest-ing in His grace, And He  
Him I bring my sor-row and He wipes a-way my tears, As He  
heart to Him this mo-moment and with joy thou'lt surely find That He'll



## CHORUS.



put His lov-ing arms a-round me.  
put His lov-ing arms a-round me. He puts His might-y arms a-  
has His lov-ing arms a-round me.  
puts His lov-ing arms a-round me. *Cho. for 5th verse.*  
put His lov-ing arms a-round thee! He'll put His might-y arms a-

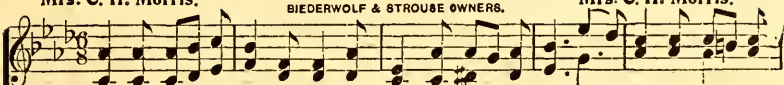




Mrs. C. H. Morris.

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BIEDERWOLF & STROUSE OWNERS.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.



1. Long my wilful heart said "no" To Je-sus' ten-der pleading; Now I long His
2. Bring-ing all I am and have In hum-bles con-se-cra-tion, Trusting in the
3. Giv-ing o'er my doubts and fears And all my useless try-ing, Trusting not my
4. Yes, dear Lord, in life or death With Thee all good possessing, Not by feel-ing,



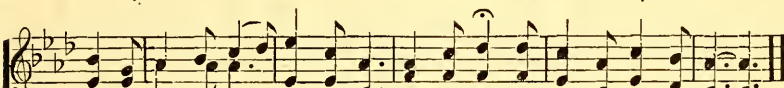
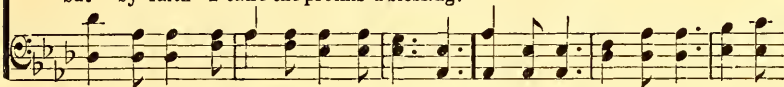
## CHORUS.



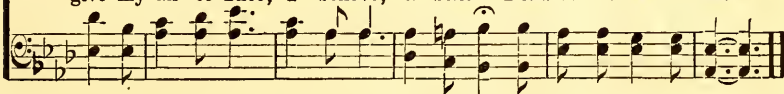
love to know, My stubborn will is yield-ing.

blood I claim This ut-ter-most sal-va-tion. Yes, dear Lord, Yes, dear Lord Here I  
pray'rs or tears, But on thy word re-ly-ing.

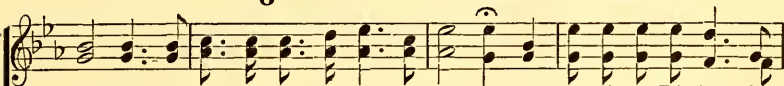
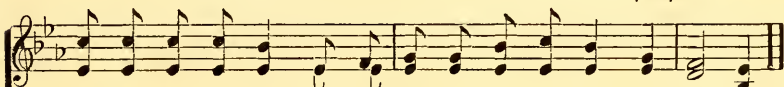
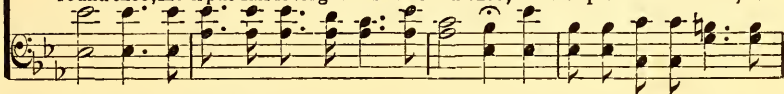
but by faith I take the promis'd blessing.



give my all to Thee; I believe, I believe The blood avails for me.



## His Loving Arms Around Me. Concluded.

round me, He put His lov-ing arms a-round me, I look'd in-to His face, it  
round thee, He'll put His loving arms a-round thee, Look up in-to His face, itbeam'd with ten-der grace, As He put His lov-ing arms a-round me.  
beams with ten-der grace, And He'll put His lov-ing arms a-round thee.

## No. 52

## Wonderful Peace.

Rev. W. D. Cornell. Alt.

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USED BY PER.

Rev. W. G. Cooper.



1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it to - night, Rolls a
2. What a treas - ure I have in this won - der - ful peace, Bur - ied
3. I am rest - ing to - night in this won - der - ful peace, Rest - ing
4. And me thinks when I rise to that cit - y of peace, Where the



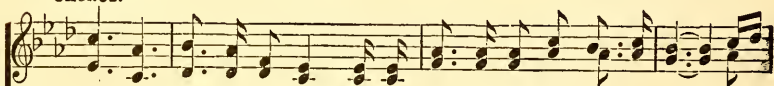
mel - o - dy sweet - er than psalm; In ce - les - tial like strains it un -  
 deep in the heart of my soul; So se - cure that no pow - er can  
 sweet - ly in Je - sus' con - trol; For I'm kept from all dan - ger by  
 Au - thor of peace I shall see; That one strain of the song which the



ceas - ing - ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.  
 mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.  
 night and by day, And His glo - ry is flood - ing my soul.  
 ran - somed will sing, In that heav - en - ly king - dom will be.



## CHORUS.



Peace! peace! wonderful peace, Coming down from the Fa - ther a - bove; Sweep

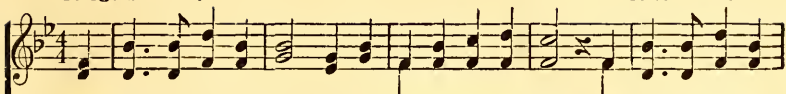


## No. 53.

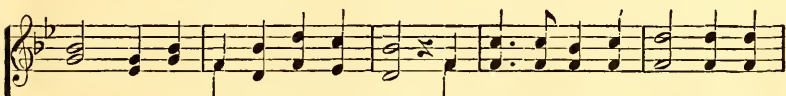
## Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield.

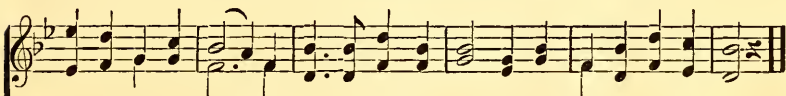
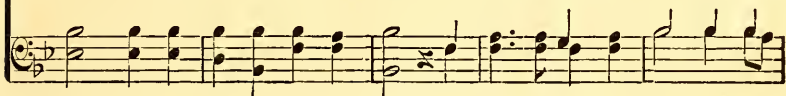
G. J. Webb.



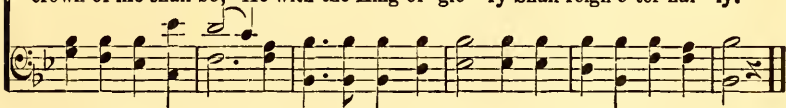
1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high His roy-al
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o-bey; Forth to the mighty
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength alone; The arm of flesh will
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of



ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vic-t'ry un-to vic - t'ry His  
 con - flict, In this His glorious day: "Ye that are men now serve Him," A-  
 fail you, Ye dare not trust your own: Put on the gos-pel ar-mor, Each  
 bat - tle, The next the victor's song: To him that o - ver-com - eth, A



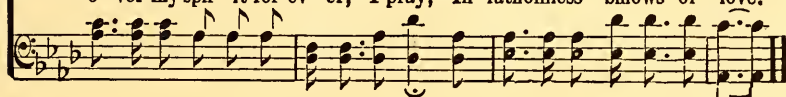
ar - my shall He lead, Till ev-'ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord in-deed.  
 gainst un-numbered foes; Your courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.  
 piece put on with pray'r; Where du-ty calls or dan-ger, Be nev-er wanting there.  
 crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e-ter-nal - ly.



## Wonderful Peace. Concluded.



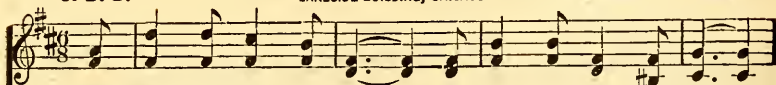
o - ver my spir - it for-ev - er, I pray, In fathomless billows of love.



C. B. S.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY BIEDERWOLF & STROUSE.  
LAKESIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

Clarence B. Strouse.



1. What will the har - vest be, If on in sin we go;
2. Re - mem - ber that wild oats, Are furnished by the foe;
3. O sin - ner stop and think, Be - fore in sin you're low;
4. All sin is e - vil seed, Its con - se - quence you know;
5. A life of right - eous - ness, Will mul - ti - ply and grow
6. Be wise and un - der - stand; God's reck - on - ing is slow,



With in - crease day by day, We'll reap what we sow.  
 Re - pent - ed tho' they be, We'll reap what we sow.  
 The gos - pel's warn - ing heed, We'll reap what we sow.  
 And from each e - vil deed, We'll reap what we sow.  
 In good as well as bad, We'll reap what we sow.  
 But at the judg - ment bar, We'll reap what we sow.



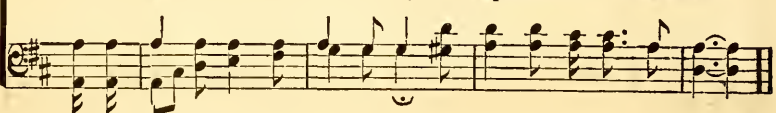
## CHORUS.



We'll reap what-ev - er we sow, . . . We'll reap what-ev - er we sow, . . .  
 What - ev - er we sow, what - ev - er we sow,



It's the law of na - ture and of God, To reap what - ev - er we sow.





# No. 55. Let Jesus Come into Your Heart.

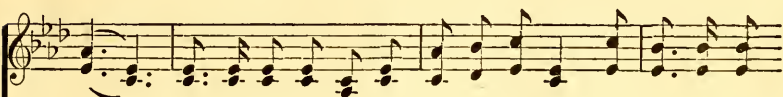
C. H. M.

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USED BY PER.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.



1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come in - to your
2. If 'tis for pur - i - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come in - to your
3. If there's a tempest your voice cannot still, Let Je - sus come in - to your
4. If friends once trusted have proven untrue, Let Je - sus come in - to your
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come in - to your



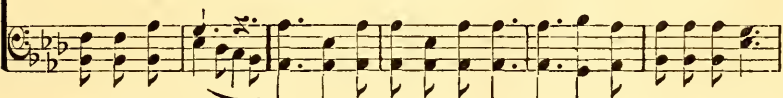
heart; If you de - sire a new life to be - gin, Let Je - sus come  
heart; Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by, Let Je - sus come  
heart; If there's a void this world nev - er can fill, Let Je - sus come  
heart; Find what a Friend He will be un - to you, Let Je - sus come  
heart; If you would en - ter the mansions of rest, Let Je - sus come



## CHORUS.



in-to your heart. Just now your doubtings give o'er; Just now reject Him no more;  
5th v. Just now my doubtings give o'er; Just now reject Him no more;



Just now, throw o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.  
Just now, I o - pen the door; And Je - sus comes in - to my heart.

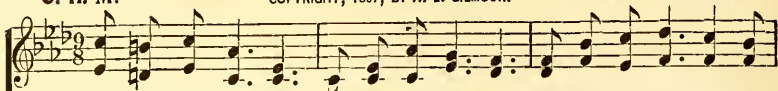


# No. 56. Have Ye Received the Holy Ghost?

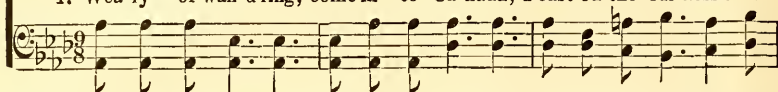
C. H. M.

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Mrs. C. H. Morris.



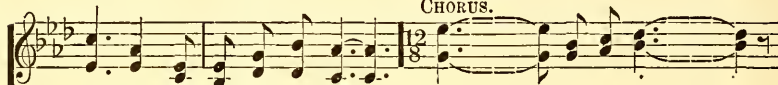
1. Ye are the tem-ples, Je-sus hath spok-en, Tem-ples of God's ho-ly
2. He who has par-don'd sure-ly will cleanse thee, All of the dross of thy
3. Show-ers of mer-cy, ful-ness of bless-ing, Ev-er the Spir-it's in-
4. Wea-ry of wan-d'ring, come in - to Ca-naan, Feast on the ful-ness and



Spir-it di-vine; Have ye re-ceived Him, bid-den Him en-ter, Make His a-na-ture re-fine; Cleans'd from all sin, His Spir-it will en-ter, Fill you and dwell-ing at-tend; 'Tis the en-due-ment, pow-er for serv-ice, Fruits for your fat of the land; Feed on the man-na, dwell in the sun-shine, Led by His

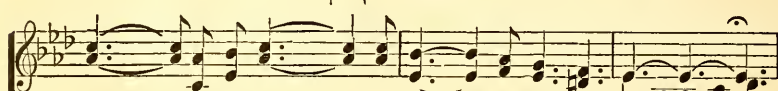
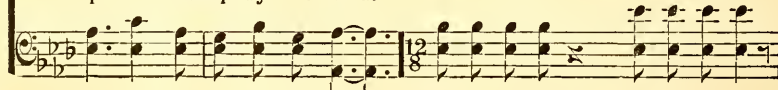


## CHORUS.

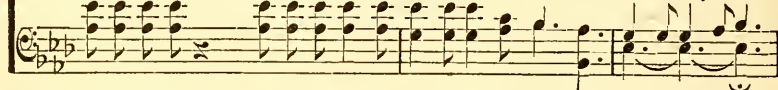


bode in that poor heart of thine?  
thrill you with pow-er di-vine.  
la-lor He sure-ly will send.  
Spir-it and kept by His hand.

Have..... ye re-ceived,.....  
Have ye re-ceived, have ye re-ceived,



since.... ye be-lieved, .. the bless-ed Ho-ly Ghost?.....  
since ye believed, since ye believed, the blessed, blessed Ho-ly, bless-ed Ho-ly Ghost?



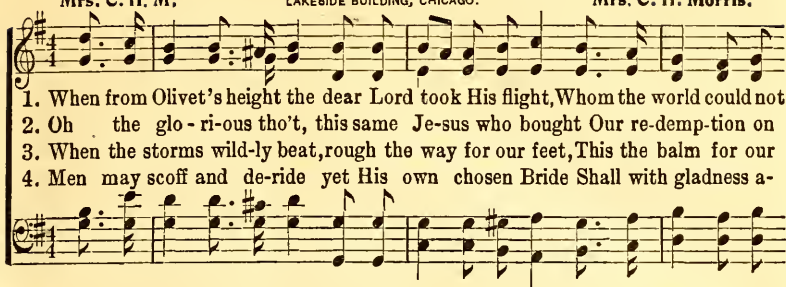
He who was promised, gift of the Father, Have ye received the Holy Ghost?  
received



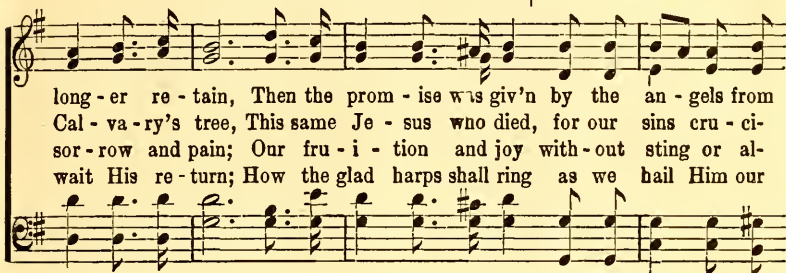
Mrs. C. H. M.

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LAKEIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

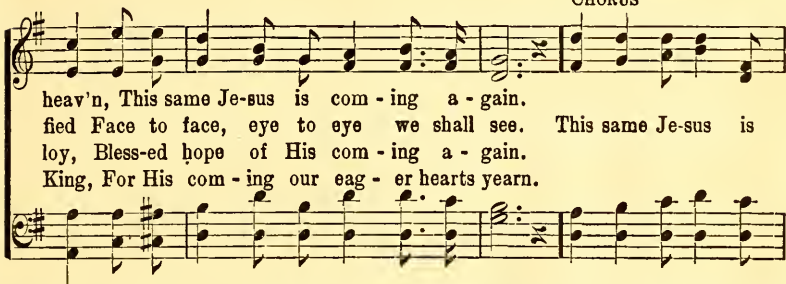


1. When from Olivet's height the dear Lord took His flight, Whom the world could not  
 2. Oh the glo-ri-ous tho't, this same Je-sus who bought Our re-demp-tion on  
 3. When the storms wild-ly beat, rough the way for our feet, This the balm for our  
 4. Men may scoff and de-ride yet His own chosen Bride Shall with gladness a-



long-er re-tain, Then the prom-ise was giv'n by the an-gels from  
 Cal-va-ry's tree, This same Je-sus who died, for our sins cru-ci-  
 sor-row and pain; Our fru-i-tion and joy with-out sting or al-  
 wait His re-tur-n; How the glad harps shall ring as we hail Him our

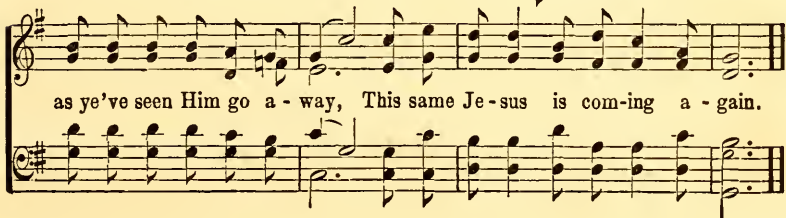
## CHORUS



heav'n, This same Je-sus is com-ing a-gain.  
 fied Face to face, eye to eye we shall see. This same Je-sus is  
 loy, Bless-ed hope of His com-ing a-gain.  
 King, For His com-ing our eag-er hearts yearn.



com-ing a-gain, This same Je-sus is com-ing a-gain, In like man-ner

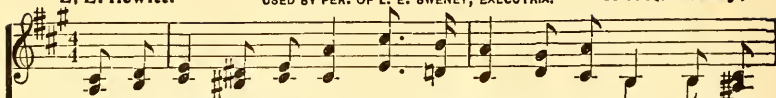


as ye've seen Him go a-way, This same Je-sus is com-ing a-gain.


E. E. Hewitt.

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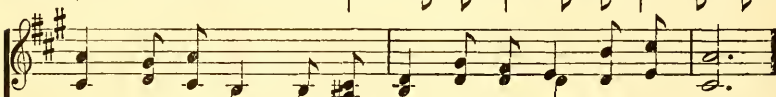
Jno. R. Sweney.



1. I am think-ing to - day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall  
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la - bor and pray, Let me  
3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing



reach when the sun go-eth down; When thro' won-der-ful grace by my  
watch as a win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the  
gems at His feet to lay down; It would sweet-en my bliss in the



Sav - ior I stand, Will there be an - y stars in my crown?  
glo - ri - ous day, When His praise like the sea - bil - low rolls.  
cit - y of gold, Should there be an - y stars in my crown.

## CHORUS.



Will there be an - y stars, an - y stars in my crown When at



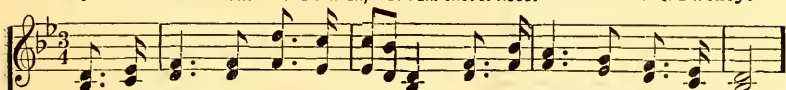
ev - 'ning the sun go-eth down?..... When I wake with the blest  
goeth down?



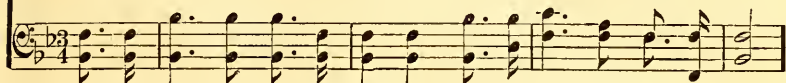
Mary D. James.

FROM "THE GARNER," BY PER. JNO. J. HOOD.

Jno. R. Sweney.



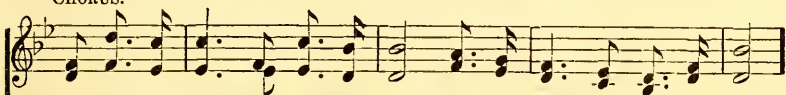
1. Oh, this ut - ter - most sal - va - tion! 'Tis a fount - ain full and free,  
 2. How a - maz - ing God's com - pas - sion, That so vile a worm should prove;  
 3. Je - sus, Sav - ior, I a - dore Thee! Now Thy love I will pro - claim:



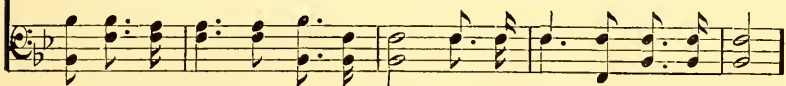
Pure, ex - haust - less, ev - er flow - ing, Wondrous grace! it reach - es me!  
 This stu - pend - ous bliss of heav - en, This un - meas - ured wealth of love!  
 I will tell the bless - ed sto - ry, I will mag - ni - fy Thy name!



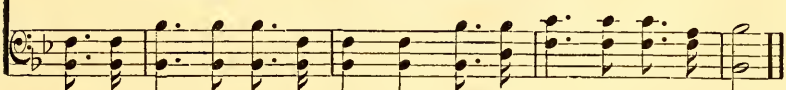
## CHORUS.



It reach - es me! it reach - es me! Wondrous grace! it reach - es me!



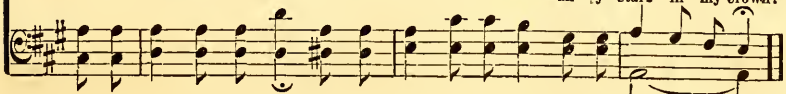
Pure, ex - haust - less, ev - er flow - ing, Wondrous grace! it reach - es me!



## Will There Be Any Stars?



In the man - sions of rest, Will there be an - y stars in my crown?  
 an - y stars in my crown?

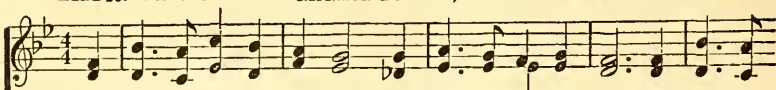


# No. 60. It's Just Like His Great Love.

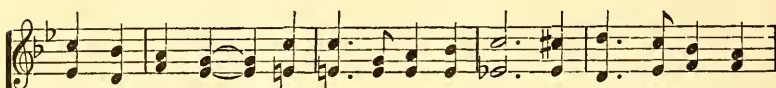
Edna R. Worrell.

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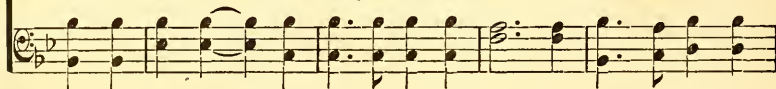
Clarence B. Strouse.



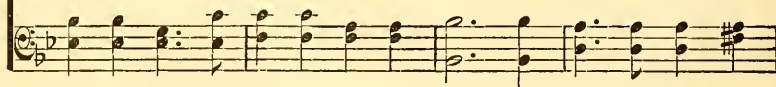
1. A friend I have call'd Je - sus Whose love is strong and true, And nev - er
2. Sometimes the clouds of trou - ble Be - dim the sky a - bove, I can - not
3. When sorrow's clouds o'ertake me, And break up - on my head, When life seems
4. O I could sing for - ev - er Of Je - sus' love, di - vine, Of all His



fails how - e'er 'tis tried, No mat - ter what I do; I've sinn'd a - gainst this  
see my Sav - ior's face, I doubt His wondrous love; But He, from heaven's  
worse than use - less, And I were bet - ter dead; I take my grief to  
care and ten - der - ness For this poor life of mine; His love is in and



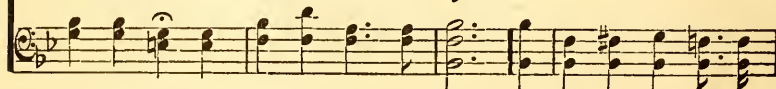
love of His, But when I knelt to pray Con - fess - ing all my  
mer - cy - seat Be - hold - ing my de - spair, In pit - y bursts the  
Je - sus then, Nor do I go in vain, For heav'n - ly hope He  
o - ver all And wind and waves o - bey, When Je - sus whis - pers



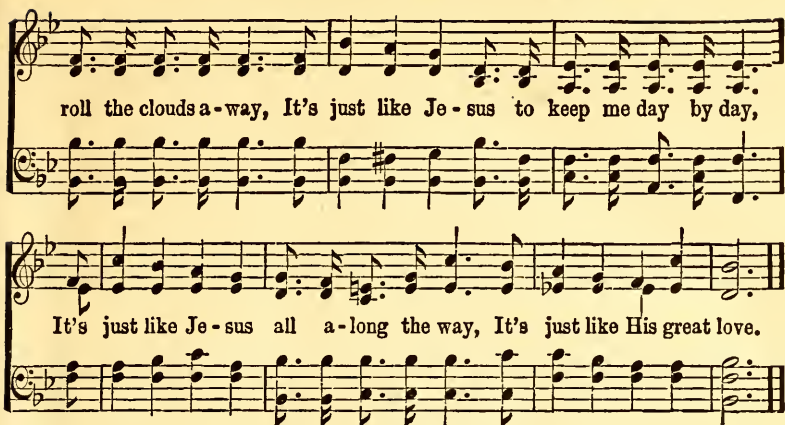
## CHORUS.



guilt to Him, The sin-clouds roll'd a - way.  
clouds between, And shows me He is there. I'ts just like Je - sus to  
"gives that cheers, Like sunshine af - ter rain.  
"Peace be still" And rolls the clouds a - way.



# It's Just Like His Great Love.



roll the clouds a-way, It's just like Je - sus to keep me day by day,

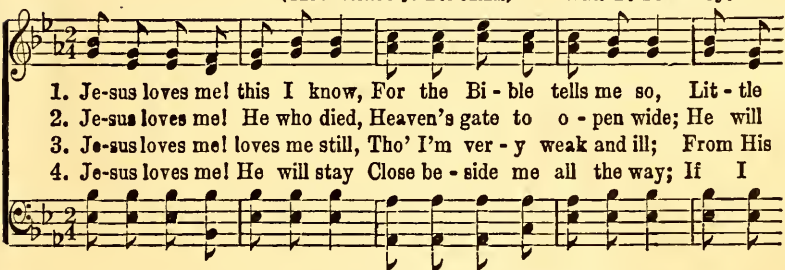
It's just like Je - sus all a-long the way, It's just like His great love.

No. 61.

## Jesus Loves Me.

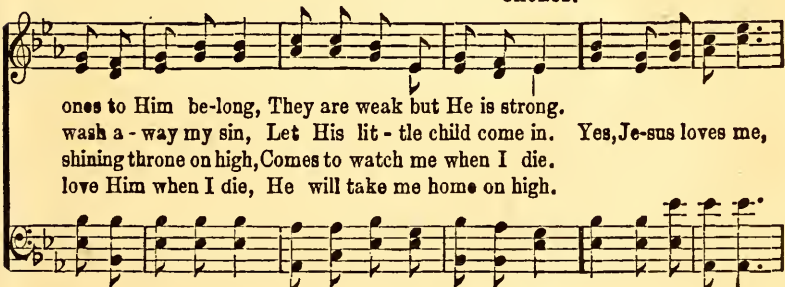
(The Favorite Hymn of China.)

Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. Je-sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so, Lit - tle  
 2. Je-sus loves me! He who died, Heaven's gate to o - pen wide; He will  
 3. Je-sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill; From His  
 4. Je-sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way; If I

CHORUS.



ones to Him be-long, They are weak but He is strong.  
 wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in. Yes, Je-sus loves me,  
 shining throne on high, Comes to watch me when I die.  
 love Him when I die, He will take me home on high.

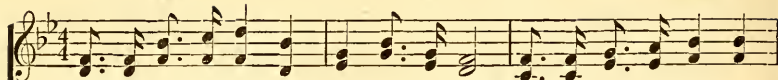


Yes, Je - sus loves me, Yes, Je-sus loves me, The Bi - ble tells me so.

Lizzie Edwards.

FROM "SONGS OF TRIUMPH" BY PER.

Jno. R. Sweeney.



1. Ti-dings, hap-py ti-dings, Hark! hark! the sound! Hear the joyful ech - o
2. Ti-dings, hap-py ti-dings, Hark! hark! they say, Do not slight the warning,
3. Ti-dings, hap-py ti-dings, Hark! hark! a-gain! Rush-ing o'er the mountain,



Thro' the world resound; Christ the Lord proclaims them, Hear and heed the call:  
Come, O come to-day. Christ, our lov-ing Sav-ior, Still re-peats the call—  
Sweeping o'er the plain; On-ward goes the mes-sage, 'Tis the Sav-ior's call:



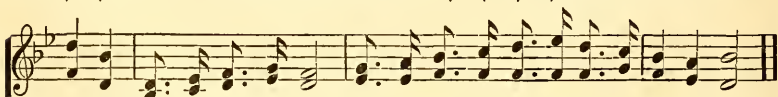
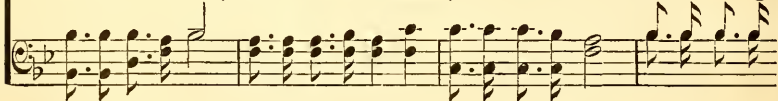
CHORUS.



Come, ye starv-ing ones that perish, Room, room for all.  
Come, ye wea-ry, heav-y la - den, Room, room for all. Who-so-ev-er ask-eth  
Come, for ev-'ry-thing is read-y, Room, room for all.



Je-sus will re-ceive; Who-so-ev-er thirsteth, Jesus will re-lieve. See the liv-ing



wa-ters, Flow-ing full and free; O the blessed who-so-ev-er, That means me.

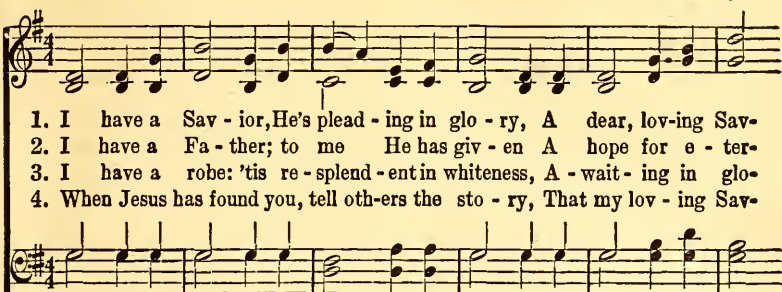




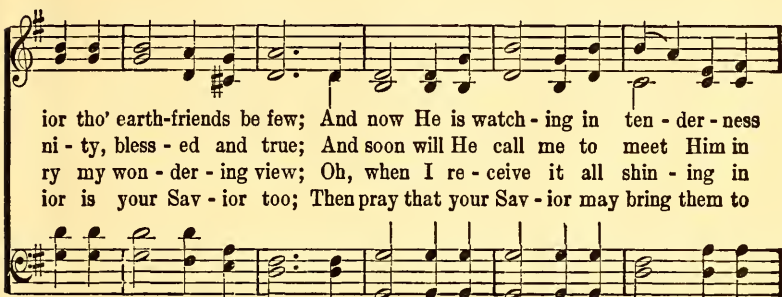
S. O'Maley Cluff,

USED BY PERMISSION.

Ira D. Sankey.

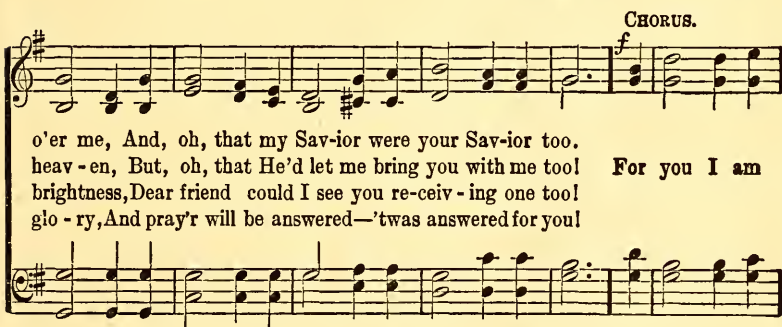


1. I have a Sav - ior, He's plead - ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov - ing Sav -  
 2. I have a Fa - ther; to me He has giv - en A hope for e - ter -  
 3. I have a robe: 'tis re - splend - ent in whiteness, A - wait - ing in glo -  
 4. When Jesus has found you, tell oth - ers the sto - ry, That my lov - ing Sav -

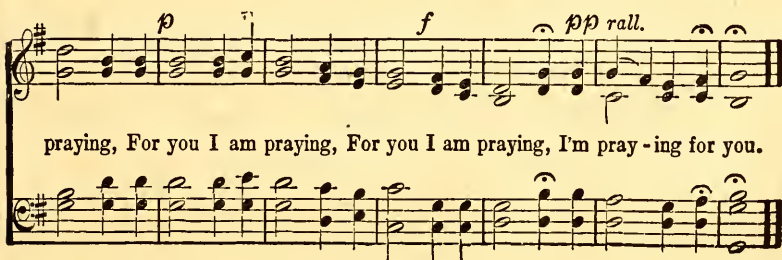


ior tho' earth - friends be few; And now He is watch - ing in ten - der - ness  
 ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in  
 ry my won - der - ing view; Oh, when I re - ceive it all shin - ing in  
 ior is your Sav - ior too; Then pray that your Sav - ior may bring them to

CHORUS.



o'er me, And, oh, that my Sav - ior were your Sav - ior too.  
 heav - en, But, oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too! For you I am  
 brightness, Dear friend could I see you re - ceiv - ing one too!  
 glo - ry, And pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you!



*p* *f* *pp* *rall.*

praying, For you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm pray - ing for you.

# No. 64. O 'Tis a Great Change for Me.

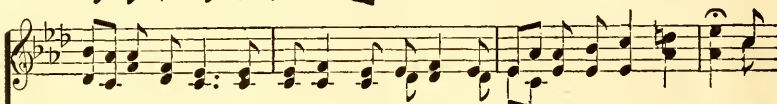
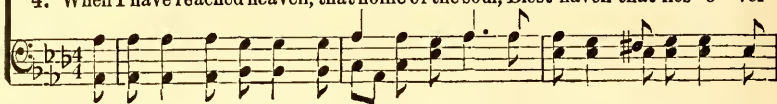
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Rev. Johnston Oatman, Jr.

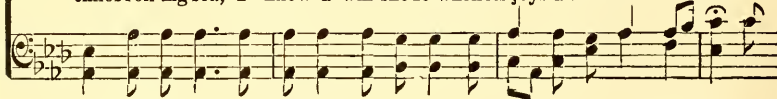
J. B. Horbert.



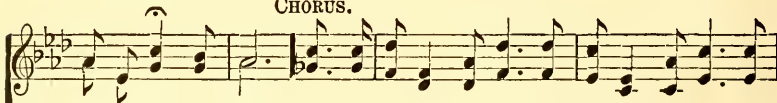
1. My boat had once floated a-way from the shore, And I was a-drift on life's
2. My life was once darkened, and fettered by sin, But now, Hal-le-lu-jah! by
3. No more is my spirit conformed to this world, But now high-er joys ev-'ry
4. When I have reached heaven, that home of the soul, Blest haven that lies o - ver



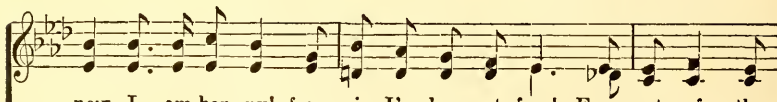
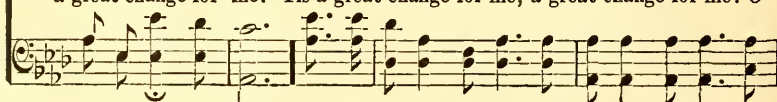
wild raging sea; But now in the life-boat I'm safe ev-er-more, And O, 'tis  
grace I am free! For all has been changed since God's light hath shone in, And O, 'tis  
moment I see; For I have been changed and transformed by His pow'r, And O, 'tis  
times roll-ing sea, I know I will shout when its joys I be-hold—"O this is



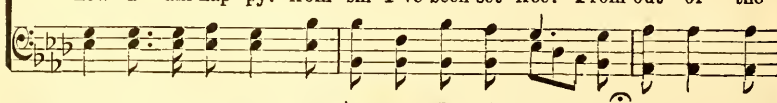
## CHORUS.



a great change for me! 'Tis a great change for me, a great change for me! O



now I. am hap-py! from sin I've been set free! From out of the



dark-ness I've stepped in-to light, And O, 'tis a great change for me!



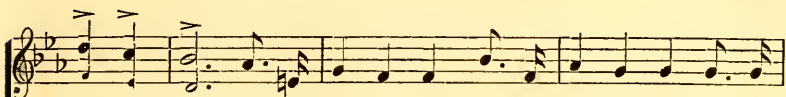
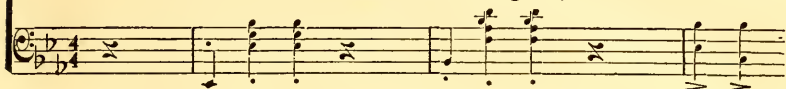
James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY THORO HARRIS.

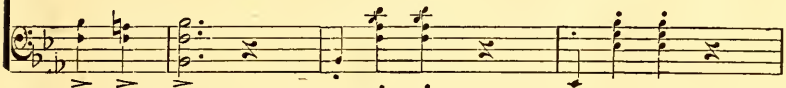
Thoro Harris.



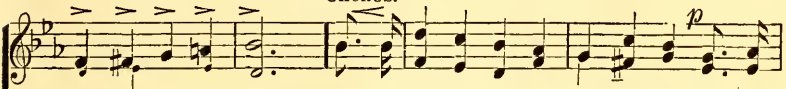
1. Let the whole world know that for men be - low Je - sus left His
2. Make its com - fort known to the sad and lone, More and more 'tis
3. Send its gold - en light thro' the vales of night To the souls who
4. Till the whole lost race have re - ceived His grace, Till all na - tions



home a - bove; Sing it o'er and o'er, tell it more and more—Blessed  
 pow - er prove; Let it strength im - part to the burdened heart—Joy - ful  
 blind - ly rove; Let it cheer the lost, guide the tempest - tost—Wondrous  
 look a - bove, Sing it o'er and o'er, tell it more and more—Sweet old



## CHORUS.



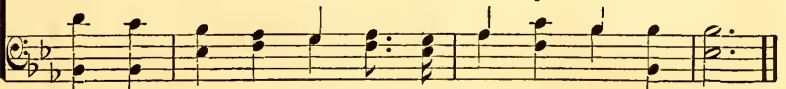
sto - ry of His love. O the bless - ed sto - ry of His love! Theme of



men be - low, theme of saints a - bove; Noth - ing else could



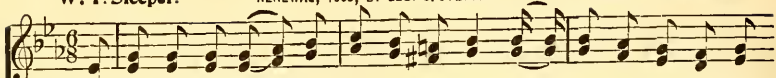
be as dear to me As the sto - ry of His love.





W. T. Sleeper.

COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY FLEMING H. REVELL.  
RENEWAL, 1905, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS.


Geo. C. Stebbins.




1. A rul-er once came to Je - sus by night, To ask Him the way of
2. Ye chil-dren of men, at-tend to the word So sol-emn-ly ut-tered
3. Oh, ye who would en-ter that glo-ri-ous rest, And sing with the ransomed
4. A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns to see, At the beau-ti-ful gate may

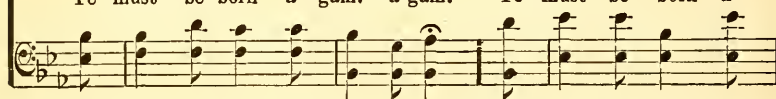
sal - va-tion and light; The Mas-ter made an-swer in words true and plain,  
by Je - sus, the Lord, And let not this mes-sage to you be in vain,  
the song of the blest; The life ev-er-last-ing if ye would ob-tain,  
be watch-ing for thee; Then list to the note of this sol-emn re-frain,



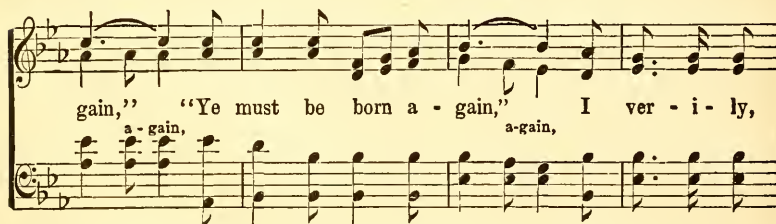
CHORUS.



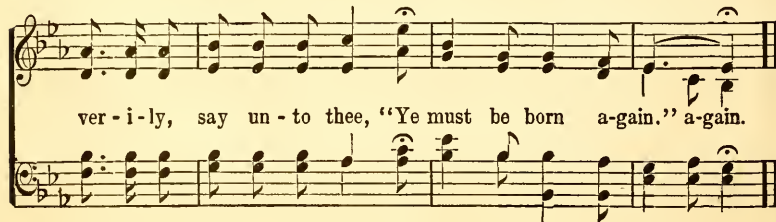
"Ye must be born a - gain." a - gain. "Ye must be born a -



gain," "Ye must be born a - gain," I ver - i - ly,



ver - i - ly, say un - to thee, "Ye must be born a - gain." a - gain.

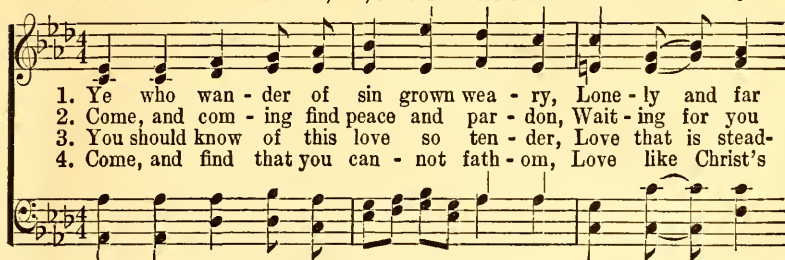




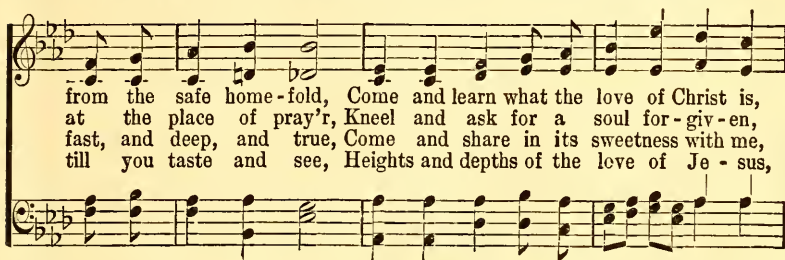
E. E. Rexford.

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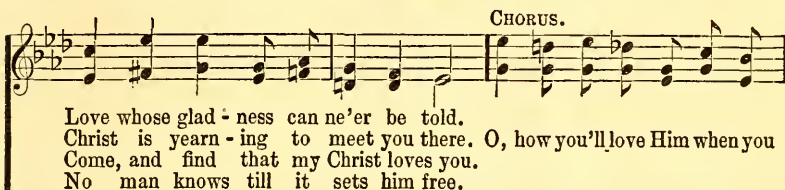
B. D. Ackley.



1. Ye who wan - der of sin grown wea - ry, Lone - ly and far  
 2. Come, and com - ing find peace and par - don, Wait - ing for you  
 3. You should know of this love so ten - der, Love that is stead -  
 4. Come, and find that you can - not fath - om, Love like Christ's

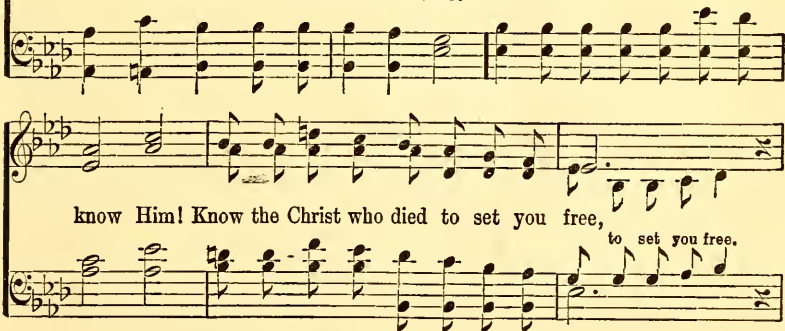


from the safe home - fold, Come and learn what the love of Christ is,  
 at the place of pray'r, Kneel and ask for a soul for - giv - en,  
 fast, and deep, and true, Come and share in its sweetness with me,  
 till you taste and see, Heights and depths of the love of Je - sus,

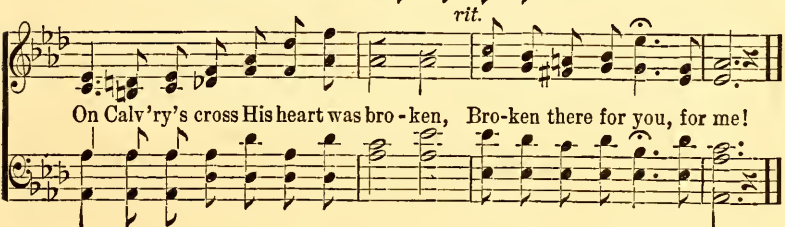


CHORUS.

Love whose glad - ness can ne'er be told.  
 Christ is yearn - ing to meet you there. O, how you'll love Him when you  
 Come, and find that my Christ loves you.  
 No man knows till it sets him free.

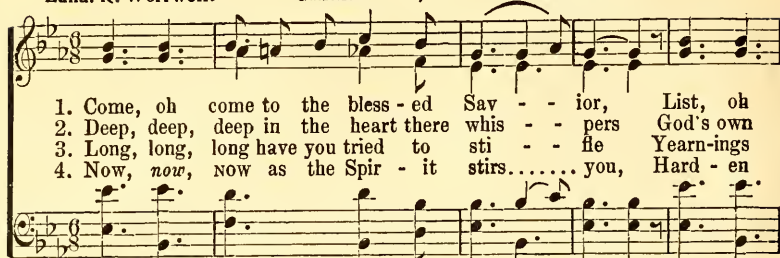


know Him! Know the Christ who died to set you free,  
 to set you free.



rit.

On Calv'ry's cross His heart was bro - ken, Bro - ken there for you, for me!



1. Come, oh come to the bless - ed Sav - ior, List, oh  
 2. Deep, deep, deep in the heart there whis - - pers God's own  
 3. Long, long, long have you tried to sti - - fle Yearn - ings  
 4. Now, now, now as the Spir - it stirs..... you, Hard - en

1. Come, oh come to the bless - ed Sav - ior, List, oh  
 2. Deep, deep, deep in the heart there whis - pers God's own  
 3. Long, long, long have you tried to sti - fle Yearn - ings  
 4. Now, now, NOW as the Spir - it stirs you, Hard - en



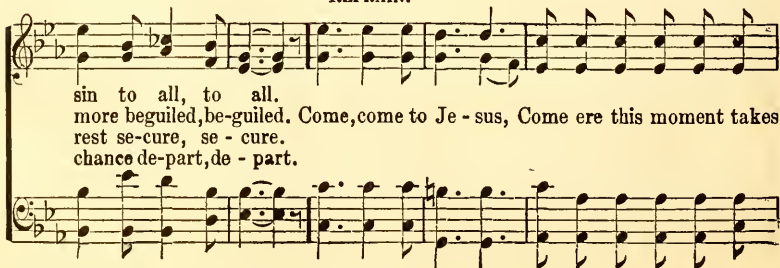
list to His lov - ing call, Of - fer - ing par - don,  
 voice to each way - ward child; Heed it! O heed it!  
 sweet to a life more pure; Quench them no long - er  
 not your fast melt - ing heart; Take, take sal - va - tion

list to His call,  
 voice to His child,  
 toward life more pure,  
 not your heart,



Par - don from sin to all; Oh come, He gives par - don from  
 Be no more sin - be - guiled, Oh heed His voice, be now no  
 But in God rest se - cure; Oh strive no more, but in God  
 Else shall your chance de - part; Oh take it now, else shall your

## REFRAIN.

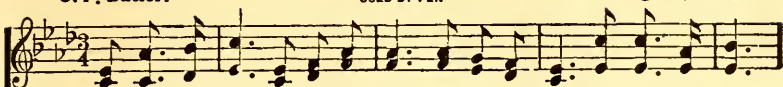


sin to all, to all.  
 more beguiled, be-guiled. Come, come to Je - sus, Come ere this moment takes  
 rest se - cure, se - cure.  
 chance de-part, de - part.

C. F. Butler.

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USED BY PER

J. M. Black.



1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a heav'n to me;
2. Once heav-en seemed a far-off place, Till Je-sus showed His smil-ing face;
3. What matters where on earth we dwell? On mountain top, or in the dell?



And, 'mid earth's sorrows and its woe, 'Tis heav'n my Je-sus here to know.  
Now it's be-gun with-in my soul, 'Twill last while end-less a - ges roll.  
In cot-tage, or a man-sion fair, Where Je-sus is, 'tis heav-en there.



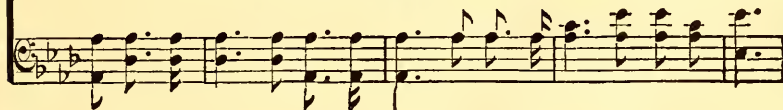
D. C.—On land or sea, what mat-ters where, Where Je-sus is, 'tis heav-en there.

CHORUS.

D. S.



O hal - le - lu - jah, yes 'tis heav'n, 'Tis heav'n to know my sins for-giv'n;



## Someone's Last Call. Concluded.



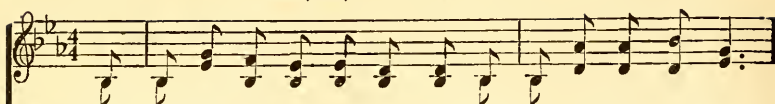
flight; It may be now some-one's last call, last call to - night.



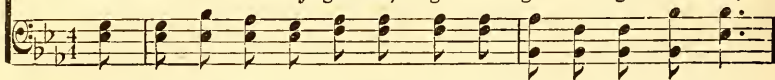
F. E. B.

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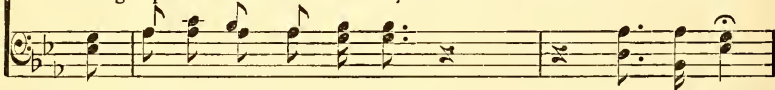
Frances E. Bolton.



1. When life looks dark and drear-y, And your soul's be-sieged by doubt,
2. The shad-ows, not the substance, Soon will have to pass a - way;
3. When ev - 'ry help seems fail-ing, Let firm faith your dark-ness rout,
4. Tho' fierce the foe may gath-er, Fight the fight and fight it out;



There's some-where some-thing cheer-y, Look a - bove! face a - bout!  
 The clouds will melt in show-ers, And how fair be thy day!  
 For God still lives to love you—Look a - bove! face a - bout!  
 O grasp the hand of Fa-ther, Look a - bove! face a - bout!



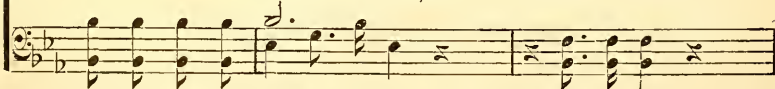
## CHORUS.



Look a-bove! face a - bout! The shadow proves there's  
 Look a - bove! face a - bout!



sun-shine with-out doubt; Look a - bove! face a -  
 with - out doubt; Look a - bove!



bout! Let faith in God the shad-ows put to rout—Face a-bout.  
 face a - bout!





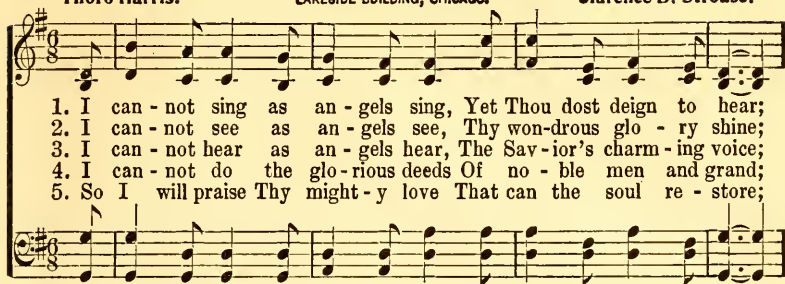
## No. 71.

## Grateful Praise.

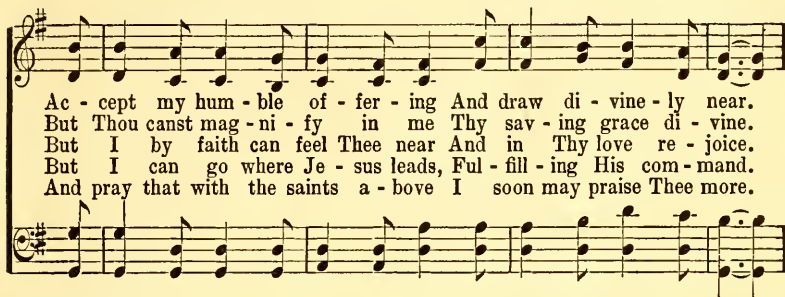
Thoro Harris.

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LAKESIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

Clarence B. Strouse.



1. I can - not sing as an - gels sing, Yet Thou dost deign to hear;  
 2. I can - not see as an - gels see, Thy won-drous glo - ry shine;  
 3. I can - not hear as an - gels hear, The Sav - ior's charm - ing voice;  
 4. I can - not do the glo - rious deeds Of no - ble men and grand;  
 5. So I will praise Thy might - y love That can the soul re - store;



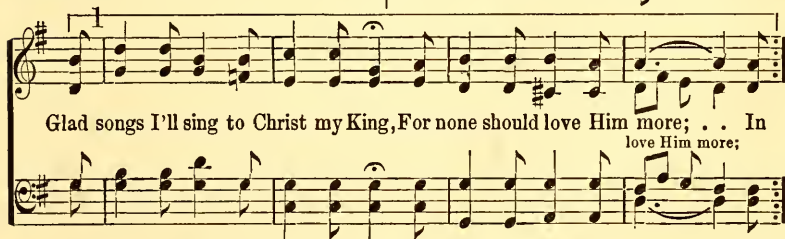
Ac - cept my hum - ble of - fer - ing And draw di - vine - ly near.  
 But Thou canst mag - ni - fy in me Thy sav - ing grace di - vine.  
 But I by faith can feel Thee near And in Thy love re - joice.  
 But I can go where Je - sus leads, Ful - fill - ing His com - mand.  
 And pray that with the saints a - bove I soon may praise Thee more.

CHORUS.



In grate - ful praise my voice I'll raise Thy good - ness to a - dore; . . .  
 to a - dore;

1



Glad songs I'll sing to Christ my King, For none should love Him more; . . . In  
 love Him more;

2

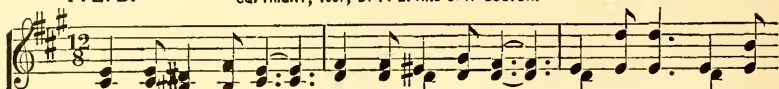


Glad songs I'll sing to Christ my King, For none should love Him more.


F. E. B.

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Frances E. Bolton.



1. Sol - diers of the Lord, take your mighty sword, Go ye forth to the  
 2. Arm yourselves for war, where-so - e'er you are, Take the shield to the  
 3. Keep your hel-met bright with sal-va-tion's light, Put you on ev - 'ry  
 4. Soon the war will cease, soon the Prince of Peace To the throne takes His



earth with the Sav-ior's word; Bring the lost ones in from the  
 field that no doubt can mar; Strike a might - y blow, fell the  
 one, Christ's all-glo - rious right; Have your feet both shod with the  
 own, who His rank in - crease; Crowns will then be giv'n, palms to

*D. S.—Till the earth has heard the Cap-tain's*


hosts of sin, Till the ranks of the right all their tro-phies win.  
 e - vil foe, Let your light pierce the night, let your wit-ness glow.  
 peace of God, Soldiers fleet, haste your feet, where the foe hath trod.  
 those who've striv'n, And we'll sing 'round our King, with the hosts of heav'n.

FINE.

*fi - nal word, And he'll come, tak - ing home sol - diers of the Lord.*

CHORUS.



Gath - er the lost ones in from ev - 'ry con - ti - nent and sea,




Send the gos - pel arm - ies out to set the cap - tives free;

*D. S.*



A. Judson Arrick.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

A. Judson Arrick



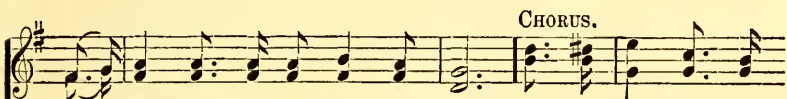
1. 'Tis prom - ised to those who are faith - ful to Christ; Thro' death be the  
 2. To those who have won pre-cious souls for the Christ A Crown of Re-  
 3. But bet - ter, I know, than are all of the rest, The Crown that is


price they must pay; That they shall in-her - it a bright Crown of Life,  
 joic - ing shall be; A glo - ry and hon - or that's far a - bove price;  
 laid up a - bove; The beau - ti - ful crown of our Lord's Righteousness,



CHORUS.




And dwell in His glo - ry for aye.  
 O will there be glo - ry for me. Crown of Life—glo - rious  
 That was bought by His in - fi - nite love.




crown, Crown of Life—glo - rious Crown—Re - joic - ing in the blest;




But the crown that cov - ers all our sin, Is Christ our Right - eous - ness.



1. I praise the Lord that a Sav - ior came To bear my load of re-  
 2. When lost in darkness and doom'd to die, The Sav - ior heard my de-  
 3. Some-times my foes in their fu - ry rise To hold me back from the  
 4. His love will make ev-'ry sin - ner whole That yields his life to the

proach and shame: All glo-ry be to His ho - ly name! Shouting hal-le-  
 spair - ing cry, His love my spir - it did sat - is - fy; Shouting hal-le-  
 heav'n-ly prize; I look by faith far be - yond the skies: Shouting hal-le-  
 Lord's con-trol, And fill with rap-ture each long-ing soul: Shouting hal-le-

## CHORUS.

lu-jah, I'm press-ing on. I am press-ing on, with a joy - ful song,

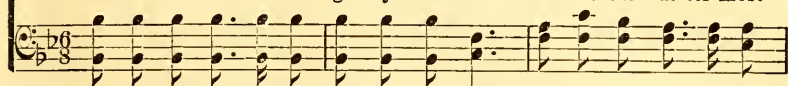
To the heights of Ca-naan I'm press - ing on; I am press-ing on

with the ran-somed throng, Glo-ry, hal-le - lu - jah! I'm press-ing on.

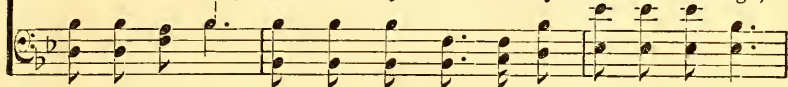




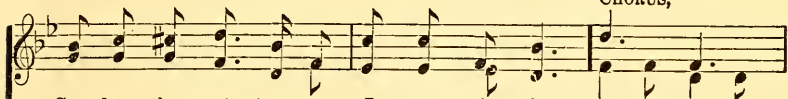
1. Saved to the ut - ter-most! sweet the re-frain; Saved to the ut-ter-most,  
 2. Saved to the ut - ter-most! this Christ can do; Saved to the ut-ter-most—  
 3. Saved to the ut - ter-most-glo - ry to God! Saved to the ut-ter-most—



sing it a-gain; Bright words of glo - ry, how bright-ly they shine!  
 word ev - er true, Trust - ing Thy Sav - ior, this truth shall be Thine,  
 tell it a-broad; To Christ my Sav - ior my all I re - sign;



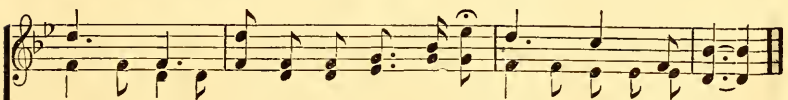
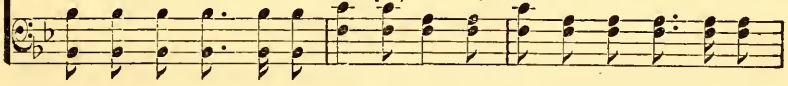
## CHORUS,



Saved to the ut - ter-most, Je - sus is mine.  
 Saved to the ut - ter-most, Je - sus is mine. Saved, saved,  
 Saved to the ut - ter-most, Je - sus is mine. yes, I'm



Saved to the ut - ter-most, Saved, saved, Saved to the ut - ter-most,  
 yes, I'm



Saved, saved, Saved to the ut - ter-most, Je - sus is mine.  
 yes, I'm Je - sus, Je - sus



Edna R. Worrell.

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LAKESIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

Charles H. Gabriel, Jr.\*



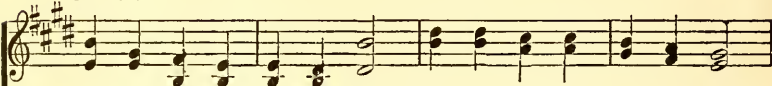
1. Sin comes march-ing down life's path-way Lead-ing ma-ny might-y bands,
2. This great arm-y fain would claim you, Press you in-to serv-ice ill;
3. See! the foe is draw-ing near-er, But the ar-my of the Lord
4. Ere it be too late, and Sa-tan Makes you cap-tive, claims your will,
5. Come, en-list to-day for Je-sus! Think how long you've made Him wait,



Bent on war and des-e-cra-tion, Scorn-ing God's di-vine com-mand.  
While you loit-er by the way-side, Faint in heart and weak in will.  
O-pens ranks to wand'ring mor-tals Dread-ing death by Sa-tan's sword.  
Now ac-cept the Lord's sal-va-tion, He to you is off-'ring still.  
Come to-day, lest sin o'er-take you And your God should say "too late."



## CHORUS.



Lin-ger not, im-per-iled soul! Lost are they who hes-i-tate;



Pray to be a Christ-ian sol-dier, Ere it be too late.



\* This is the first gospel song written by the fifteen year old son of the celebrated writer,  
Chas. H. Gabriel. The son is already an accomplished musician. C. B. S.

1. To whom shall I go but to Je - sus? He knoweth the way that I take;  
 2. To whom shall I go but to Je - sus? He knows all the tri - als I bear;  
 3. To whom shall I go but to Je - sus? When press'd by temptation and sin?  
 4. To whom shall I go but to Je - sus? He's promised to car - ry me thro';

His love will en - fold me for - ev - er, He'll nev - er my soul for - sake.  
 I'll give Him a part in my sorrows, He'll glad - ly life's bur - dens bear.  
 To Him who is strong to de - liv - er, Who gives me sweet peace with - in.  
 I find Him un - speak - a - bly pre - cious, He'll be the same friend to you.

## CHORUS.

To whom shall I go, to whom shall I go, But to the dear

Sav - ior who lov - eth me so? This won - der - ful Friend is

mine to the end; To whom shall I go but Je - sus?

1. The Lord is thy keep-er; O sad heart be still, In qui-et sub-  
2. The Lord is thy keep-er; trust all to His love, That shines in full  
3. The Lord is thy keep-er, O sing on the way, His arm will up-

mis-sion ac-cept His dear will; The tri-als that fret thee, the  
glo-ry from heav-en a-bove; Be patient, be hope-ful, nor  
hold thee, His rod be thy stay; Life's tur-bu-lent bil-lows His

need-less a-larms, Can nev-er dis-turb thee when safe in His arms.  
fal-ter nor fear, In light and in dark-ness the Sav-ior is near.  
hand will con-trol, The peace that He giv-eth brings rest to the soul.

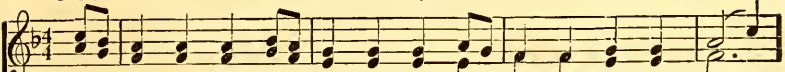
## CHORUS.

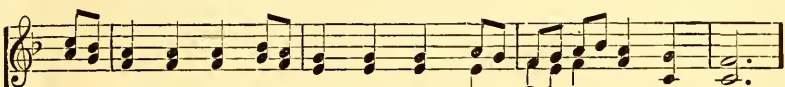
Thy Lord is thy keep-er, be still and o-bey; His love shall en-  
fold thee thro' life's lit-tle day; The Lord is thy keep-er, be



T. H.


Thoro Harris.

- 
1. I've found the way to per - fect rest, My heart doth o - ver flow;
  2. I've found the truth, 'tis Christ a - lone, True knowledge can im - part;
  3. I've found the life, the on - ly life, That shall im - mor - tal bloom;
  4. Ho - san - nas be, dear Lord to thee, Let all Thy grace pro - claim;




Since Christ is my a - bid - ing guest, No want my soul shall know.  
The Lord om - nis - cient hath His throne Es - tab - lished in my heart.  
Be - yond this vale of sin and strife, The port - als of the tomb.  
For - ev - er - more let all a - dore Thy high and ho - ly name!

## REFRAIN.

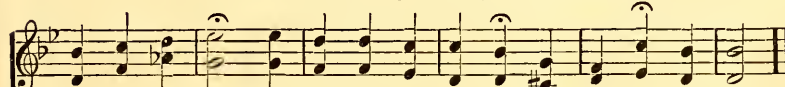


He ransomed me, He set me free, His wondrous love I sing,



All glo - ry be, O Christ to Thee! Ho - san - na to the King!

## The Lord is Thy Keeper—Concluded.

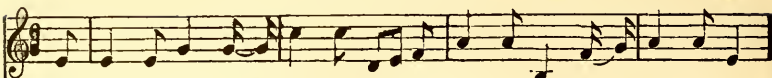


glad and re - joice! O praise Him for - ev - er with heart, soul and voice.

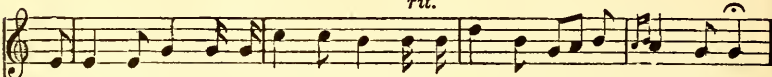
G. M. J.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY BIEDERWOLF & STROUSE.  
LAKESIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

Gertrude Manly Jones,



1. A beg - gar sat by the great highway, Blind and for - lorn, a - lone was he
2. With stumbling feet he onwards goes, With hands outstretched, his way to grope;
3. "What wilt thou, son!" 'tis the Savior's tone: "O Lord that I may receive my sight!"
4. Thou who art groping in darkest night With eyes to God's great mercy sealed;

*rit.*

His face upturned, in a drea - ry way, To the sun - ny skies he could not see:  
For - getting all of his gloom and woes, In the first sweet rush of new born hope;  
A tender touch, 'tis the Savior's own, And the blind eyes flash in swift de - light;  
Wilt thou not al - so re - ceive thy sight? Come to Christ, the Master, and be healed;

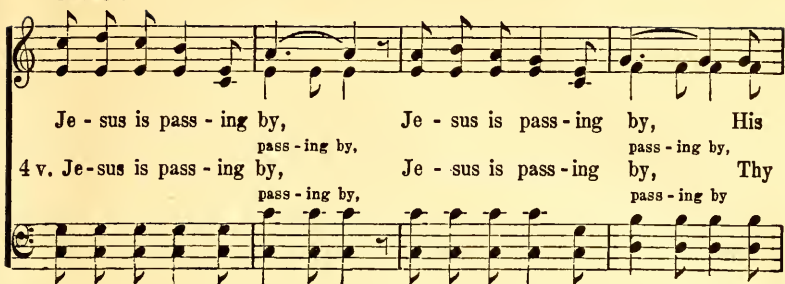


His heart was burdened with gloom and doubt, As he hears a distant mighty shout!  
He halts in front of the com - ing crowd, Un - heed - ing re - buke, he cries a - lone:  
They see the Lord and the hills and skies, And the beggar shouts in glad surprise:  
Perchance He'll come not another day; Harden not thy heart, O bid Him stay!



# When Jesus is Passing By.

CHORUS.



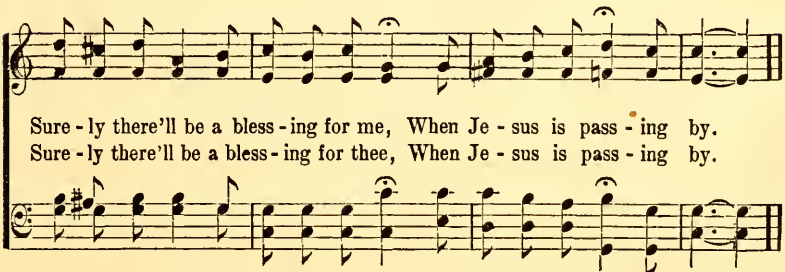
Je - sus is pass - ing by, Je - sus is pass - ing by, His  
 pass - ing by, pass - ing by,  
 4 v. Je - sus is pass - ing by, Je - sus is pass - ing by, Thy  
 pass - ing by, pass - ing by



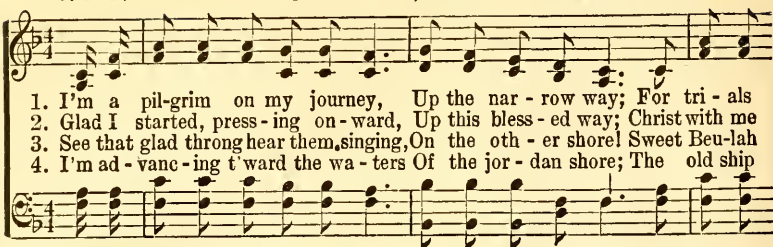
trembling lips catch up the cry, Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by;  
 trembling lips shall catch the cry, Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by;



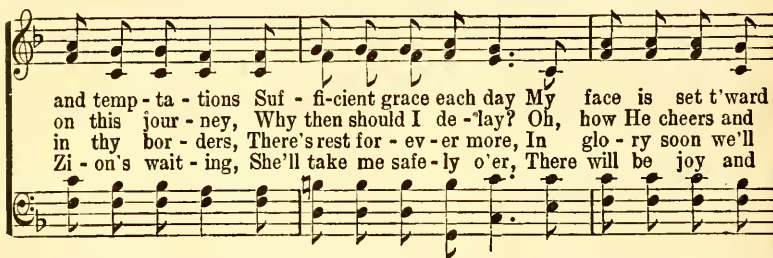
Je - sus is pass - ing by, . . . Je - sus is pass - ing by; . . .  
 Je - - - sus is pass - ing by, Je - - - sus is pass - ing by;



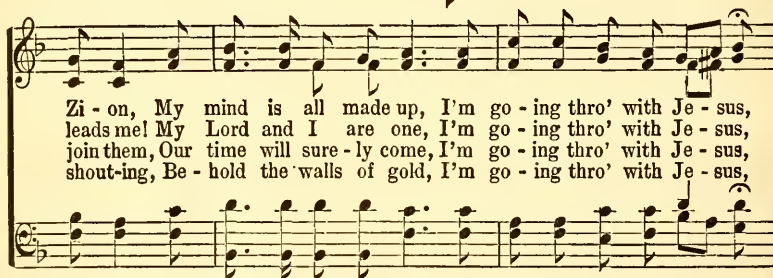
Sure - ly there'll be a bless - ing for me, When Je - sus is pass - ing by.  
 Sure - ly there'll be a bless - ing for thee, When Je - sus is pass - ing by.



1. I'm a pil-grim on my journey, Up the nar - row way; For tri - als  
2. Glad I started, press - ing on - ward, Up this bless - ed way; Christ with me  
3. See that glad throng hear them, singing, On the oth - er shore! Sweet Beu-lah  
4. I'm ad - vanc - ing t'ward the wa - ters Of the jor - dan shore; The old ship

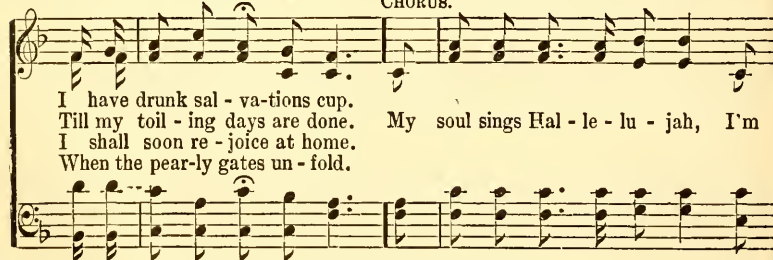


and temp - ta - tions Suf - fi - cient grace each day My face is set t'ward  
on this jour - ney, Why then should I de - lay? Oh, how He cheers and  
in thy bor - ders, There's rest for - ev - er more, In glo - ry soon we'll  
Zi - on's wait - ing, She'll take me safe - ly o'er, There will be joy and



Zi - on, My mind is all made up, I'm go - ing thro' with Je - sus,  
leads me! My Lord and I are one, I'm go - ing thro' with Je - sus,  
join them, Our time will sure - ly come, I'm go - ing thro' with Je - sus,  
shout - ing, Be - hold the walls of gold, I'm go - ing thro' with Je - sus,

## CHORUS.



I have drunk sal - va - tions cup.  
Till my toil - ing days are done. My soul sings Hal - le - lu - jah, I'm  
I shall soon re - joice at home.  
When the pearly gates un - fold.



on the road to stay, My soul sings Hal - le - lu - jah, There's sun - shine



# Going Through With Jesus.



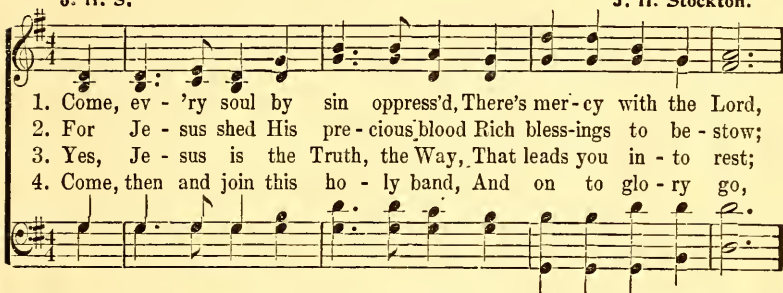
all the way, My soul sings hal - le - lu - jah In go - ing day by  
day, My heart sings hal - le - lu - jah, I'm hap - py on the way.

No. 82.

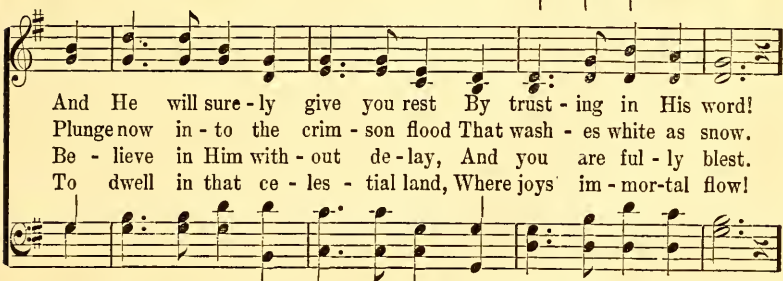
## Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

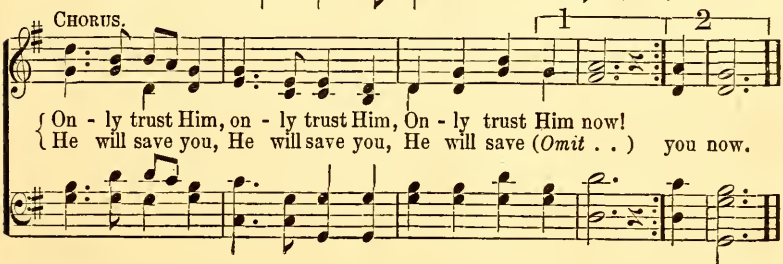
J. H. Stockton.



1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mer - cy with the Lord,  
2. For Je - sus shed His pre - cious blood Rich bless - ings to be - stow;  
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;  
4. Come, then and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,




And He will sure - ly give you rest By trust - ing in His word!  
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.  
Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.  
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow!




CHORUS.  
1 2  
{ On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now!  
{ He will save you, He will save you, He will save (Omit . . .) you now.

Dr. South G. Preston.


Clarence B. Strouse.



1. I'm a ves - sel for the Mas - ter, To use me as He will; I  
 2. I'm an heir with my Re - deem - er, My Sav - ior and my Lord; I'll  
 3. I've left all to fol - low Je - sus, He gave His life for me; His  
 4. When the gates of glo - ry o - pen, In rap - ture I shall see The

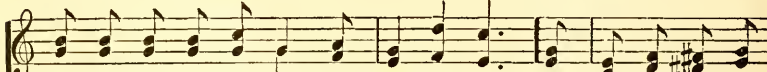


want His Ho - ly Spir - it, My life and soul to fill; O  
 have a crown in glo - ry, Ac - cord - ing to His Word; My  
 blood is my sal - va - tion, From sin I am set free; I'm  
 fol - low - ers of Je - sus Be - fore the glass - y sea; Their

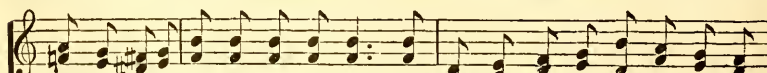


hast - en, do not tar - ry, Come now and join our crew; We're  
 home, it is in heav - en, With loved ones who'll be there, I'm  
 saved un - to the ut - most, His blood has made me pure; I'm  
 song shall be re - demp - tion, Of glo - ry thro' His blood; We're

CHORUS.



go - ing thro' with Je - sus—won't you go too?  
 go - ing up with Je - sus His throne to share. We're sol - diers in the  
 go - ing home with Je - sus, kept by His pow'r.  
 home at last with Je - sus, at home with God.



conflict against sin, the flesh, the world, We're traveling in the arm - y, and our

# Soldiers of the King.

ban - ner is un - furled; Our Sav - ior is our Cap - tain and we're  
marching in the way; His presence gives us cour - age, the vic - t'ry to - day.

No. 84.

## Win One for Jesus.

Edgar Lewis.

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L. E. Jones.

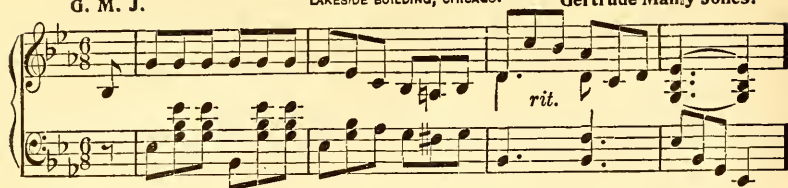
1. Ma - ny are stray - ing in dark - ness and sin, Win one, win one; Go forth be -  
2. Hast - en to la - bor ere shad - ows shall fall, Win one, win one; Tell of His  
3. Souls are in bondage that long for re - lease, Win one, win one; Bring them to

CHORUS.

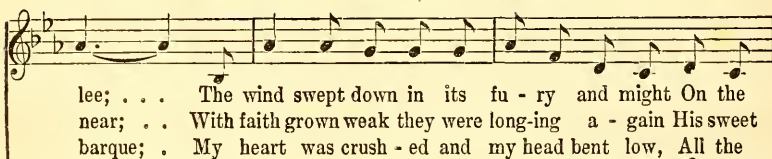
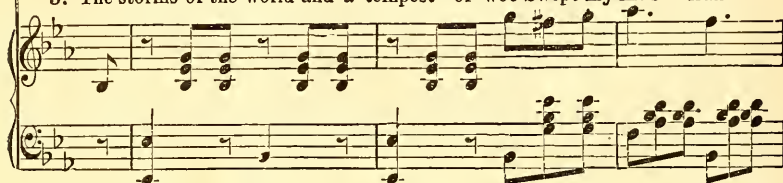
lieving some soul to bring in, Win one for Je - sus.  
mer - cy, re - ech - o His call, Win one for Je - sus. { Tell how He came a Re -  
Cal - v'ry that they may find peace, Win one for Je - sus. } Tell to the lost that His  
deemer to be, Tell how His grace is suf - ficient for thee,  
mer - cy is free, (Omit) . . . . . } Win one for Jesus.

G. M. J.

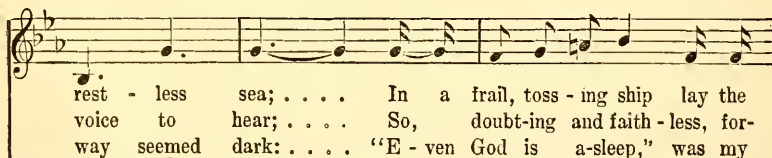
Gertrude Manly Jones.



1. The e - ven had come and the gloom of the night Fell on Gal - i -
2. The ship was now full, and the way - er - ing men To their Lord drew
3. The storms of the world and a tempest of woe Swept my life's frail



lee; . . . The wind swept down in its fu - ry and might On the  
near; . . With faith grown weak they were long - ing a - gain His sweet  
barque; . My heart was crush - ed and my head bent low, All the



rest - less sea; . . . . In a frail, toss - ing ship lay the  
voice to hear; . . . . So, doubt - ing and faith - less, for -  
way seemed dark: . . . . "E - ven God is a - sleep," was my





# Peace be Still.

*rit.*

Mas - ter, a - sleep—His dis - ci - ples in fear their lone vig - il keep.  
 get - ing His pow'r, They dwell on the per - il and pain of the hour.  
 heart's bitter groan; "He has left me to bear it a - lone, all a - lone!

*rit.*

CHORUS.

"Mas - ter, Mas - ter! We per - ish!" they cry; "Car - est Thou not  
 "Mas - ter, [Mas - ter! We per - ish!" they cry; "Car - est Thou not  
 "Mas - ter, Mas - ter! Have \_mer - cy!" I cry; "Car - est Thou not

that we die, we die?" The Mas - ter, a - sleep, heed - ed  
 that we die, we die?" The Mas - ter, a - woke, "Peace, be  
 that I die, I die?" The Mas - ter, then spoke, "Peace, be

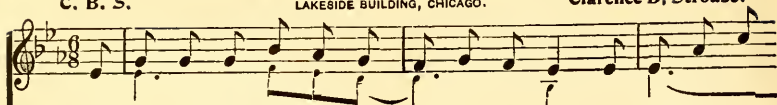
*rit.*

not their plea, And the breakers rolled high on the tur - bu - lent sea.  
 still!" cried He—And a calm rest - ed o - ver their hearts and the sea.  
 still!" cried He, And a peace rest - ed o - ver my life's troub - led sea.

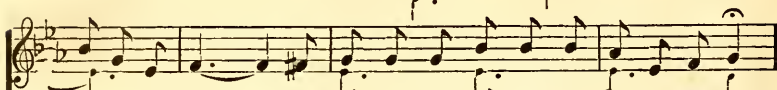
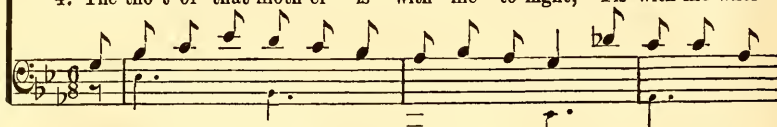
C. B. S.

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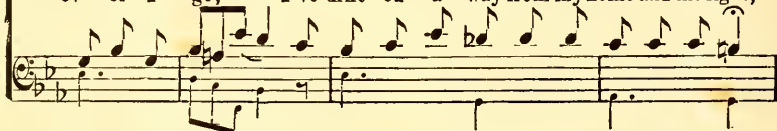
Clarence B. Strouse.



1. Of all the close friends that to me have been dear, There's one who thro'
2. How oft - en in pray'r at her knee I would bow, And lisp "Now I
3. And on that sad day when she went far a - way, I prom-ised to
4. The tho't of that moth-er is with me to-night, 'Tis with me wher-



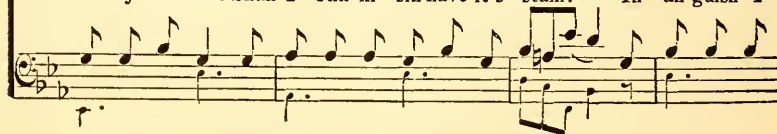
sunshine and rain Stood close by my side day by day, year by year,  
lay me to sleep;" If moth-er could on - ly come back to me now!  
an-swer her pray'r; Long years have since passed and these promis - es stay  
ev - er I go, I've drift - ed a - way from my home and the right,



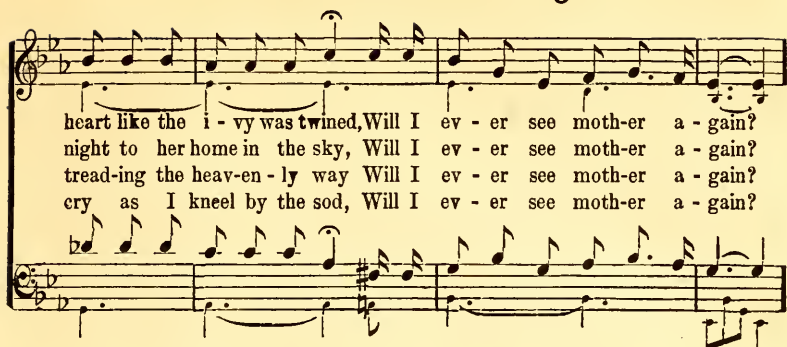
And shared all my sor-row and pain. 'Twas moth-er so pa-tient, so  
The tho't of her love makes me weep. She told me the sto - ry of  
Un - answered! my heart, dost thou care? How well I re - mem-ber the  
I'm sit-ting a-lone with my woe. If death comes to me as it



lov - ing and kind, Be - side her all oth - ers were vain; My heart round her  
Je-sus' great love, Of Him who for sin-ners was slain. My tho't roams to  
last parting word: "You'll meet me where cometh no pain." To-night am I  
sure - ly will come Shall I still in sin have it's stain? In an-guish I

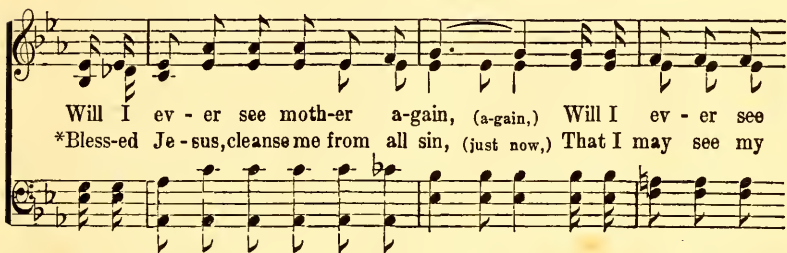


# Will I Ever See Mother Again?

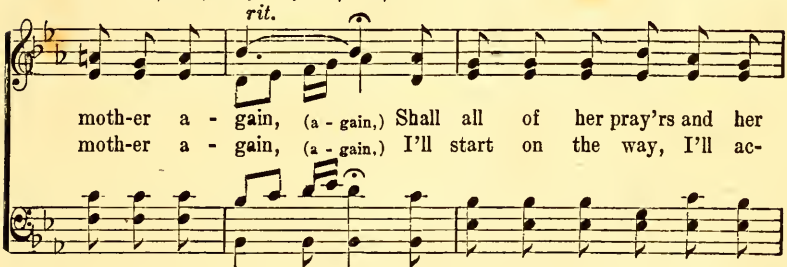


heart like the i - vy was twined, Will I ev - er see moth - er a - gain?  
 night to her home in the sky, Will I ev - er see moth - er a - gain?  
 tread - ing the heav - en - ly way Will I ev - er see moth - er a - gain?  
 cry as I kneel by the sod, Will I ev - er see moth - er a - gain?

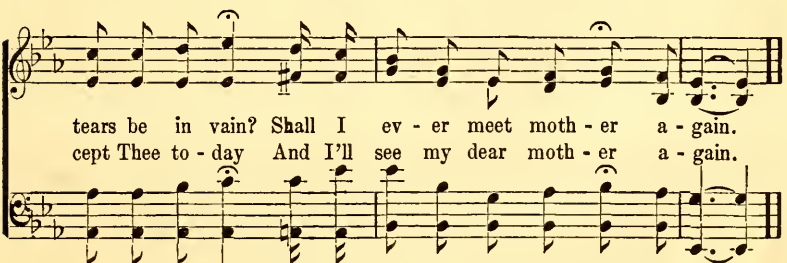
CHORUS.



Will I ev - er see moth - er a - gain, (a - gain,) Will I ev - er see  
 \*Bless - ed Je - sus, cleanse me from all sin, (just now,) That I may see my



moth - er a - gain, (a - gain,) Shall all of her pray'rs and her  
 moth - er a - gain, (a - gain,) I'll start on the way, I'll ac -



tears be in vain? Shall I ev - er meet moth - er a - gain.  
 cept Thee to - day And I'll see my dear moth - er a - gain.

\*To be sung after two last stanzas, or when repeating chorus.

5 Tonight as she dwells with her Savior above  
 Does she know where her boy is now?  
 Or think of the promise made to her in love  
 Or know that I've broken my vow?  
 Does she know her boy has forsaken her God,  
 Deserted the path she made plain,  
 That all of her teaching and pray'rs he abused,  
 Will I ever see mother again?

6 At home in the sky where my mother's at rest,  
 No sickness or sorrow can come, [the blest  
 That place where the good and the true and  
 For aye with the Savior at home.  
 No evil can enter that heavenly place,  
 Repentance there cannot obtain;  
 And now a poor sinner forever outcast,  
 Shall I ever see mother again?

A. C. Pratt.

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LAKESIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

Gertrude Manly Jones.



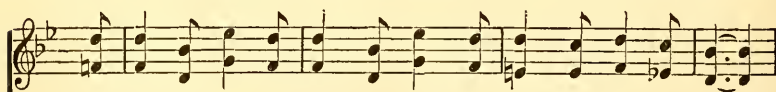
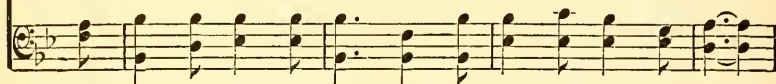
1. O cross of shame and an-guish, Dark, fath-om-less, un-known;
2. The crim-son wave is flow-ing, Is flow-ing now for thee;
3. Be-hold by faith a Sav-ior Up-on th'ac-curs-ed tree;
4. Be-hold your Sav-ior plead-ing, His mer-cy now is free;



O fount of grace and glo-ry, O thou tide of love di-vine,  
 Be-hold the fount-ain o-pen wide Up-on Mount Cal-va-ry,  
 Be-hold Him bleed-ing, dy-ing there, And this for you and me!  
 Come, lest the tide re-ced-ing, Nev-er more a-vail for thee,



Flow on till ev-'ry na-tion Shall tell thy pow'r to save—  
 That crim-son wave is flow-ing, Dear sin-ner, 'tis for thee;  
 Come to this heal-ing fount-ain, O haste with-out de-lay,  
 That fountain now is o-pen, The spir-it striv-ing still;



The heal-ing cleansing pow-er In the flow-ing crim-son wave.  
 Come with thy heav-y bur-den, For the tide is full and free.  
 And 'neath its wave of crim-son Wash thy load of sin a-way.  
 To all the in-vi-ta-tion Gives: "Come, who-so-ev-er will."



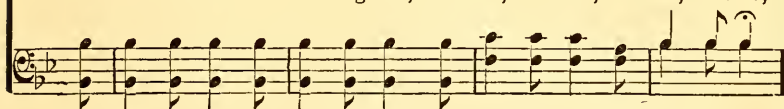


# The Grimson Wave.

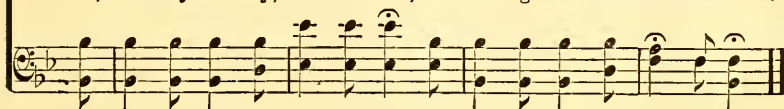
CHORUS.



The crim-son tide is flow-ing free, For thee, dear one, for thee, for thee,



Come, bathe thy wea-ry, sin-sick soul, It's heal-ing tide shall make thee whole.

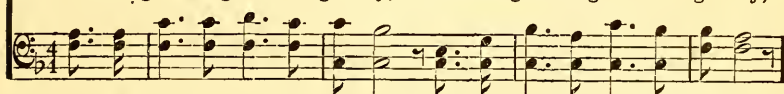


No. 88.

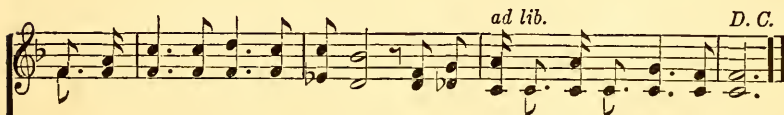
## The Way of the Cross.



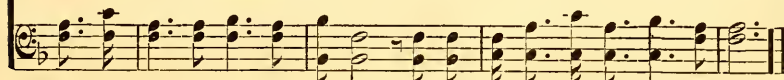
1. I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,



D. C.—Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,



I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing: "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol-low me."  
 I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.  
 I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.  
 He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.



Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

G. M. J.  
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LAKESIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

Gertrude Manly Jones.

1. We're a hap - py sol - dier band, Marching on-ward thro' the land, With the

2. Ev - 'ry sol-dier, tried and true, There's a place in rank for you; Don't you

3. God's own ar-mor we must gird, Take the sword of His own Word, And we'll

ban-ner of our King a-bove us way-ing; With a courage true and strong  
hear the cry "To arms!" a-bout you ring-ing? We must stand fast side by side  
keep the e - vil one re-treat-ing ev - er; To our Cap-tain giv-ing heed,

We will fight a-against the wrong, All the en - e-my's ad-vanc-es brav-ing  
Till the en - e-my's de-fied And a vic-to-ry at last we're bring-ing.  
Fol-low-ing where he may lead, We will be de-feat-ed nev-er, nev-er!

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll march a-way, Eager for the fray With hearts that are brave and light; .  
March, march, march march, march, march, march, march, march,

We'll battle with all our might, . . . For God and the truth and right, . . .  
with all our might, the truth and right,

# Marching Onward.

In the field of sin We are sure to win; We'll nev-er once give o'er,  
 March, march, march, march, march, march,

For Je - sus is our Cap - tain, He is lead-ing on be - fore.

No. 90.

# Almost Persuaded.

P. P. B.

USED BY PER. OF THE JNO. CHURCH CO.

P. P. Bliss.

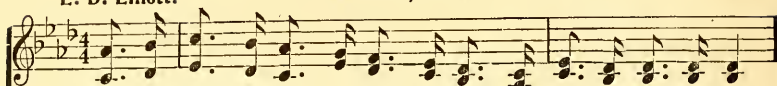
1. "Al - most per-suad-ed," Now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"  
 2. "Al - most per-suad-ed," Come, come to - day; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"  
 3. "Al - most per-suad-ed," Har - vest is past; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"

Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,  
 Turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are  
 Doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail, "Al - most" is

go thy way, Some more con - ve - nient day On Thee I'll call."  
 ling'r-ing near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear; O wan - d'rer come!  
 but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail—"Al - most—but lost."

E. D. Elliott.

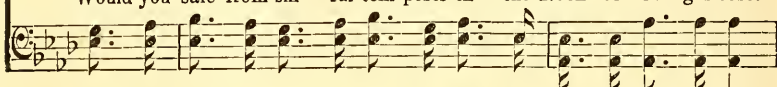
Wm. Edie Marks.



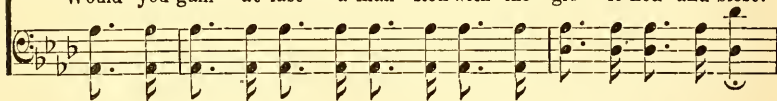
1. "Let us rea - son now to - geth - er" saith our God who loves you so,
2. Ask and par - don shall be free - ly giv - en you for ev - 'ry sin,
3. Would you cul - ti - vate that char - ac - ter which makes of life the best?



"Tho' your sins have been as scar - let they shall be as white as snow."  
Seek and ye shall sure - ly find how good the Lord to you has been,  
Would you safe from sin - ful tem - pests in the Rock of A - ges rest?



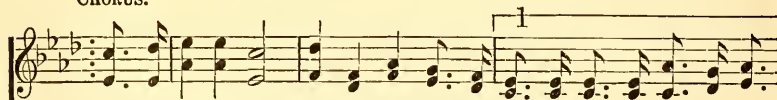
Would you not the full en - joy - ment of His bless - ed promise know?  
Knock and mer - cy's door will o - pen, God will wel - come you with - in;  
Would you gain at last a man - sion with the glo - ri - fied and blest?



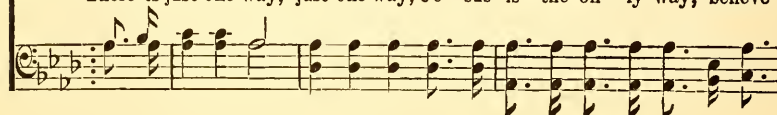
Je - sus is the on - ly way, be - lieve and be ye saved!



CHORUS.



There is just one way, just one way, Je - sus is the on - ly way, believe





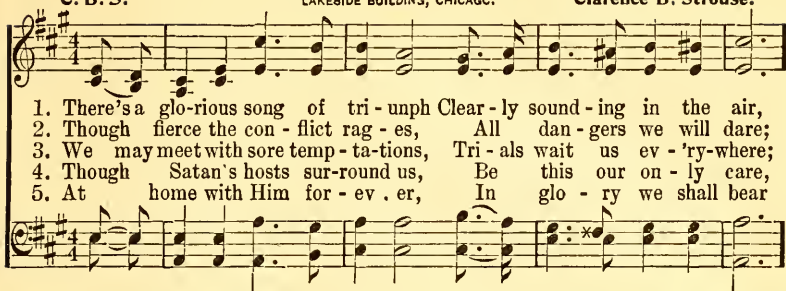
## No. 92.

## Overcome by Prayer.

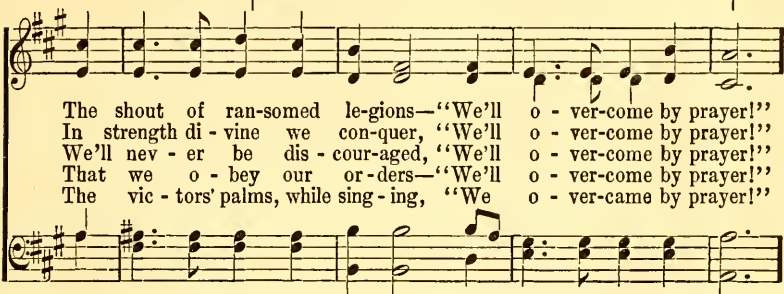
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY BIEDERWOLF & STROUSE.  
LAKEBIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

C. B. S.

Clarence B. Strouse.

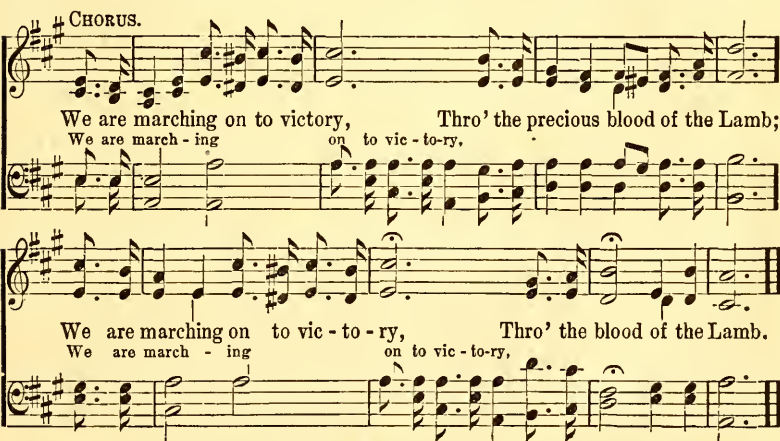


1. There's a glo-rious song of tri-umph Clear-ly sound-ing in the air,  
 2. Though fierce the con-flict rag-es, All dan-gers we will dare;  
 3. We may meet with sore temp-ta-tions, Tri-als wait us ev-'ry-where;  
 4. Though Satan's hosts sur-round us, Be this our on-ly care,  
 5. At home with Him for-ev-er, In glo-ry we shall bear



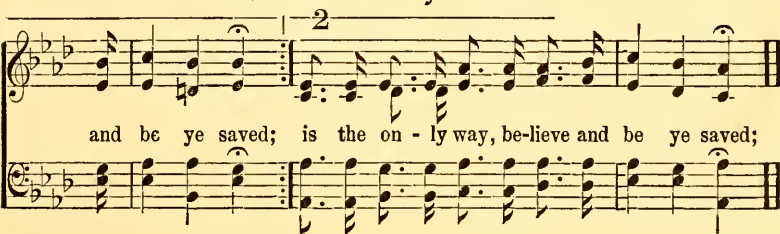
The shout of ran-somed le-gions—"We'll o-ver-come by prayer!"  
 In strength di-vine we con-quer, "We'll o-ver-come by prayer!"  
 We'll nev-er be dis-cour-aged, "We'll o-ver-come by prayer!"  
 That we o-bey our or-ders—"We'll o-ver-come by prayer!"  
 The vic-tors' palms, while sing-ing, "We o-ver-came by prayer!"

CHORUS.



We are marching on to victory, Thro' the precious blood of the Lamb;  
 We are march-ing on to vic-to-ry,  
 We are marching on to vic-to-ry, Thro' the blood of the Lamb.  
 We are march-ing on to vic-to-ry,

## Just One Way. Concluded.



and be ye saved; is the on-ly way, be-lieve and be ye saved;

# No. 93.

# Nothing But the Blood.

R. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL.  
USED BY PER.

Robert Lowry.

FINE.

1. { What can wash a - way my sin? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus; }  
 { What can make me whole a - gain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus. }  
 2. { For my par - don this I see—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus; }  
 { For my cleans-ing, this my plea—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus. }

*D. S.—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.*

CHORUS.

Oh, pre-cious is the flow That makes me white as snow; No other Fount-I know,

3 Nothing can for sin atone,  
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;  
 Naught of good that I have done,  
 Nothing but the blood of Je-sus.

4 This is all my hope and peace—  
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;  
 This is all my righteousness—  
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

# No. 94.

# Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Chas. Wesley.

S. B. Marsh.

1. { Je - sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly, }  
 { While the near-er wa - ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high. }  
 D.C.—Safe in - to the haven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!  
 2. { Oth - er ref-uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee; }  
 { Leave, O leave me not a-lone, Still sup-port and com-fort me. }  
 D.C.—Cov-er my de-fense-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing!

*D. C.*

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
 More than all in Thee I find;  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
 Just and holy is Thy name,  
 I am all unrighteousness;  
 Vile and full of sin I am,  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

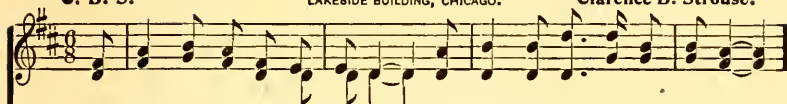
## No. 95.

## Coming Now to My Savior.

C. B. S.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT 1911, BY BIEDERWOLF & STROUSE.  
LAKEBIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

Clarence B. Strouse.



1. I'm tired, so tired of my stray - ing; I'm com-ing now to my Sav - ior;
2. I know my vows have been brok-en, I'm com-ing now to my Sav - ior;
3. I'm sore and sad o'er my sin - ning, I'm com-ing now to my Sav - ior;
4. I come God's mes - sage be - liev - ing, I'm com-ing now to my Sav - ior;
5. I know the past is for - giv - en, I'm com-ing now to my Sav - ior;
6. His blood my sin - stains will cov - er, I'm com-ing now to my Sav - ior;



My friends for me have been pray - ing, I'm com-ing now to my Sav - ior.  
 To me in love He has spok - en, I'm com-ing now to my Sav - ior.  
 His love my love is now win - ing, I'm com-ing now to my Sav - ior.  
 His peace and par-don re - ceiv - ing, I'm com-ing now to my Sav - ior.  
 He gives me prom - ise of Heav - en, I'm com-ing now to my Sav - ior.  
 I'll love and praise Him for - ev - er, I'm com-ing now to my Sav - ior.



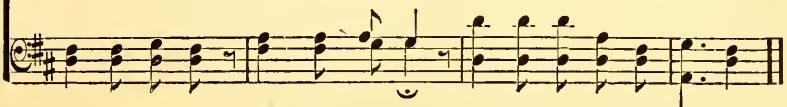
## CHORUS.

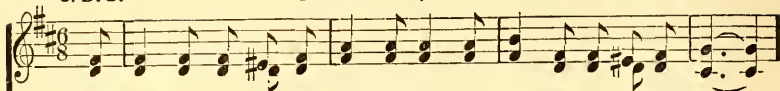


I am com - ing; I am com - ing, Com - ing now to my Sav - ior,



I am com - ing, I am com - ing, Com - ing now to my Sav - ior.





1. My heart was sad when I came to-night, Earth's woes had vexed me all day;  
2. I claimed the prom-ise of His own word That spoke of solace in heav'n,



I longed for com-fort, I sought it here Where loved ones gather to pray.  
Of rest and peace and of hap - pi - ness That would by Je - sus be giv'n.



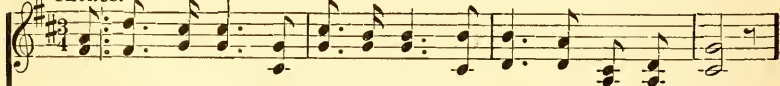
I could no long-er my bur-den bear, My grief I could not con - trol;  
And as I prayed o'er my spir-it stole Peace which in ex - sta - cy thrilled;



I cried in anguish, "Dear Lord, how long Shall darkness cover my soul?"  
I longed that heav-en-ly place to see With hope my bosom was filled.



## CHORUS.

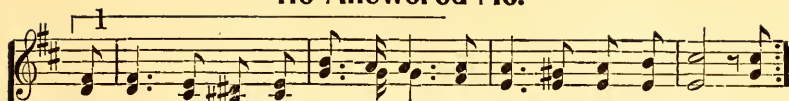


He { an-swered me, O trust and see That I will give thee rest;  
died for thee Thy soul to free From fears that thee mo - lest;

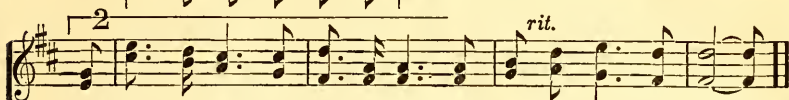




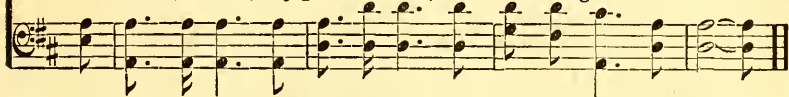
# He Answered Me.



Re-pent, be-lieve, My grace receive, And lean up-on my breast; I



Then trust, believe, My grace re-ceive, And I will give thee rest."



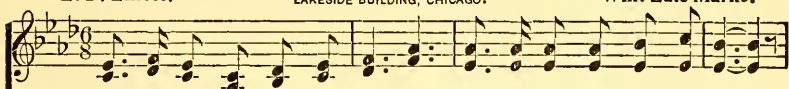
## No. 97.

## Make me Better.

E. D. Elliott.

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LAKESIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

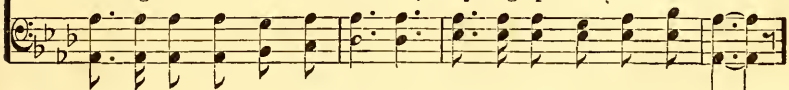
Wm. Edie Marks.



1. Sin-ful I come to Thee Sav-ior, Thorough-ly cleanse me I pray,
2. Take the poor clay like a pot-ter Fash-ion a ves-sel for Thee,
3. Je-sus I want to be bet-ter, Make me, dear Lord, e-ven so,
4. Oh, to be more like Thee, Mas-ter, Filled with the full-ness of love,



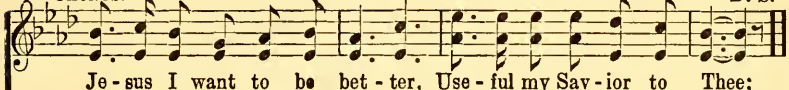
Just as I am I am com-ing, Oh, make me bet-ter to-day!  
Fit for Thine in-dwell-ing Spir-it, Make me what I ought to be!  
This is my soul's great-est yearn-ing More and more like Thee to grow.  
Do-ing the will of the Fa-ther, Lay-ing up treas-ures a-bove.



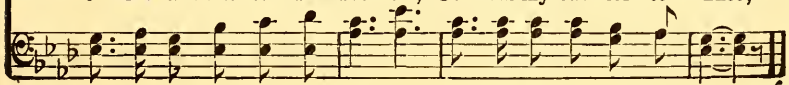
D. S.—Just as I am I am com-ing, Make me what I ought to be.

CHORUS.

D. S.

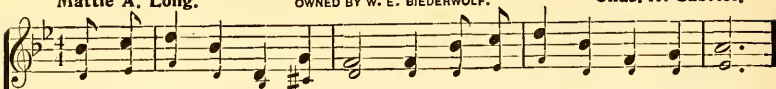


Je-sus I want to be bet-ter, Use-ful my Sav-ior to Thee;

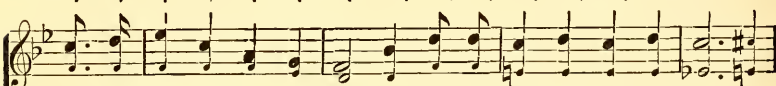
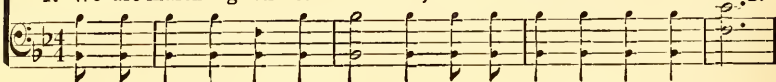


Mattie A. Long.

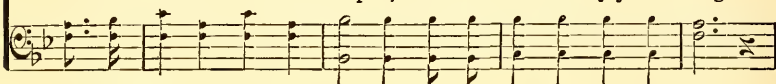
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. We are march-ing on to bat - tle, In the ar - my of our King;
2. We are march-ing on to bat - tle, And our standard we will raise
3. We are march-ing on to bat - tle, We are fight-ing for the Lord;
4. We are march-ing on to bat - tle, We will make our forc - es strong;



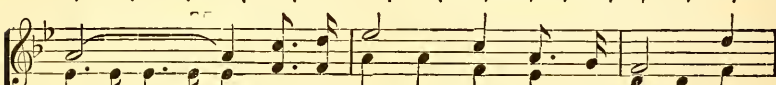
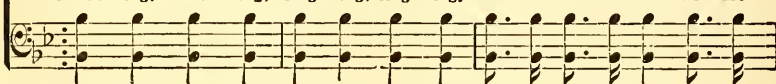
We will fight with deeds of kind-ness, And will loud ho - san - nas sing.  
 Ev - 'ry day un - to our Sav - ior, Ae we glad - ly sing His praise.  
 He will ev - er be our Lead - er, We'll o - bey His pre - cious word.  
 We will win with Je - sus' weapon, Words and deeds and joy - ous song.



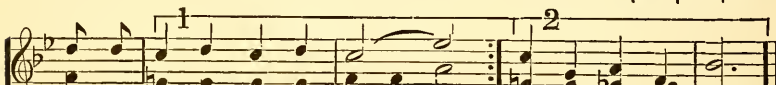
## CHORUS.



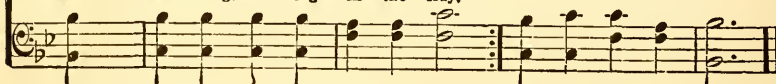
March - ing, sing - ing, Hap - py all the day, all the  
 March - ing, march - ing, sing - ing, sing - ing. we are



day;..... We are march - ing on to bat - tle,  
 hap - py all the day; We are march - ing on 'to bat - tle, We



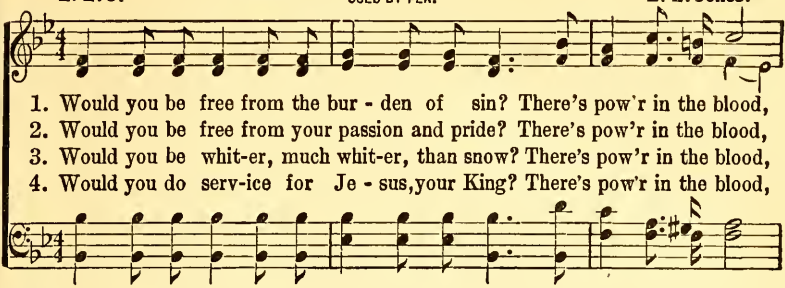
We are win - ning in the fray;..... win - ning in the fray.  
 are win - ning, win - ning in the fray:

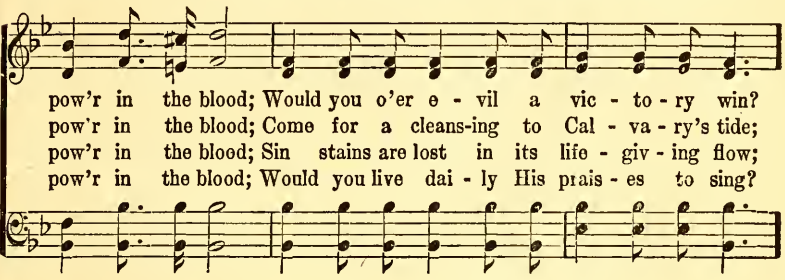


L. E. J.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY H. L. GILMOUR, WENONAH, N. J.  
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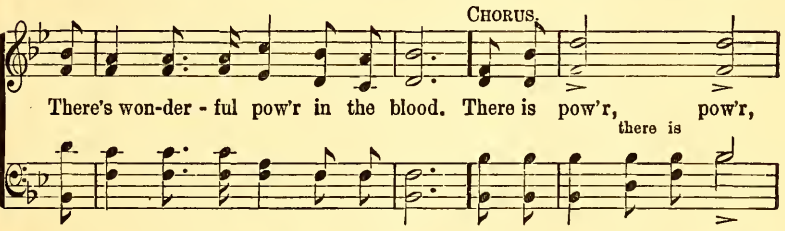
L. E. Jones.

- 
1. Would you be free from the bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
  2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
  3. Would you be whit-er, much whit-er, than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
  4. Would you do serv-ice for Je - sus, your King? There's pow'r in the blood,

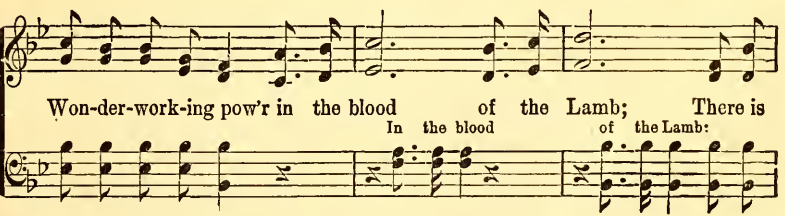


pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?  
 pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal - va - ry's tide;  
 pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow;  
 pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly His prais - es to sing?

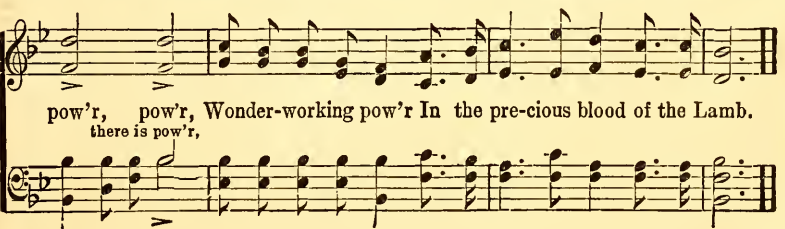
## CHORUS.



There's won-der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, there is



Won-der-work-ing pow'r in the blood of the Lamb; There is  
 In the blood of the Lamb:



pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r In the pre-cious blood of the Lamb.  
 there is pow'r,

## No. 100.

## Our Need of Divine Help.

Psalm 17.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY J. B. HERBERT.

J. B. Herbert.

1. Hold up my go-ings, Lord, me guide In paths that are di-vine,  
 2. Up-on Thee I have called, O God, Be-cause Thou wilt me hear;  
 3. Thy won-drous lov-ing-kind-ness show, Thou, who by Thy right hand

That so my foot-steps may not slide Out of those ways of Thine.  
 That Thou mayst hearken to my speech, To me in-cline Thy ear.  
 Dost save all those who trust in Thee From such as them with-stand.

## CHORUS. (Prose Version.)

Keep me as the ap-ple of the eye, Hide me un-der the shadow of Thy wings;

Keep me as the ap-ple of the eye, Hide me under the shadow of Thy wings.

## No. 101.

## I Love Jesus.

Robert Robinson.

(GREENVILLE.)

Jean J. Rousseau.

FINE.

1. { Je-sus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God; }  
 { He to res-cue me from danger, In-ter-posed with precious blood. }  
 2. { Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it—Prone to leave the God I love— }  
 { Here's my heart—O take and seal it, Seal it from Thy courts a-bove. }

D.C.—I love Je-sus, He's my Sav-ior, Je-sus smiles and loves me too.



# I Love Jesus.

D. C.



I love Je - sus, Hal - le - lu - jah! I love Je - sus, yes, I do;

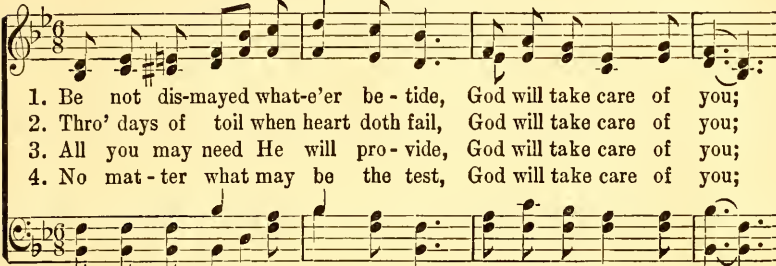
## No. 102. God Will Take Care of You.

C. D. Martin.

*Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis,*

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY JOHN A. DAVIS,  
USED BY PERMISSION.

W. S. Martin.

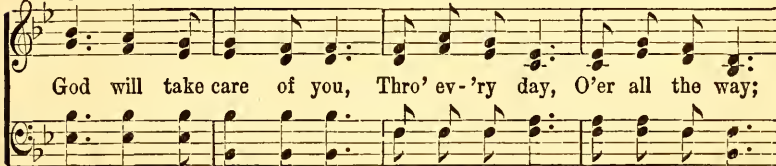


1. Be not dis-mayed what-e'er be - tide, God will take care of you;  
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;  
3. All you may need He will pro - vide, God will take care of you;  
4. No mat - ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;

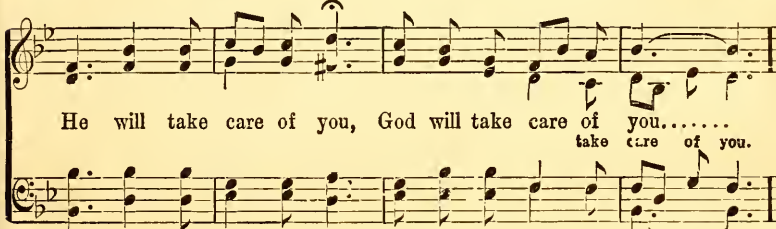


Be-neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.  
When dan-gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.  
Noth-ing you ask will be de-nied, God will take care of you.  
Lean, wea-ry one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.

CHORUS.



God will take care of you, Thro' ev-'ry day, O'er all the way;

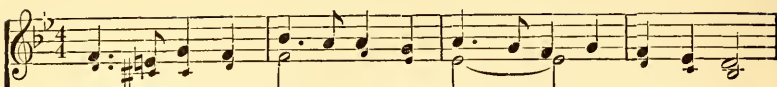


He will take care of you, God will take care of you.....  
take care of you.

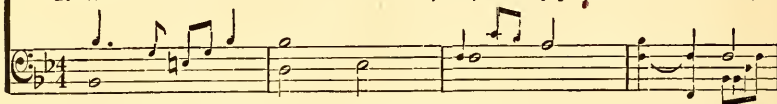
A. H. A.

COPYRIGHT, 1908 BY A. H. AND B. D. ACKLEY.  
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Alfred H. Ackley.



1. As a tree be - side the wa - ter Has the Sav - ior plant - ed me;
2. Tho' the tem - pest rage a - round me, Thro' the storm my Lord I see,
3. When by grief my heart is bro - ken, And the sun - shine steals a - way,
4. When at last I stand be - fore Him, Oh, what joy it will af - ford,



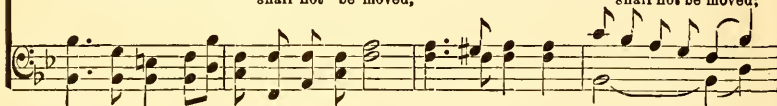
All my fruit shall be in sea - son, I shall live e - ter - eal - ly.  
Point - ing up - ward to that ha - ven, Where my loved ones wait for me.  
Then His grace, in mer - cy giv - en, Chang - es dark - ness in - to day.  
Just to see the sin - ner ransomed, And be - hold my sov - 'reign Lord.



## CHORUS.



I shall not be moved,..... I shall not be moved;.....  
shall not be moved, shall not be moved;



Anchored to the Rock of A - ges, I shall not be moved.



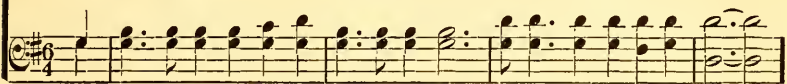
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

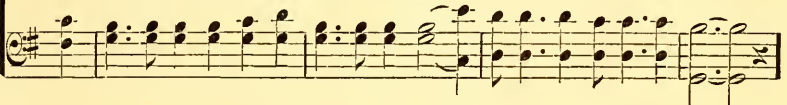
Wm. Edie Marks.



1. If Christ the Redeemer has pardoned your sin, Tell it where-ev-er you go;
2. If now you are happy with Christ as your Guide, Tell it wher-ev-er you go;
3. When troubles as-sail do you trust in Him still? Tell it wher-ev-er you go;
4. If you are an heir to a man-sion on high, Tell it wher-ev-er you go;



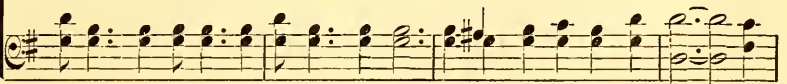
If in-to your darkness His light has shone in Tell it wher-ev-er you go.  
 If He is your Friend, and with Him you a-bide, Tell it wher-ev-er you go.  
 When sorrow's o'erwhelm do you sink in His will? Tell it wher-ev-er you go.  
 Un-til you find rest in that home in the sky, Tell it wher-ev-er you go.



## CHORUS.



Tell it,..... tell it,..... Tell it wher-ev-er you go; If  
 Tell it that oth-ers a-round you may know,



you would win oth-ers from sin and from woe? Tell it wher-ev-er you go!

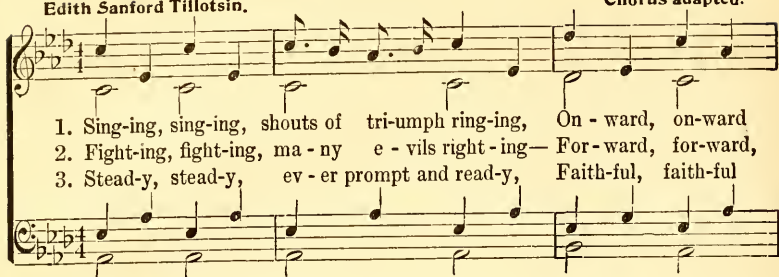


# No. 105. Marching at the King's Command.

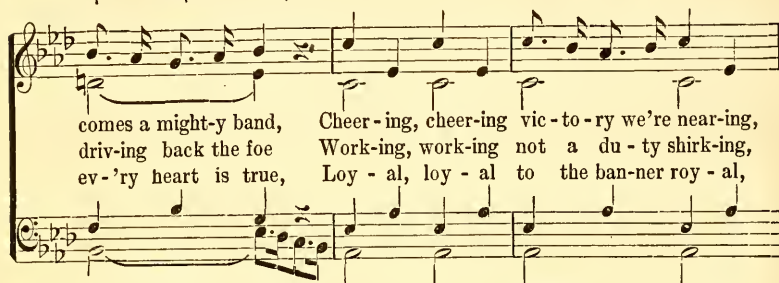
Edith Sanford Tillotsin.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, ACKLEY & RODEHEAVER.

B. D. Ackley.  
Chorus adapted.

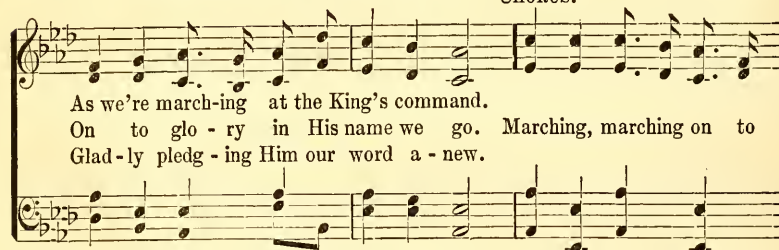


1. Sing-ing, sing-ing, shouts of tri-umph ring-ing, On - ward, on-ward  
2. Fight-ing, fight-ing, ma - ny e - vils right - ing— For-ward, for-ward,  
3. Stead-y, stead-y, ev - er prompt and read-y, Faith-ful, faith-ful

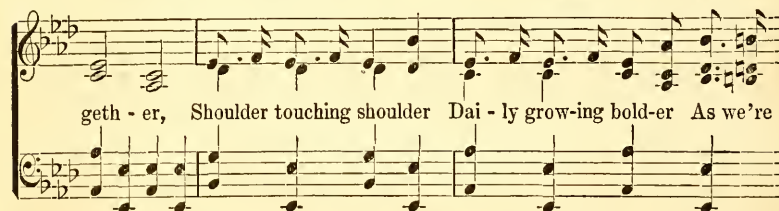


comes a might-y band, Cheer-ing, cheer-ing vic - to - ry we're near-ing,  
driv-ing back the foe Work-ing, work-ing not a du - ty shirk-ing,  
ev-'ry heart is true, Loy - al, loy - al to the ban-ner roy - al,

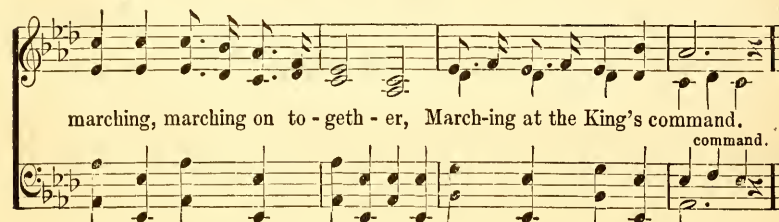
## CHORUS.



As we're march-ing at the King's command.  
On to glo - ry in His name we go. Marching, marching on to  
Glad-ly pledg-ing Him our word a - new.



geth - er, Shoulder touching shoulder Dai - ly grow-ing bold-er As we're



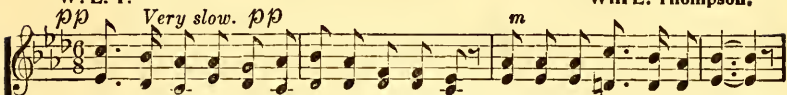
marching, marching on to - geth - er, March-ing at the King's command.  
command.



BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON &amp; CO., E. LIVERPOOL, O., AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

W. L. T.

Will L. Thompson.



1. Soft - ly and ten-der-ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;



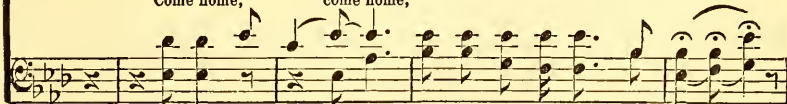
See on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.  
 Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me?  
 Shadows are gathering, death beds are com - ing, Com - ing for you and for me.  
 Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.



## CHORUS.



Come home, come home, Ye who are wea - ry, come home,  
 Come home, come home,



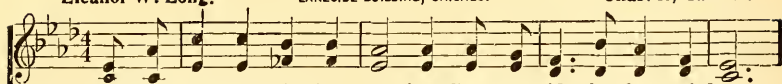
Ear - nest - ly, ten - der - ly, Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!



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LAKESIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

Eleanor W. Long.

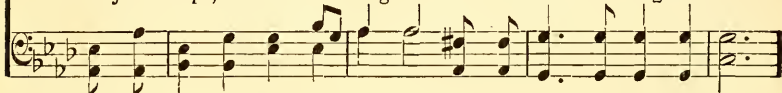
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. There were sleeping vir-gins ly-ing Just out-side the fes-tal door;
2. Then they rose and hastened for-ward, From the thrall of dreams released;
3. Rouse ye from your sleep, O dreamers, While the door stands open wide,



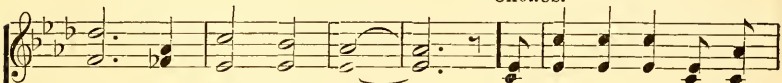
And they murmured in their dreaming, Time e-nough, full time, and more,  
Those with burning lamps to en-ter With the Bridegroom to the feast;  
Fill your lamps, and trim them—light them—You can have no light be-side.



But the cry rang, Lo, the Bridegroom Cometh quick-ly to the feast-room!  
But the oth-ers stood be-night-ed, With their emp-ty lamps un-light-ed—  
Then in-to the realms im-mor-tal You shall en-ter thro' the por-tal,



## CHORUS.



Go to meet Him — Go!

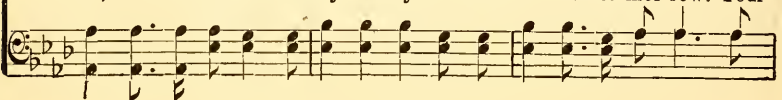
And the door-way shut.

Ere the door is shut.

A-wake! a-wake! turn from



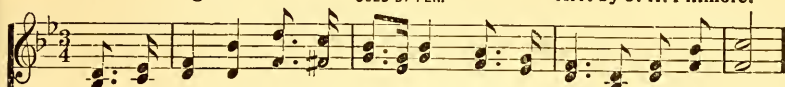
sin, turn from sorrow To-day! to-day! for there is no to-mor-row! Your



Mrs. M. P. Ferguson.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY L. L. PICKETT.  
USED BY PER.

Arr. by J. H. Fillmore.



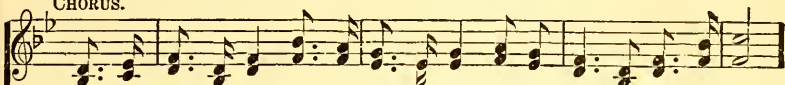
1. Joys are flow-ing like a riv - er, Since the Com-fort-er has come;
2. Spring-ing in - to joy and glad-ness All a-round this glorious Guest,
3. Like the rain that falls from heav - en, Like the sun - light from the sky,
4. What a won-der-ful sal - va - tion, Where we al - ways see His face;



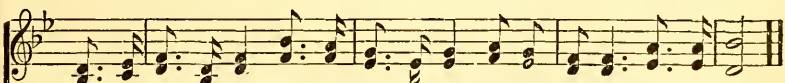
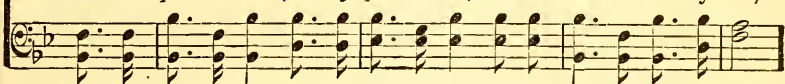
He a - bides with us for - ev - er Makes the trust-ing heart His home.  
 Banished un - be - lief and sad-ness, And we just o - bey and rest.  
 So the Ho - ly Ghost is giv - en, Com - ing to us from on high.  
 What a peace-ful hab - i - ta - tion, What a qui - et rest - ing place.



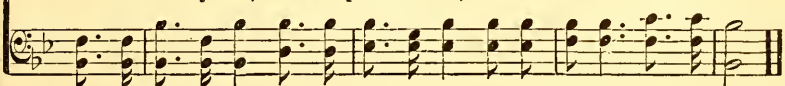
## CHORUS.



Bless-ed qui - et - ness, ho - ly qui - et-ness, What as-sur - ance in my soul;



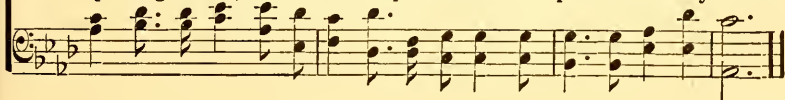
On the stormy sea, Je - sus speaks to me, And the bil-lows cease to roll.



## There is No To-Morrow.



lamps are gone out, And no oil can you borrow—Pre-pare to meet thy God!



INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY BIEDERWOLF & STROUSE.  
LAKESIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

Lizzie DeArmond.

Russell DeKoven.

1. Just to be still thro' care and strife, Knowing that God doth rule my life,  
2. Just to be still in Him to bide When round me rolls life's restless tide,  
3. Just to be still till I shall grow More like the Christ whose love I know,

With qui-et heart to walk His way—This is my prayer, dear Lord, to-day.  
Thro' nights of pain and days of loss, Be-fore my eyes to hold His cross.  
From ev-'ry sin - ful thought set free, Con-tent what e'er He wills to be.

CHORUS *p rit.* *a tempo*  
Just to be still, Just to be still, To  
Just to be still, Just to be still, Just to be still,

wait with joy His ho - ly will, To walk with God thro'

*rit. e dim.*  
life's short day; Let me be still, dear Lord, I pray.



# No. 110. Why Not Say Yes To-night.

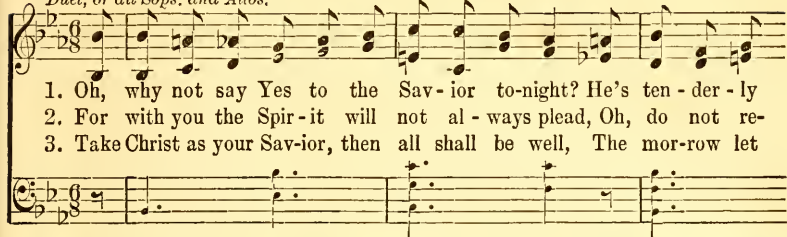
**Effie Wells Loucks.**

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY R. A. WALTON.

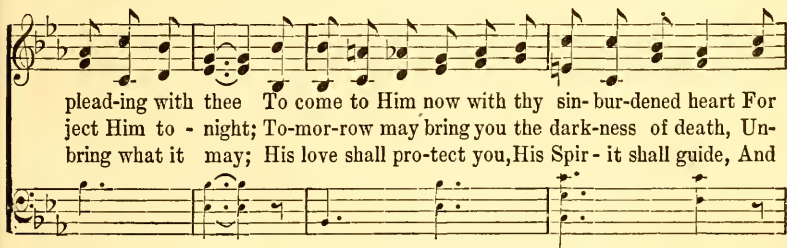
**Louis D. Eichhorn.**

*Duet, or all Sops. and Altos.*

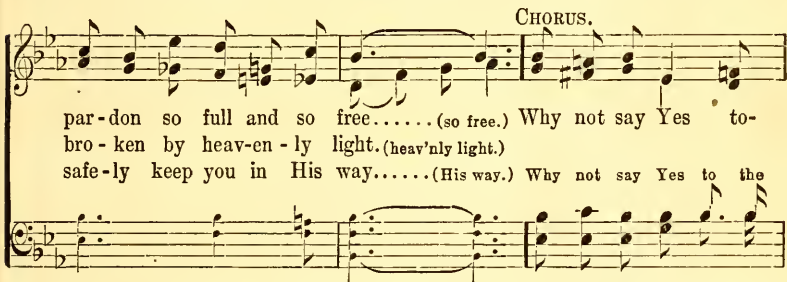
OWNED BY W. E. BIEDERWOLF.



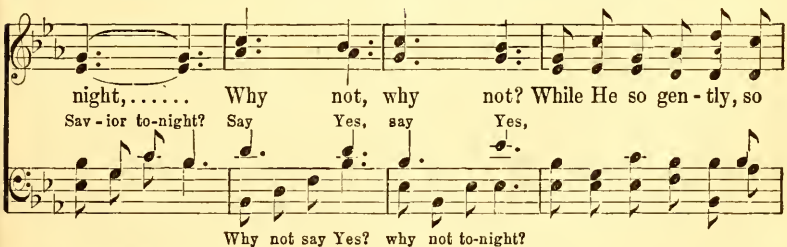
1. Oh, why not say Yes to the Sav-ior to-night? He's ten-der-ly  
 2. For with you the Spir-it will not al-ways plead, Oh, do not re-  
 3. Take Christ as your Sav-ior, then all shall be well, The mor-row let



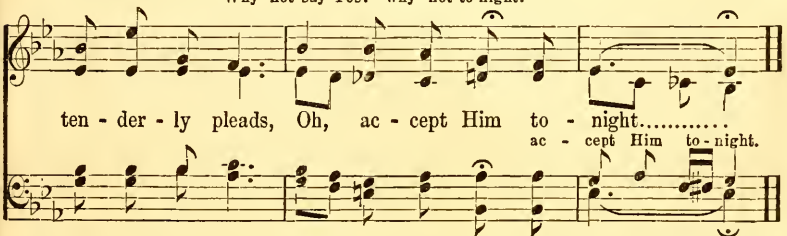
plead-ing with thee To come to Him now with thy sin-bur-den-ed heart For  
 ject Him to - night; To-mor-row may bring you the dark-ness of death, Un-  
 bring what it may; His love shall pro-tect you, His Spir - it shall guide, And



CHORUS.  
 par-don so full and so free.....(so free.) Why not say Yes to-  
 bro - ken by heav-en - ly light.(heav'nly light.)  
 safe-ly keep you in His way.....(His way.) Why not say Yes to the



night,..... Why not, why not? While He so gen - tly, so  
 Sav-ior to-night? Say Yes, say Yes,  
 Why not say Yes? why not to-night?

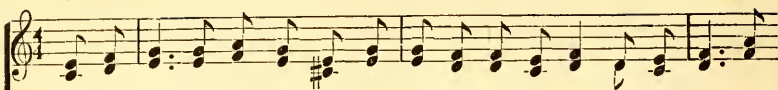


ten - der - ly pleads, Oh, ac - cept Him to - night.....  
 ac - cept Him to - night.


L. E. J.

COPYRIGHT, 1901. BY WM. M. PEPPER.

L. E. Jones.




1. I would sing of Je - sus and His good-ness day by day, I'm the Lord's for-  
 2. He my soul is keep-ing so I have no need to fear, I'm the Lord's for-  
 3. Tho' I walk in sun-shine or where shadows dark-ly fall, I'm the Lord's for-



ev - er, praise His name; All my sins for-giv - en, I am marching on the  
 ev - er, praise His name; In the hour of tri - al, I shall have His presence  
 ev - er, praise His name; With His arms to shield me, naught of e - vil can be-

CHORUS.



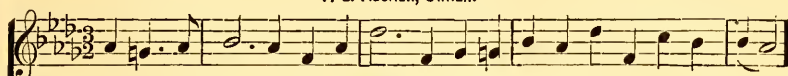
way, I'm the Lord's for-ev - er, praise His name.  
 near, I'm the Lord's for-ev - er, praise His name. I'm the Lord's for - ev - er,  
 fall, I'm the Lord's for-ev - er, praise His name.



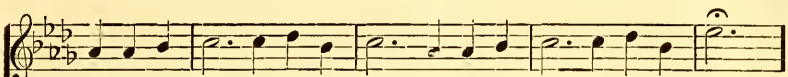
I'm the Lord's for-ev - er, I'm the Lord's for-ev - er, praise His name; Mer - cy



doth enfold me, loving arms uphold me, I'm the Lord's forever, praise His name.



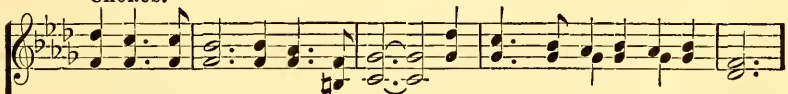
1. O what a King! Be-hold He stands And reaches out in love di-vine to day,
2. O what a King! Behold His crown, A crown of thorns they made Him long ago,
3. O what a King! He pleads "Come home! O wayward wand'rer on the down-ward track,
4. O what a King! Re - sist no more, The patient pleading of a love so great;



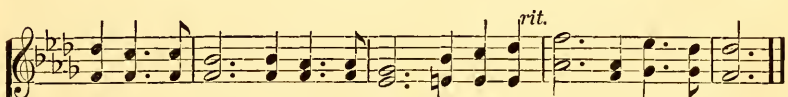
Peace, pardon in His blood-stained hands. And longs to blot our sins a - way.  
And see! He looks, in pi - ty down, On you, on me, He loves us so,  
Turn thou from sin, come, sinner, come! Heav'n's door stands wide, Come back, come back!"  
Come back, while Heav'n swings wide its door, Come back before it is to late!



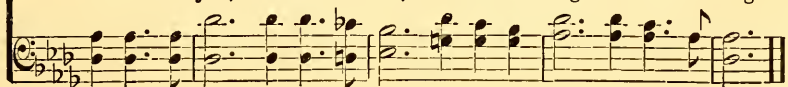
## CHORUS.



O what a King! O what a King The mon - arch of my soul is He;



He died for you, He died for me, O what a King! O what a King!



J. S. H. *Moderato.*COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY JAMES S. HATCHER.  
BIEDERWOLF AND WEEDEN, OWNERS.

Jas. S. Hatcher.

1. Life's sea oft-times is dark and dreary, And maddening billows loudly roar;  
2. When billows wild and leaping blind-ly, When sun and stars their faces hide;

Oft hope is faint, oft trust is wea-ry, I lose the light-house on the shore;  
My Cap-tain pi-lots o-ver kind-ly, By rock and shoals and stems the tide,

But Je-sus Christ is still my pi-lot, I seek His face to learn His will,  
He will reward each care and sorrow, He sails my bark my woes to share,

And then I hear His voice so gently: Trust me my child, I'm with thee still.  
And when in Heaven dawns to-morrow, We'll un-der-stand it was His care.

## REFRAIN.

I can-not drift, I can-not drift, His love at-tends me ev-'ry-where;



# I Cannot Drift.

I cannot drift, I can-not drift I cannot drift be-yond His care,

## No. 114. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.  
USED BY PER.

P. P. Bliss.

1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev-er more,  
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an-gry bil-lows roar;  
3. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my broth-er: Some poor sail-or tem-pest toss'd,

But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore.  
Ea-ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a-long the shore.  
Try-ing now to make the har-bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.

CHORUS.

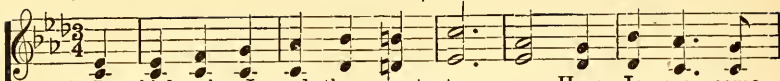
Let the low-er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!

Some poor faint-ing struggling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.

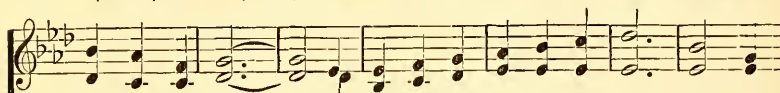
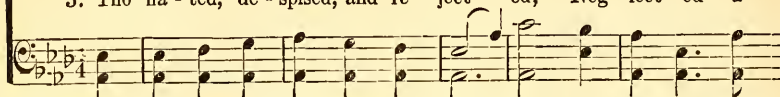
C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY R. A. WALTON.  
W. E. BIEDERWOLF, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



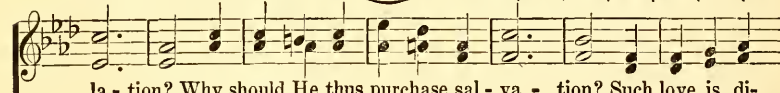
1. I think, when I read the sweet sto - ry, How Je - sus came
2. And when I am foll'wing His foot - steps, New vi - sions of
3. Tho' ha - ted, de - spised, and re - ject - ed, Neg - lect - ed a -



down from His throne, To res - cue the per - ish - ing sin - ner, To  
beau - ty un - fold, Till, lost in the depths of a - maze - ment, I  
gain and a - gain, He nev - er de - serts nor for - sakes me, No



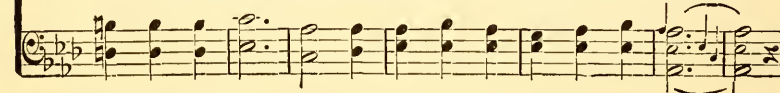
suf - fer and die for His own,.... Why should He as - sume my ob -  
mar - vel such love to be - hold.... Why should He re - lin - quish His  
mat - ter how way - ward I've been.... My bur - den of sor - row He



la - tion? Why should He thus purchase sal - va - tion? Such love is di -  
glo - ry? Be - fore Him stood Cal - va - ry go - ry! Yet heav - ed re -  
shar - eth, My stripes of in - iq - ui - ty wear - eth, Wy soul in His



vine re - ve - la - tion, Un - bounded, un - meas - ured, un - known...  
sounds with the sto - ry Of love that can nev - er be told.....  
bo - som He bear - eth This won - der - ful Sav - ior of men.....



CHORUS.

# Wonderful Love.

O it is won - der - sul that He should love me, And for my sins with His

life-blood a - tone! Oh, it is won - der - ful, won-der-ful, won-der - full

*rit.*  
Yet to the world be it known, He brought me a - gain to His own.

## No. 116. Old Jordan's Waves I Do Not Fear.

C. J. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY JOHN J. HOOD.  
USED BY PER-

Chas. J. Butler.

1. Some day, I know not when 'twill be, The an - gel Death will come to me;  
2. My sins He long a - go for - gave, And still I feel His pow'r to save;  
3. My loved ones they have cross'd the tide, But safely cross'd with Christ their Guide;  
4. So when at death's cold brink I stand, My hand clasp'd in my Savior's hand,

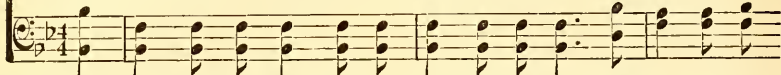
But this I know, if Christ be near, Old Jor-dan's waves I will not fear.  
And if I keep the wit - ness clear, Old Jor-dan's waves I will not fear.  
They sweet - ly whis-per'd in my ear, Old Jor-dan's waves I will not fear.  
I, too, shall shout in tones so clear, Old Jor-dan's waves I will not fear.

Rev. Johnston Oatman, Jr.

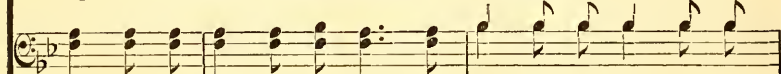
J. B. Herbert.



1. The sol - diers are gath'ring from near and from far, The trumpets are  
 2. God's ar - my is mass-ing a - long the frontier; Each sol-dier in  
 3. We're march-ing a - long with a con - quer-ing host, To fol - low our



sound-ing their call to the war; And this is our slo - gan wher-  
 bat - tle a brave vol - un - teer; We're charg-ing the foe with-out  
 Cap - tain, our glo - ry, our boast; De - ter - mined to win or to



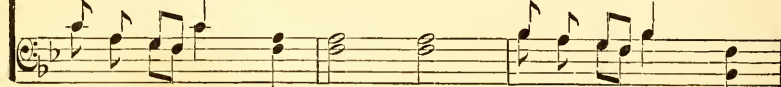
ev - er we are:—"The world, all the world for Je - sus!"  
 doubt or a fear, To take all the world for Je - sus!  
 die at our post;— The world, all the world for Je - sus!



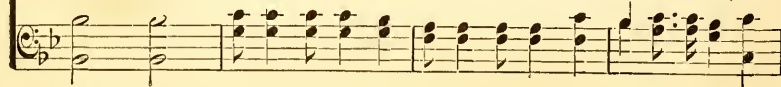
## CHORUS.



All..... the wide world for Je - sus! All..... the wide  
 All the wide world for Je - - sus! All the wide world for



world for Je-sus! Sweep on vic-to-rious, Conquer all glo-rious, Take all the  
 Je - sus! Take all the wide, wide





# All the World for Jesus.



world for Je-sus! All..... the wide world for Jesus! All..... the wide  
world for Je - sus! All the wide world for Je - sus! All the wide world for

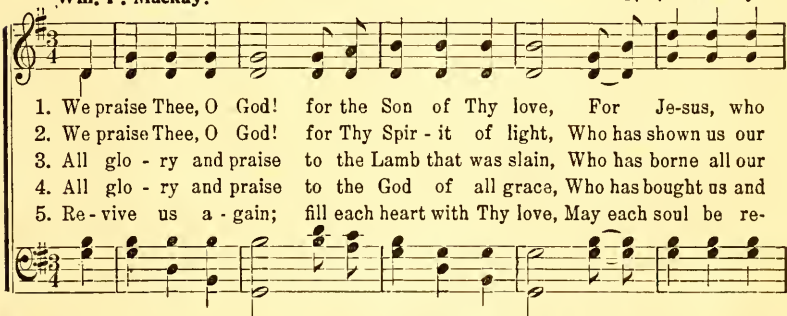
world for Je-sus! Take all the wide, wide world for Jesus, All the world!  
Je - - sus!

## No. 118.

## Revive Us Again.

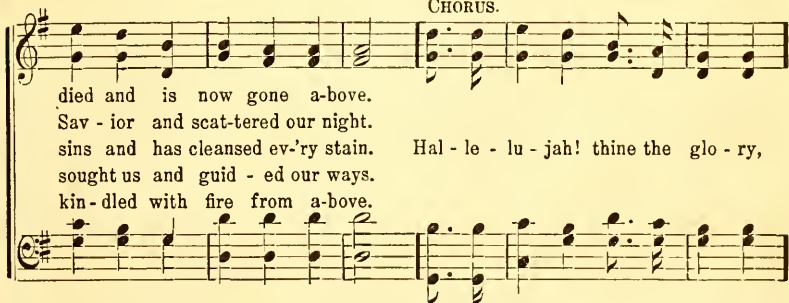
Wm. P. Mackay.

J. J. Husband.



1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je-sus, who  
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our  
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our  
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us and  
5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love, May each soul be re-

### CHORUS.



died and is now gone a-bove.  
Sav - ior and scat-tered our night.  
sins and has cleansed ev-'ry stain. Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glo - ry,  
sought us and guid - ed our ways.  
kin-dled with fire from a-bove.

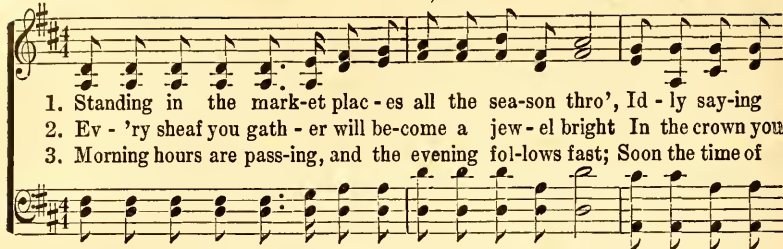


Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Re - vive us a - gain.

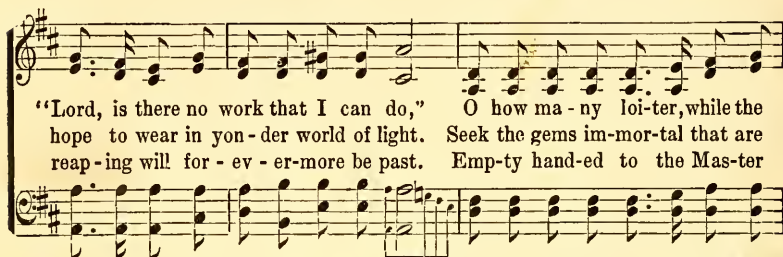
C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.  
CHARLIE D. TILLMAN, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Standing in the mark-et plac-es all the sea-son thro', Id-ly say-ing  
2. Ev-'ry sheaf you gath-er will be-come a jew-el bright In the crown you  
3. Morning hours are pass-ing, and the evening fol-lows fast; Soon the time of

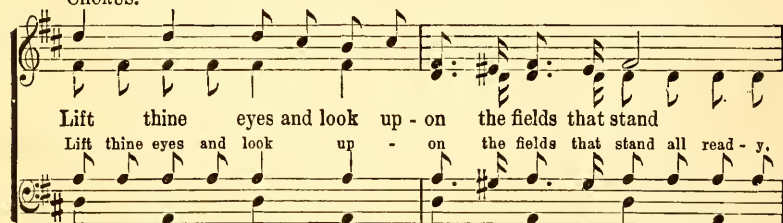


"Lord, is there no work that I can do," O how ma-ny loi-ter, while the  
hope to wear in yon-der world of light. Seek the gems im-mor-tal that are  
reap-ing will for-ev-er-more be past. Emp-ty hand-ed to the Mas-ter



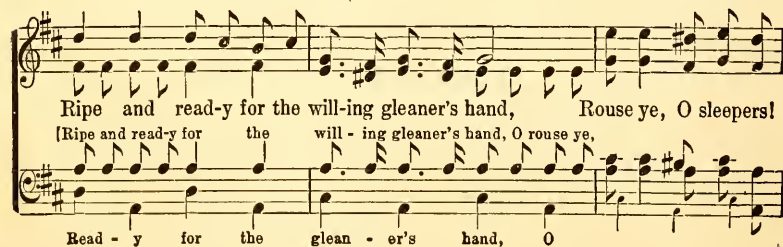
Mas-ter calls a-new—"Reapers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"  
pre-cious in His sight! "Reapers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"  
will you go at last? "Reapers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"

## CHORUS.



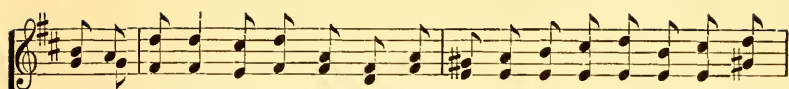
Lift thine eyes and look up-on the fields that stand  
Lift thine eyes and look up-on the fields that stand all read-y.

Lift [thine eyes to fields that stand all



Ripe and read-y for the will-ing gleaner's hand, Rouse ye, O sleepers!  
[Ripe and read-y for the will-ing gleaner's hand, O rouse ye,  
Read-y for the glean-er's hand, O

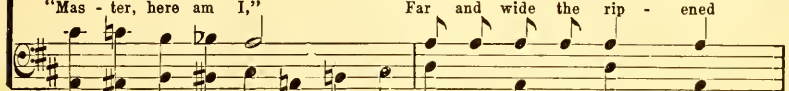
# Reapers are Needed.



Ye are need-ed as reap-ers! Who will be the first to an-swer, "Master, quick-ly,



here am I," Far and wide the rip - ened  
"Mas - ter, here am I," Far and wide the rip - ened



O an - swer! Far and wide the



grain is bend-ing low, In the breez-es gen-tly  
grain is bend-ing low, In breez-es, in the breez-es gen - tly



grain bends low, And in the breeze wave



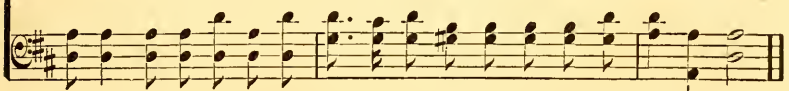
wav - ing to and fro; Rouse ye, O sleep-ers! Ye are  
wav - ing to and fro; O rouse ye,



to and fro; O



need-ed as reapers, And the gold-en harvest days are swift-ly pass-ing by.



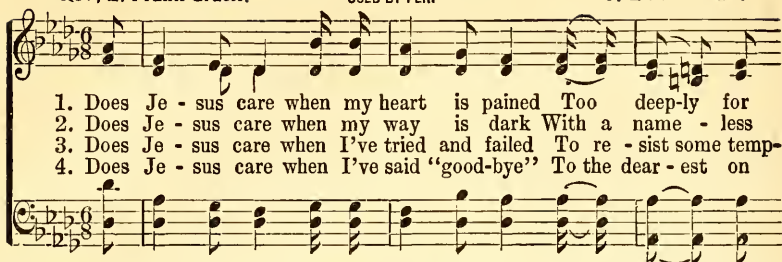
## No. 120.

## Does Jesus Care?

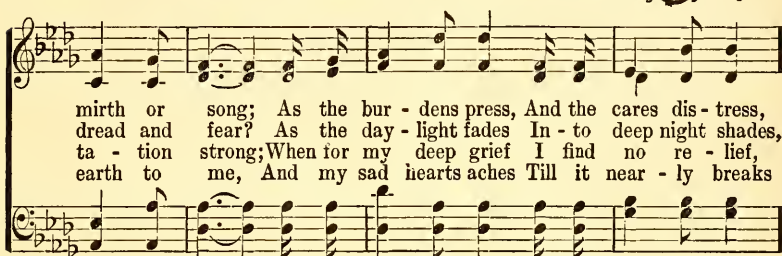
Rev. E. Frank Graeff.

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USED BY PER.

J. Lincoln Hall.

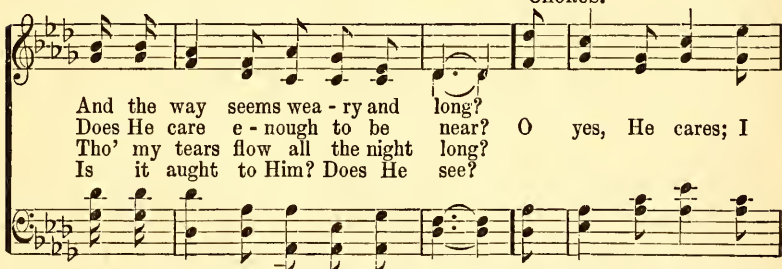


1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained Too deep-ly for  
 2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a name - less  
 3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and failed To re - sist some temp-  
 4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good-bye" To the dear - est on

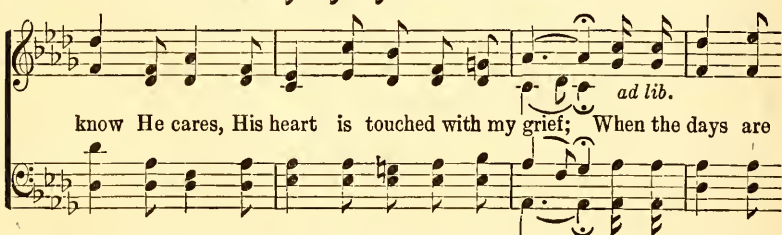


mirth or song; As the bur - dens press, And the cares dis - tress,  
 dread and fear? As the day - light fades In - to deep night shades,  
 ta - tion strong; When for my deep grief I find no re - lief,  
 earth to me, And my sad hearts aches Till it near - ly breaks

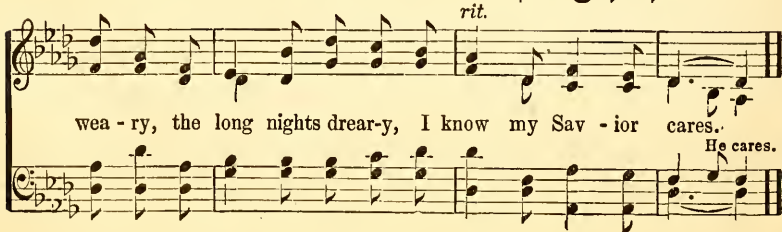
## CHORUS.



And the way seems wea - ry and long?  
 Does He care e - nough to be near? O yes, He cares; I  
 Tho' my tears flow all the night long?  
 Is it aught to Him? Does He see?



*ad lib.*  
 know He cares, His heart is touched with my grief; When the days are



*rit.*  
 wea - ry, the long nights drear-y, I know my Sav - ior cares.  
 He cares.



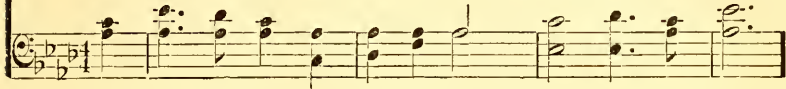
J. Gilchrist Lawson.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

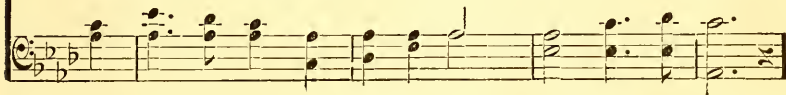
Homer A. Rodeheaver.



1. This full sal - va - tion just suits me, Oh, how it saves!
2. I feel its pow'r all thro' my soul, Oh, how it saves!
3. I'll love it on my dy - ing bed, Oh, how it saves!
4. I'll love it when I'm safe in heaven, Oh, how it saves!
5. I'll love it thro' e - ter - ni - ty, Oh, how it saves!



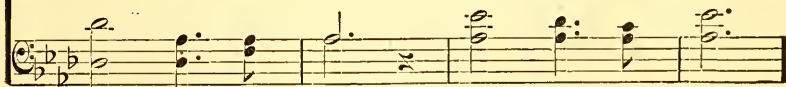
It sets my soul at lib - er - ty, Oh, how it saves!  
 Its cleans - ing waves now o'er me roll, Oh, how it saves!  
 When Jor - dan's waves roll o'er my head. Oh, how it saves!  
 With all the ran - somed and for - given, Oh, how it saves!  
 And joy in end - less lib - er - ty, Oh, how it saves!



## CHORUS.



Oh, how it saves! Oh, how it saves!



I love, I love this full sal - va - tion, Oh, how it saves!



## No. 122.

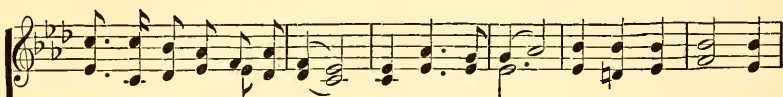
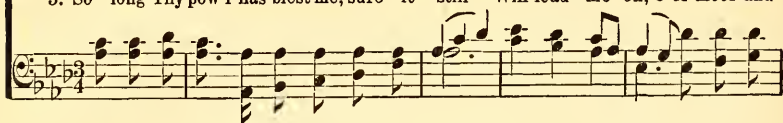
## Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman.

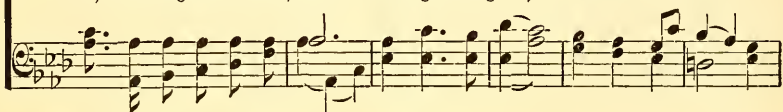
John B. Dykes.



1. Lead, kind-ly light, a - mid th'en-cir-clip gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on; O'er moor and



dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I  
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish  
fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those



do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step e - nough for me.  
day, and spite of fears, Pride ruled my will, re-mem - ber not past years.  
an - gel fac - es smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

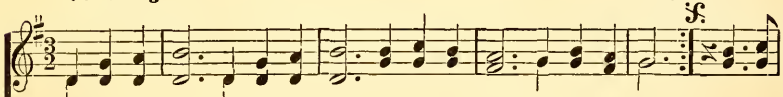


## No. 123.

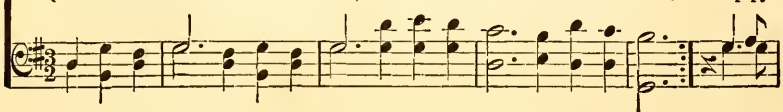
## O Happy Day.

P. Doddridge.

E. F. Rimbault.



1. { O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior, and my God! } Hap-py  
Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its raptures all a-broad. }
2. { O hap-py bond that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love; } Hap-py  
Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. }



Mrs. E. M. Hall.

John T. Grape.

1. I hear the Sav-ior say, "Thy strength in-deed is small; Child of weakness,  
 2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a-lone, Can change the  
 3. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim—I'll wash my  
 4. And when be-fore the throne I stand in Him com-plete, I'll lay my

CHORUS.

watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all,"  
 lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. Je-sus paid it all,  
 garments white In the blood of Cal-vary's Lamb.  
 trophies down, All down at Je-sus' feet.

All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

## O Happy Day. Concluded.

FINE.

day, hap-py day, When Jesus washed my sins a-way; He taught me how to watch and

*D. S.* 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;  
 I am my Lord's and He is mine;  
 He drew me, and I followed on,  
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.  
 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,  
 Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;  
 Nor ever from Thy Lord depart,  
 With Him of every good possessed.

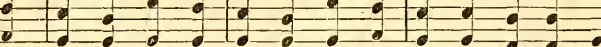
## A Band of Faithful Workers.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY BIEDERWOLF & STROUSE.  
LAKESIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO. **Cl**

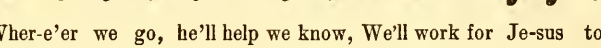
**C. B. S.**

**Clarence B. Strouse**

1. We'll work for Je - sus to - day,      Scatt'ring bless-ings rich by the way;  
2. The fields are wait-ing to - day,      If we hear His call, and o-bey;  
3. There's work for us all to - day,      Seeking wand'ring souls far astray;  
4. Then come and join us to - day,      Sel-fish-ness and ease throw a-way:  
to - day,



Where'er we go, he'll help we know, We'll work for Je-sus to-day.  
 We'll come a-gain with rip-ened grain, We'll work for Je-sus to-day.  
 Tho' far they roam, we'll guide them home, We'll work for Je-sus to-day.  
 There's work to do, and God wants you, Then work for Je-sus to-day.



CHORUS.

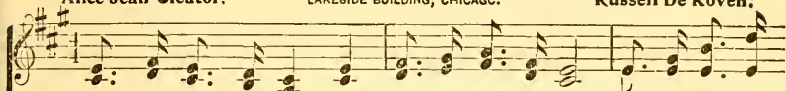
A band of faith - ful work - ers we, Who  
faith - ful work - ers we,  
la - bor for e - ter - ni - ty, We'll gath - er gold - en  
e - ter - ni - ty,  
grain, from val - ley, hill and plain; A band of faith - ful work - ers we.



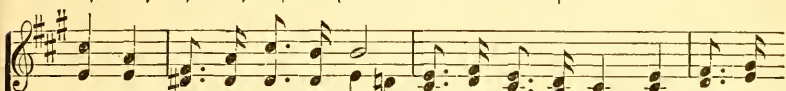
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY BIEDERWOLF & STROUSE,  
LAKESIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

Alice Jean Cleator.


Russell De Koven.



1. Ev - 'ry lov - ing serv - ice For the Mas - ter giv'n, Shines in gol - den  
2. Just a cup of wa - ter, Just a word of cheer, In the heav'n - ly  
3. On - ward then with glad - ness Ser - ving here be - low; Ev - 'ry act of




let - ters In the books of heav'n, Though they seem for - got - ten While the  
rec - ords Shall at last ap - pear; Ev - 'ry lit - tle kind - ness Ly - ing  
serv - ice Sweet re - ward shall know, Though they seem for - got - ten While the



years take wing, Each shall be re - mem - bered By the gra - cious heav'nly King!  
in your pow'r, All with joy shall greet you At some blessed fut - ure hour!  
years take wing, Each shall be re - mem - bered By the gra - cious heav'nly King!

## CHORUS.



Ev - 'ry lov - ing serv - ice For the Mas - ter giv'n, Shines in gold - en let - ters



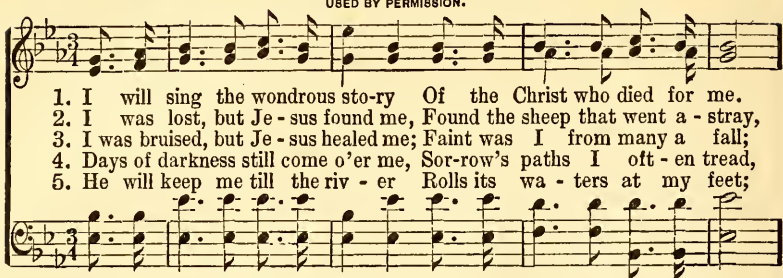
In the Book of Heav'n; Shines in gold - en let - ters In the Book of Heav'n.

# No. 127. I Will Sing the Wondrous Story.

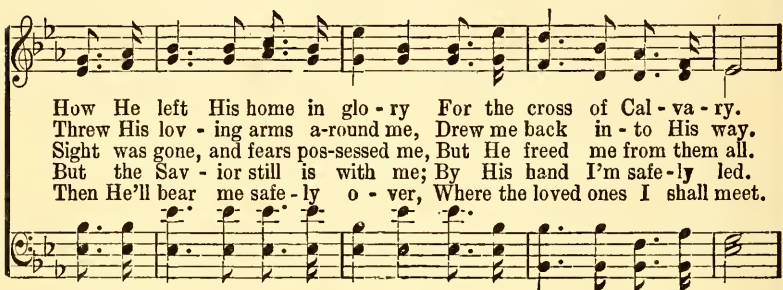
F. H. Rowley.

COPYRIGHT. 1887, BY IRA D. SANKEY.  
THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., OWNERS.  
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Peter P. Bilhorn.

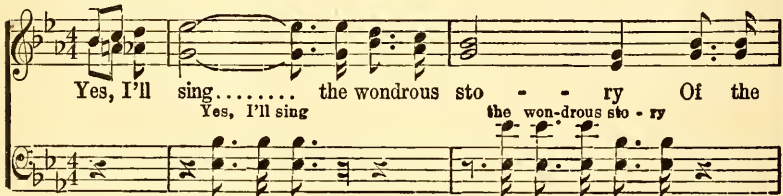


1. I will sing the wondrous sto-ry Of the Christ who died for me.  
2. I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that went a - stray,  
3. I was bruised, but Je - sus healed me; Faint was I from many a fall;  
4. Days of darkness still come o'er me, Sor-row's paths I oft - en tread,  
5. He will keep me till the riv - er Rolls its wa - ters at my feet;



How He left His home in glo - ry For the cross of Cal - va - ry.  
Threw His lov - ing arms a-round me, Drew me back in - to His way.  
Sight was gone, and fears pos-sessed me, But He freed me from them all.  
But the Sav - ior still is with me; By His hand I'm safe - ly led.  
Then He'll bear me safe - ly o - ver, Where the loved ones I shall meet.

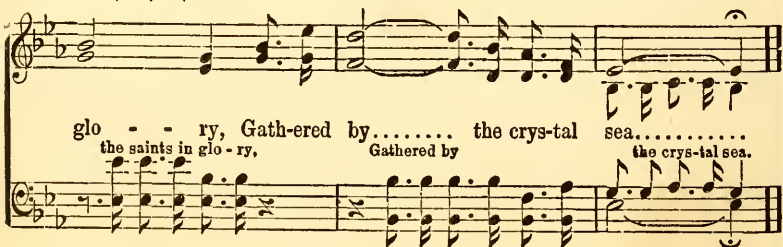
## CHORUS.



Yes, I'll sing..... the wondrous sto - - ry Of the  
Yes, I'll sing the won-drous sto - ry



Christ..... who died for me,..... Sing it with..... the saints in  
Of the Christ who died for me, Sing it with

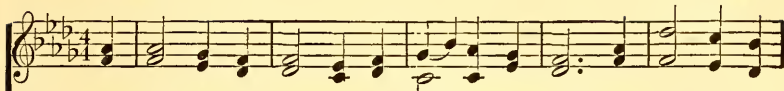


glo - - ry, Gath-ered by..... the crys-tal sea.....  
the saints in glo - ry, Gathered by the crys-tal sea.

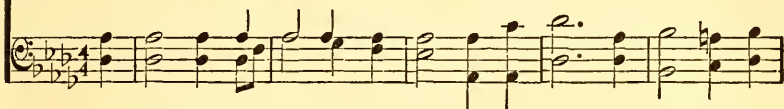
H. G. Spafford.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.,  
USED BY PER.

P. P. Bliss.



1. When peace like a riv - er at - tend - eth my way, When sor - rows like
2. Tho' Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as -
3. My sin - oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't! My sin - not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be roll'd



sea bil - lows roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to  
sur - ance con - trol, That Christ has re - gard - ed my help - less es -  
part, but the whole, Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no  
back as a scroll, The trump shall re - sound and the Lord shall de -

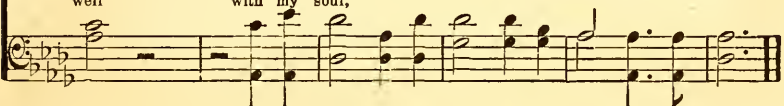


CHORUS.

say, It is well, it is well with my soul.  
tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul. It is well . . . .  
more: Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!  
scend: "E - ven so" - it is well with my soul! It is



. . . with my soul, . . . . It is well, it is well with my soul.  
well with my soul,

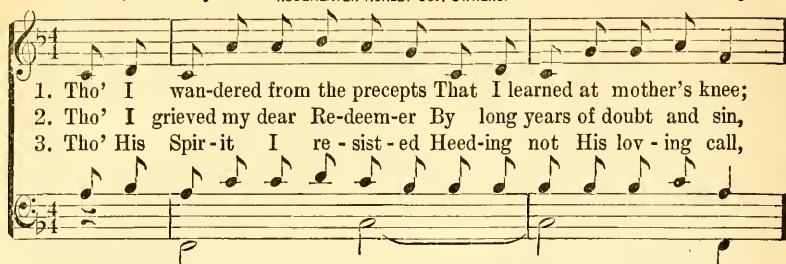


# No. 129. Till I See My Mother's Face.

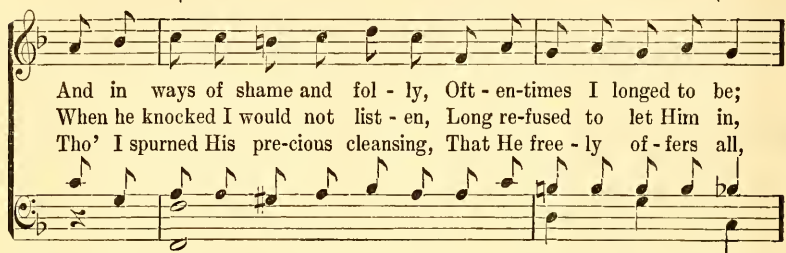
Neal A. McAulay.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY B. D. ACKLEY.  
RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO., OWNERS.

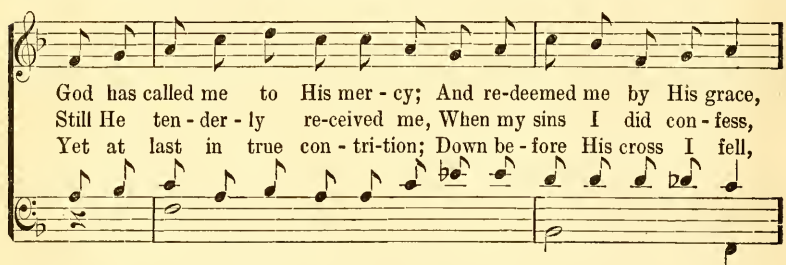
B. D. Ackley.



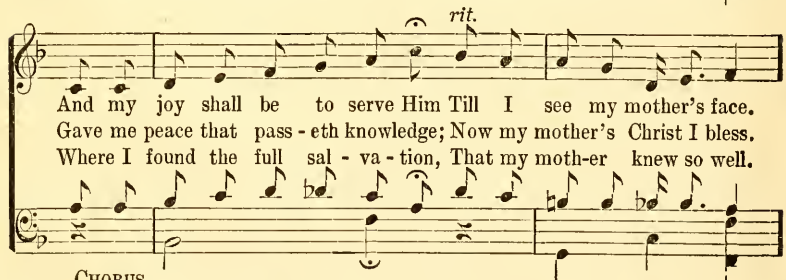
1. Tho' I wan-dered from the precepts That I learned at mother's knee;  
2. Tho' I grieved my dear Re-deem-er By long years of doubt and sin,  
3. Tho' His Spir-it I re-sist-ed Heed-ing not His lov-ing call,



And in ways of shame and fol-ly, Oft-en-times I longed to be;  
When he knocked I would not list-en, Long re-fused to let Him in,  
Tho' I spurned His pre-cious cleansing, That He free-ly of-fers all,

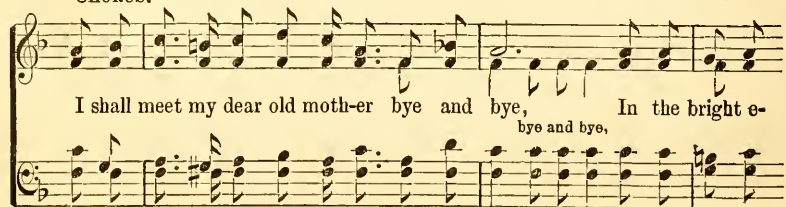


God has called me to His mer-cy; And re-deemed me by His grace,  
Still He ten-der-ly re-ceived me, When my sins I did con-fess,  
Yet at last in true con-tri-tion; Down be-fore His cross I fell,



And my joy shall be to serve Him Till I see my mother's face.  
Gave me peace that pass-eth knowledge; Now my mother's Christ I bless.  
Where I found the full sal-va-tion, That my moth-er knew so well.

CHORUS.



I shall meet my dear old moth-er bye and bye, In the bright e-  
bye and bye,



# Till I See My Mother's Face.

*rit.*

ter-nal home be-yond the sky; She is with my Sav-ior now,

With a crown up-on her brow; I shall meet my old dear mother bye and bye.

## No. 130.

## Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

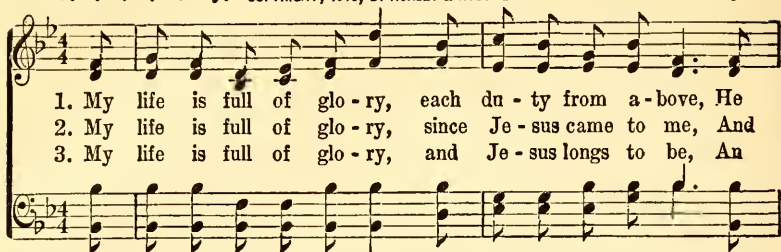
1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free;  
 2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther Sin - ful tho' my heart may be;  
 3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - ior, Let me live and cling to Thee;  
 4. Love of God, so pure and changeless, Blood of Christ, so rich and free;

Show'rs, the thirsty land re - fresh - ing; Let some drops now fall on me;  
 Thou mightst leave me, but the rath - er; Let Thy mer - cy light on me;  
 I am long - ing for Thy fa - vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me;  
 Grace of God, so strong and bound-less Mag - ni - fy them all in me;

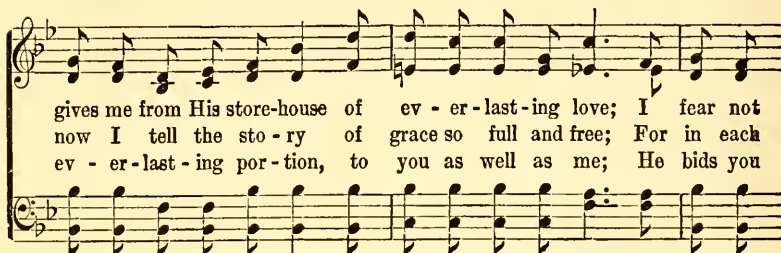
E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.  
 E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.  
 E - ven me, e - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt call - ing, O call me.  
 E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY ACKLEY &amp; RODEHEAVER.

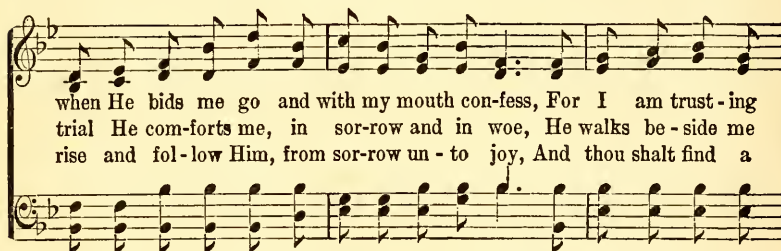
B. D. Ackley.



1. My life is full of glo - ry, each du - ty from a - bove, He  
 2. My life is full of glo - ry, since Je - sus came to me, And  
 3. My life is full of glo - ry, and Je - sus longs to be, An

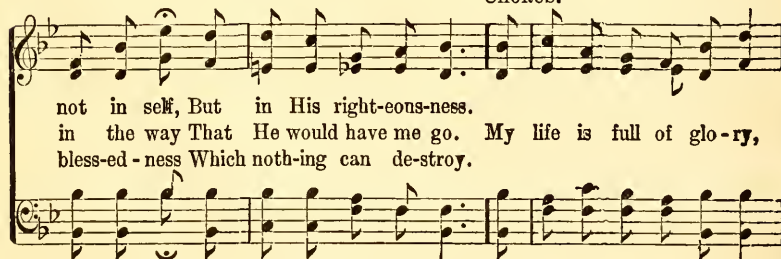


gives me from His store-house of ev - er - last - ing love; I fear not  
 now I tell the sto - ry of grace so full and free; For in each  
 ev - er - last - ing por - tion, to you as well as me; He bids you



when He bids me go and with my mouth con - fess, For I am trust - ing  
 trial He com - forts me, in sor - row and in woe, He walks be - side me  
 rise and fol - low Him, from sor - row un - to joy, And thou shalt find a

## CHORUS.

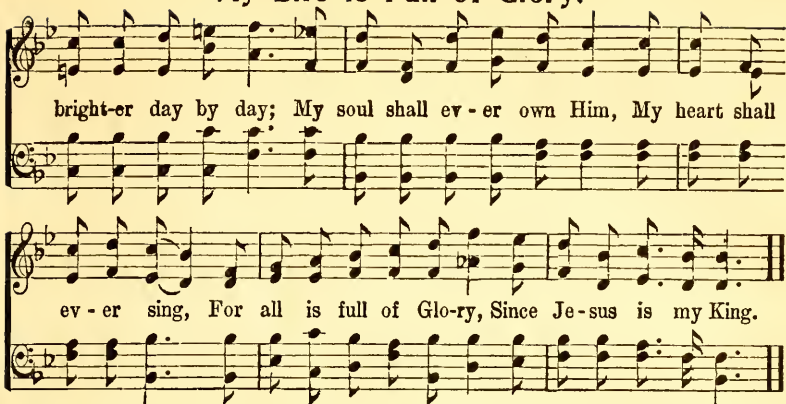


not in self, But in His right - eous - ness.  
 in the way That He would have me go. My life is full of glo - ry,  
 bless - ed - ness Which noth - ing can de - stroy.



That pass - eth not a - way, The sun - shine of His pre - cious love, Grows

# My Life is Full of Glory.



bright-er day by day; My soul shall ev - er own Him, My heart shall  
ev - er sing, For all is full of Glo-ry, Since Je - sus is my King.

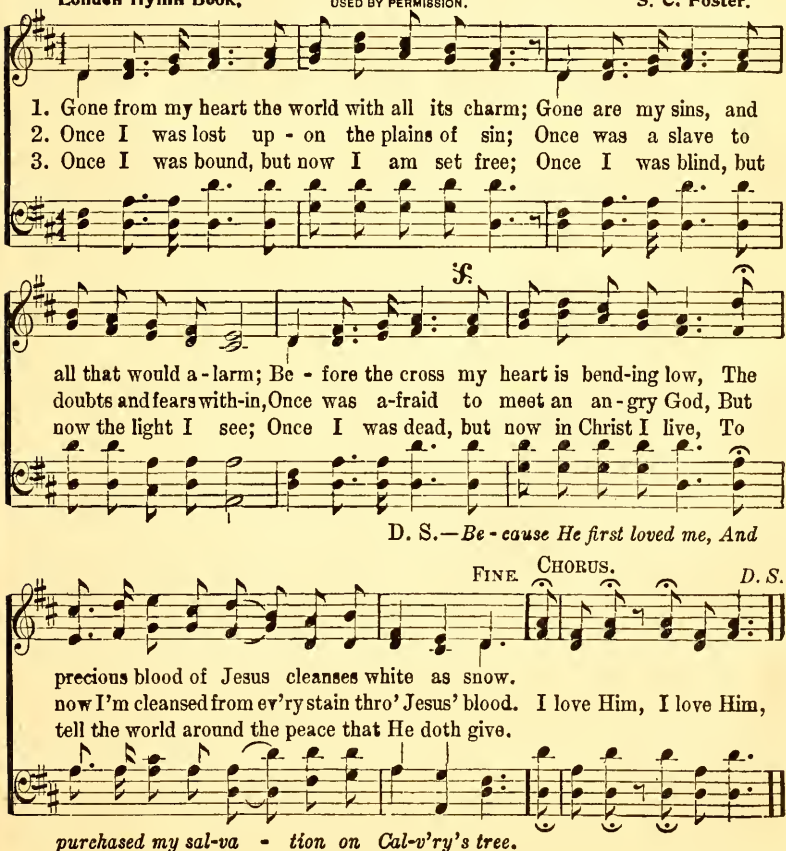
No. 132.

## I Love Him.

London Hymn Book,

USED BY PERMISSION.

S. C. Foster.




1. Gone from my heart the world with all its charm; Gone are my sins, and  
2. Once I was lost up - on the plains of sin; Once was a slave to  
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but  
all that would a - larm; Be - fore the cross my heart is bend-ing low, The  
doubts and fears with-in, Once was a - fraid to meet an an - gry God, But  
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To  
D. S. — Be - cause He first loved me, And  
FINE CHORUS. D. S.  
precious blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow.  
now I'm cleansed from ev'ry stain thro' Jesus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,  
tell the world around the peace that He doth give.  
purchased my sal - va - tion on Cal - v'ry's tree.


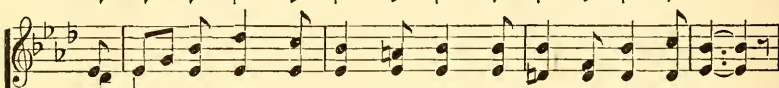
Frederick V.

*Effective as a Solo.*



Clarence B. Strouse.




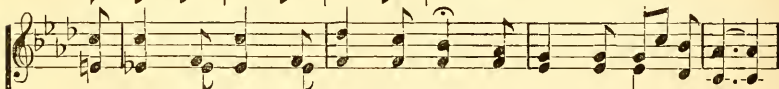
1. On - ly a lit - tle time to work, And then e - ter - nal rest;  
2. On - ly a lit - tle while to pray, And then un - end - ing praise;  
3. On - ly a while to trim our lamps, For time is pass - ing by;


Then drive the cloud from off your brow, The an - guish from your breast.  
Our God and Sav - ior know - eth best, Then ques - tion not His ways.  
Then fill them with the ho - ly oil, And let the flame rise high.


Up! with a strong and hope - ful heart, Up with a cheer - ful smile;  
On - ly a lit - tle while to sow, A lit - tle while to weep;  
On - ly a while—what mat - ters it, If life be short or long;


We've on - ly time to run the race, And rest a long, long while.  
Then sow in faith with o - pen hand, There's One who'll help us reap.  
Since Je - sus comes and walks with us, And helps us thro' the throng.



## CHORUS.



For Je - sus is our Friend, He'll help us all the way,  
For Je - sus is our Friend, He'll help us all the way,





# Only a Little While.

No bet - ter friend than He we'll find; Wher - ev - er we may go;

He's all the world to me, More pre-cious ev - 'ry day,  
all the world to me. More pre - cious ev - 'ry day,

Life once so sad grows bright and glad, When Je - sus loves us so.

## No. 134.

## Jewels.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.  
USED BY PERMISSION.

REV. W. O. CUSHING.

GEO. F. ROOT.

*Moderato.*

1. When He com-eth, when He com-eth To make up His jew-els, All His jew-els,
2. He will gath - er, He will gath - er The gems for His kingdom, All the pure ones,
3. Lit - tle chil-dren, lit - tle children Who love their Re-deemer, Are the jew-els,

CHORUS.

pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His own,  
all the bright ones, His loved and His own. Like the stars of the morn-ing, His  
pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His own.

bright crown a - dorn-ing, They shall shine in their beau-ty, Bright gems for His crown.

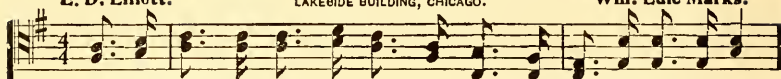
## No. 135.

## Be Ye Strong.

E. D. Elliott.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY BIEDERWOLF & STROUSE.  
LAKEIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

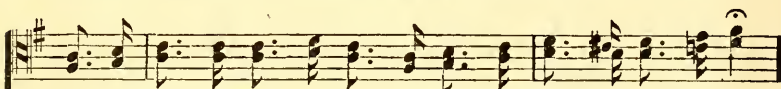
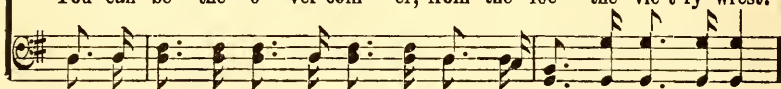
Wm. Edie Marks.



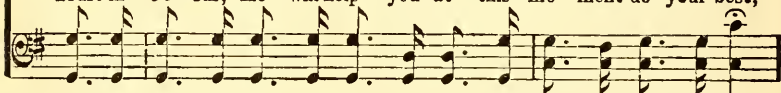
1. Be ye strong when sore-ly tempt-ed to renounce the vow you made,
2. Tho' en-ticed to turn from right-eous-ness And en-ter in - to wrong,
3. There may be a strug-gle rag - ing which may seem the cru-cial test;



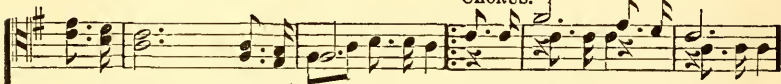
Be ye strong when dire af - flic-tion's hand up - on your soul is laid,  
Place your con - fi-dence in Je - sus, by His grace ye shall be strong,  
You can be the o - ver-com - er, from the foe the vic-t'ry wrest.



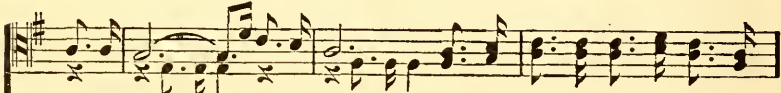
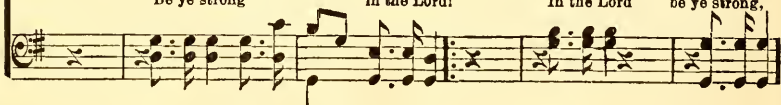
Be ye strong to stand for Je - sus, let your mind on Him be stayed,  
He will help you o'er the pit - falls that are spread your path a-long,  
Trust in Je - sus, He will help you at this mo - ment do your best,



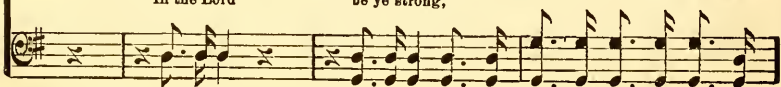
## CHORUS.



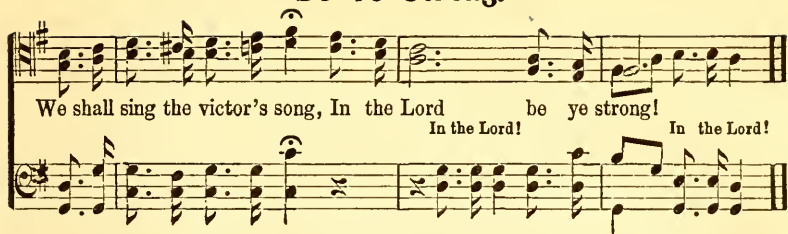
Be ye strong in the Lord! In the Lord be ye strong,  
Be ye strong in the Lord! In the Lord be ye strong,



In the Lord be ye strong, We shall be the o - ver-com-ers,  
In the Lord be ye strong,



## Be Ye Strong.



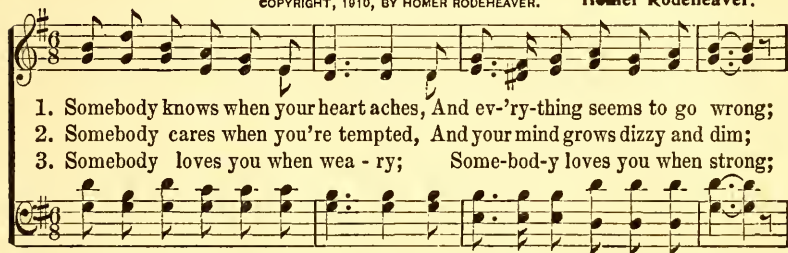
We shall sing the victor's song, In the Lord be ye strong!  
In the Lord! In the Lord!

No. 136.

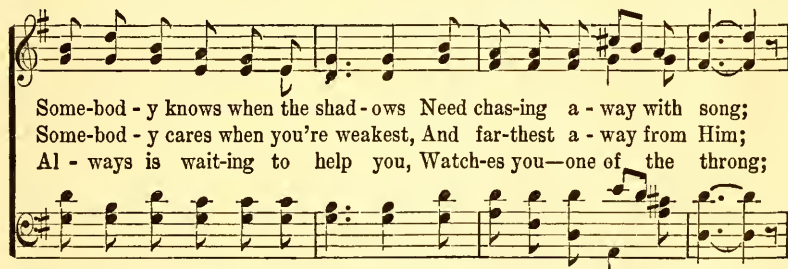
## Somebody Cares.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY HOMER RODEHEAVER.

Homer Rodeheaver.



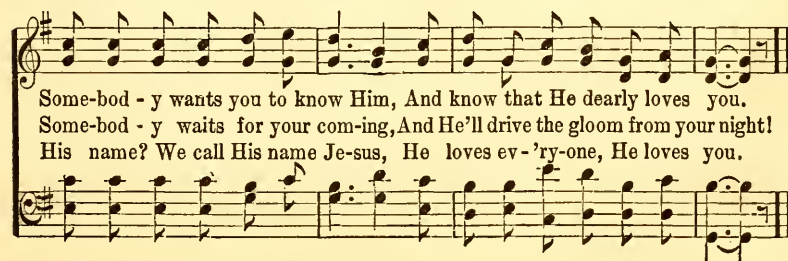
1. Somebody knows when your heart aches, And ev-'ry-thing seems to go wrong;
2. Somebody cares when you're tempted, And your mind grows dizzy and dim;
3. Somebody loves you when wea - ry; Some-bod-y loves you when strong;



Some-bod - y knows when the shad - ows Need chas-ing a - way with song;  
Some-bod - y cares when you're weakest, And far-thest a - way from Him;  
Al - ways is wait-ing to help you, Watch-es you—one of the throng;



Some-bod-y knows when you're lone-ly, Ti - red, dis-cour-aged and blue;  
Some-bod-y grieves when you're fall - en, You are not lost from His sight;  
Need-ing His friend-ship so ho - ly, Need-ing His watch-care so true;



Some-bod - y wants you to know Him, And know that He dearly loves you.  
Some-bod - y waits for your com-ing, And He'll drive the gloom from your night!  
His name? We call His name Je-sus, He loves ev-'ry-one, He loves you.

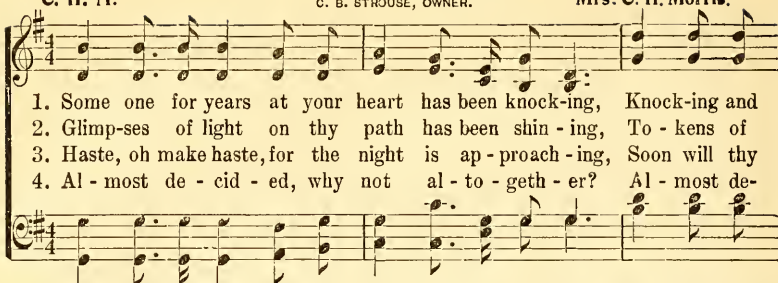
## No. 137.

## Almost Decided.

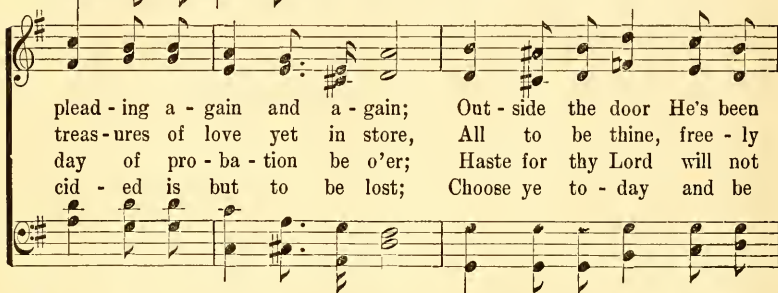
C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY PEPPER PUBLISHING CO.  
C. B. STROUSE, OWNER.

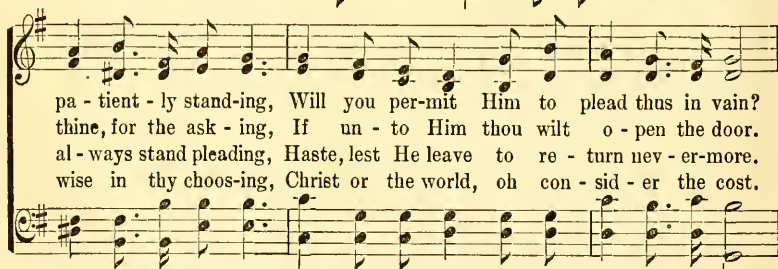
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



1. Some one for years at your heart has been knock-ing, Knock-ing and  
 2. Glimp-ses of light on thy path has been shin-ing, To - kens of  
 3. Haste, oh make haste, for the night is ap - proach-ing, Soon will thy  
 4. Al - most de - cid - ed, why not al - to - geth - er? Al - most de-

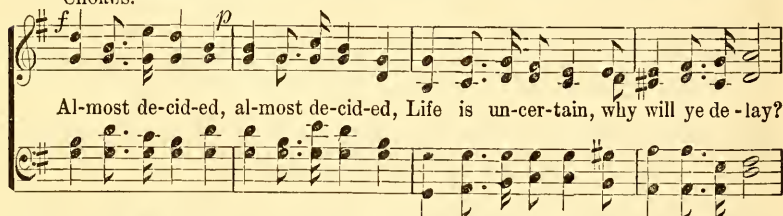


plead - ing a - gain and a - gain; Out - side the door He's been  
 treas - ures of love yet in store, All to be thine, free - ly  
 day of pro - ba - tion be o'er; Haste for thy Lord will not  
 cid - ed is but to be lost; Choose ye to - day and be

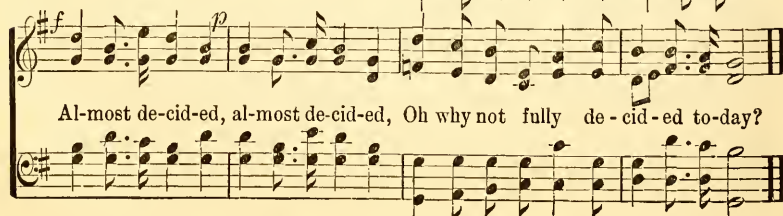


pa - tient - ly stand-ing, Will you per-mit Him to plead thus in vain?  
 thine, for the ask - ing, If un - to Him thou wilt o - pen the door.  
 al - ways stand pleading, Haste, lest He leave to re - turn nev - er - more.  
 wise in thy choos-ing, Christ or the world, oh con - sid - er the cost.

CHORUS.



Al-most de-cid-ed, al-most de-cid-ed, Life is un-cer-tain, why will ye de-lay?



Al-most de-cid-ed, al-most de-cid-ed, Oh why not fully de-cid-ed to-day?



## No. 138.

## Marching Orders.

E. D. Elliott.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY BIEDERWOLF & STROUSE.  
LAKESIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

Wm. Edie Marks.

1. We are un-der march-ing or-ders from the King of kings, And as  
 2. March-ing on-ward un-der or-ders let each one o-bey, And the  
 3. We are un-der march-ing or-ders, sol-diers on-ward press! Un - til

sol-diers ev - er read-y when the trump-et rings, We are go - ing forth to  
 bless-ed gos-pel to a wait-ing world con-vey, Set the gloomy hearts re-  
 ev - 'ry soul the name of Je - sus shall con-fess, Un - til all shall own His

bat-tle while each glad heart sings; "Go forth" com-mands the King of kings!  
 joic-ing all a - long the way, "Pro-claim the love of God" to - day!  
 King-ship, know His righteousness; For Christ go forth "the world pos-sess!"

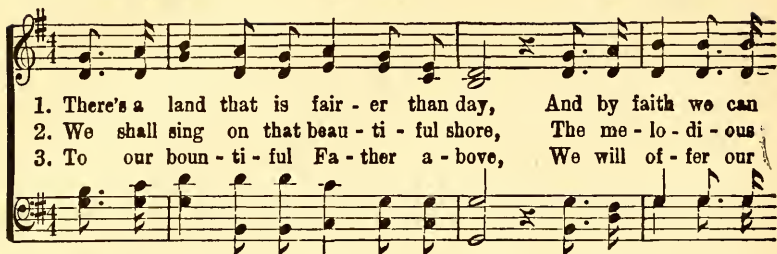
CHORUS.  
 { We are un-der march-ing or-ders from the King of kings, The glad heart sings  
 { On-ward still o-bey-ing or-ders and with

for joy work brings! flags unfurled "Go forth," "Proclaim," "Possess the world!"

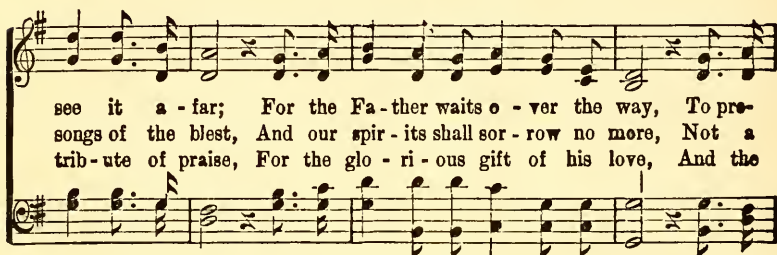
S. Fillmore Bennett,

BY PERMISSION.

Jos. P. Webster.

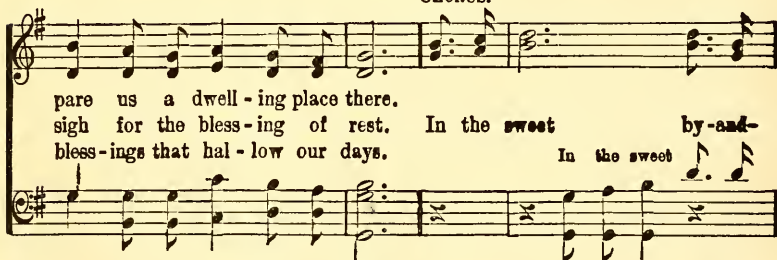


1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can  
 2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore, The me - lo - di - ous  
 3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our



see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre -  
 songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a  
 trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of his love, And the

## CHORUS.



pare us a dwell - ing place there.  
 sigh for the bless - ing of rest. In the sweet by-and-  
 bless - ings that hal - low our days. In the sweet



by, by-and-by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore, In the  
 by-and-by;



sweet by - and-by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore.  
 by-and-by by - and-by, by-and-by.



T. H.

Russell De Koven.

1. Come to the Sav-ior, O sin-ner, to-day, Je-sus is call-ing for  
 2. Prom-i-ses made Him you nev-er have kept; Je-sus is call-ing for  
 3. Why should you tar-ry, why long-er de-lay? Je-sus is call-ing for  
 4. Lin-ger no long-er, but make Him your choice; Je-sus is call-ing for

thee; While He is plead-ing, the mess-age o-bey, Je-sus is  
 thee; Come to Him now, and His par-don ac-cept; Je-sus is  
 thee; What if His spir-it should leave you to-day? Je-sus is  
 thee; Doubt not His mer-cy, be-lieve and re-joice; Je-sus is

## CHORUS.

call-ing for thee. God in His mer-cy in-vides you to come;

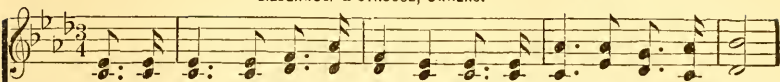
Mer-cy en-treats you no long-er to roam; An-gels are

wait-ing to wel-come you home, Je-sus is call-ing to-day.



## Christ Died for Me.

**Clarence B. Strouse.**



1. There's a sto - ry, sweet and ten - der, Of a love so full and free,  
2. Oh, it bows my heart with sor - row, As in fan - cy I can see,  
3. There on Cal - v'ry's cross up - lift - ed, Lo, he turns His eyes on me,  
4. In that blood for me a - ton - ing, Per - fect cleans - ing I can see,  
5. Sin - ner, hear the bless - ed mes - sage, Christ died not a - lone for me,



That it bro't from heaven's glo - ry God's dear Son to die for me.  
Je - sus' brow with thorns en-cir - cled,—Blood-y crown He wore for me.  
As He whispers, "I have bought thee, Love di - vine hath set thee free."  
As I walk in sweet com-mun-ion With the Christ who died for me.  
But to you this hour He whis-pers "Child of sin, I died for thee."



CHORUS.



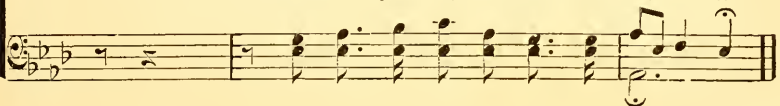
He died for me,..... He died for me,.....  
He died for me,..... He died for me,.....



*Last verse.*—He died for thee, etc.



On Cal - v'ry's cross,..... He died for me.  
On Cal - v'ry's cross, He died for me, for me.



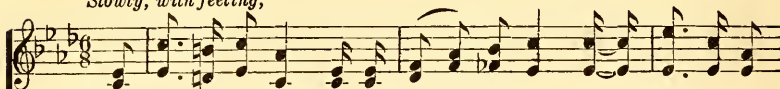
## No. 143.

## Some Other Day.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY CLARENCE B. STROUSE.  
BIEDERWOLF & STROUSE, OWNERS.

G. M. J.

Gertrude Manly Jones,

*Slowly, with feeling,*

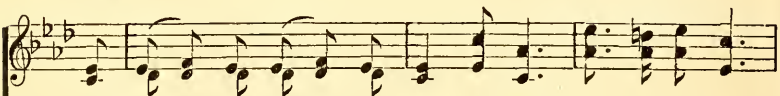
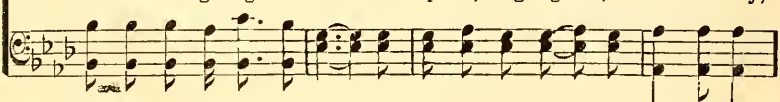
1. The Spir - it once came to an in - no-cent child And plead in the
2. The Spir - it came back to the tall, fair youth, With a lov - ing and
3. The Spir - it plead thus with the toil-worn man: " Make haste while God's
4. The old man now leans on his trem - bling staff With a quav - er - ing



tend'rest tone: "Dear lit - tle one, let me come in - to thy heart, And  
ten - der plea: "The har-vest is read-y, there's work to be done, A  
grace shall last. The sil - ver is ting - ing thy locks of brown, Thy  
bit - ter sigh: "I've wasted a life-time in sin," he cried, "And



make it for-ev - er my own." "Sweet Spirit," he cried, "please go a-way;  
rise, God is call - ing for thee." "O Spir - it," he cried, "leave me, I pray,  
years now are slipping by fast." "O Spir - it," he cried, "I should o - bey,  
now I am go - ing to die: The Spir - it, long slighted, has flown a-way;



For child-hood is on - ly for fun and play; Some oth - er day,  
The pleasures of earth hold me in sway; Some oth - er day,  
But I am too bus - y and tired to pray; Some oth - er day,  
No hope, no God, I can - not pray; No oth - er day,



## No. 144.

## Love, Joy and Peace.

Edna R. Worrell.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY CLARENCE B. STROUSE.

BIEDERWOLF &amp; STROUSE, OWNERS. Foster. Arr. by E. R. W.

1. There's a love that pass - eth knowledge, A love be - yond com - pare,  
 2. There's a joy in serv - ing Je - sus, So ho - ly, pure and sweet,  
 3. There's a peace past un - der - stand - ing That on - ly God be - stows,

That our Fa - ther free - ly giv - eth To all who ask a share.  
 That it nev - er can be ut - tered, Oh, joy that is com - plete,  
 And it rests the soul for - ev - er, As ev - 'ry Christ - ian knows.

## CHORUS.

Oh thanks to God a - bove For all His ten - der care,

Of His rich - es there is plen - ty To give to all a share.

## Some Other Day.

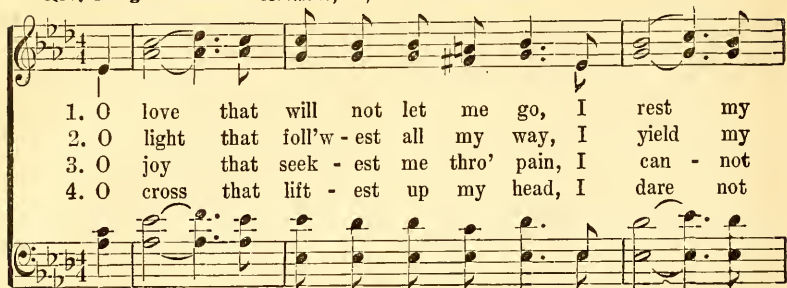
some oth - er day; When I am old - er, I'll bid Thee stay."  
 some oth - er day: Then, Ho - ly Spir - it, I'll bid Thee stay."  
 some oth - er day; When I have time I will bid Thee stay."  
 no oth - er day; The Ho - ly Spir - it has gone to stay."

# No. 145. O Love that Will Not Let Me Go.

May be sung as Duet, Soprano and Tenor.

Rev. George Matheson. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY HOMER RODEHEAVER.

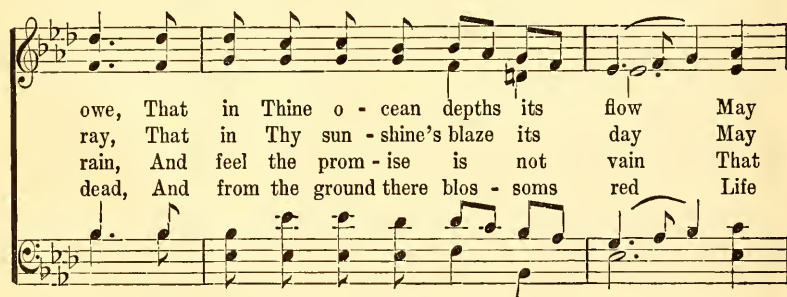
J. B. Herbert.



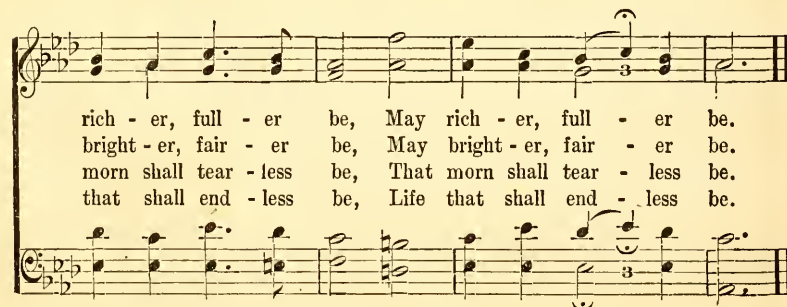
1. O love that will not let me go, I rest my  
 2. O light that foll'w - est all my way, I yield my  
 3. O joy that seek - est me thro' pain, I can - not  
 4. O cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not



wea - ry soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I  
 flick - ring torch to Thee; My heart re - stores its bor - rowed  
 close my heart to Thee; I trace the rain - bow thro' the  
 ask to fly from Thee; I lay in dust life's glo - ry



owe, That in Thine o - cean depths its flow May  
 ray, That in Thy sun - shine's blaze its day May  
 rain, And feel the prom - ise is not vain That  
 dead, And from the ground there blos - soms red Life



rich - er, full - er be, May rich - er, full - er be.  
 bright - er, fair - er be, May bright - er, fair - er be.  
 morn shall tear - less be, That morn shall tear - less be.  
 that shall end - less be, Life that shall end - less be.



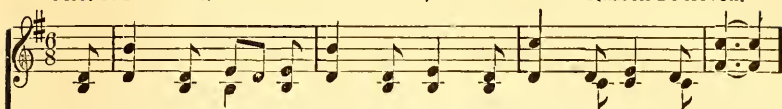
## I'm Finding Glory Here.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY BIEDERWOLF & STROUSE.

**Mrs. C. D. Martin.**

LAKESIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

**Russell De Koven.**



1. We oft - en sing of Glo - ry - Land, That heav'nly home so dear;  
2. My Sav - ior gives me joy di - vine, He wipes each fall - ing tear;  
3. He fills my soul with per - fect peace, And drives a - way my fear;  
4. He sat - is - fies my ev - 'ry need, He gives me hope and cheer;  
5. And when on wings I home - ward soar, To meet Him in the air,



But, praise	the Lord,	each day	I live,	I'm find-ing	glo - ry	here.
Since I	am His	and He	is mine	I'm find-ing	glo - ry	here.
My love	for Him	will nev -	er cease	I'm find-ing	glo - ry	here.
But best	of all,	I have	Him-self—	And that is	glo - ry	here.
I'll sing	His praise	for - ev -	er-more,	And find new	glo - ry	there.



CHORUS.



I'm find-ing glo-ry here,..... I've crossed the bor-der line,.....  
each day, to stay,



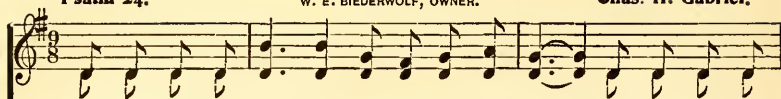
I'm liv-ing now in Ca-naan land, The land of corn and wine.




## Psalm 24.

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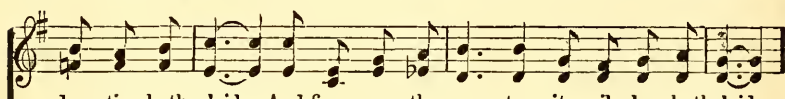
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. The earth and the ful - ness with which it is stored, The world and its  
2. Oh, who shall the hill of Je - ho - vah as - cend, Or who in the  
3. He shall from Je - ho - vah the bless - ing re - ceive, The God of sal -



dwel - ers be - long to the Lord; For He on the seas its foun -  
place of His ho - li - ness stand? The man of pure heart and of  
va - tion shall right - eous - ness give; Ye gates, lift your heads, and an



da - tion hath laid, And firm on the wa - ters its pil - lars hath laid.  
hands with - out stain, Who swears not to false - hood, nor loves what is vain.  
en - trance dis - play; Ye doors ev - er - last - ing, wide o - pen the way.

CHORUS.



Be lift - ed, ye gates, ..... to the beau - ti - ful way; ..... Ye doors ev - er -  
Be lift - ed, ye gates to the beau - ti - ful way; Ye



last - - ing, an en - trance dis - play; ..... The King of all  
doors ev - er - last - - ing, an en - trance dis - play;

# The Earth is the Lord's.



glo-ry high honors a-wait, The King of all glo - - ry shall en-ter in state.  
The King of all glo-ry

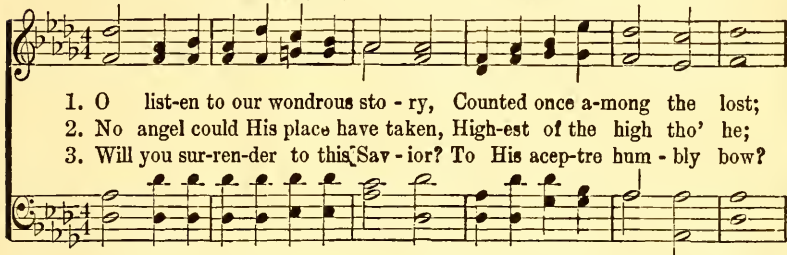
No. 148.

## What Did He Do?

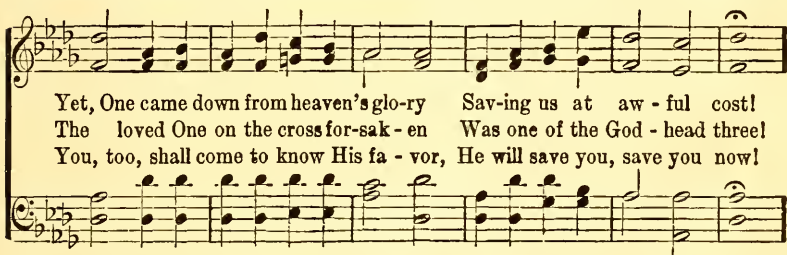
Alt, by J. M. G.

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W. Owen.

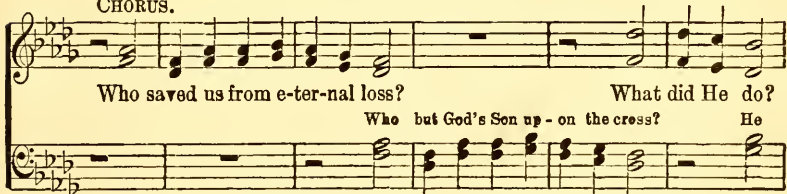


1. O list-en to our wondrous sto - ry, Counted once a-mong the lost;  
2. No angel could His place have taken, High-est of the high tho' he;  
3. Will you sur-ren-der to this Sav-ior? To His acep-tre hum - bly bow?



Yet, One came down from heaven's glo-ry Sav-ing us at aw - ful cost!  
The loved One on the cross for-sak - en Was one of the God - head three!  
You, too, shall come to know His fa - vor, He will save you, save you now!

CHORUS.



Who saved us from e-ter-nal loss? What did He do?  
Who but God's Son up - on the cross? He

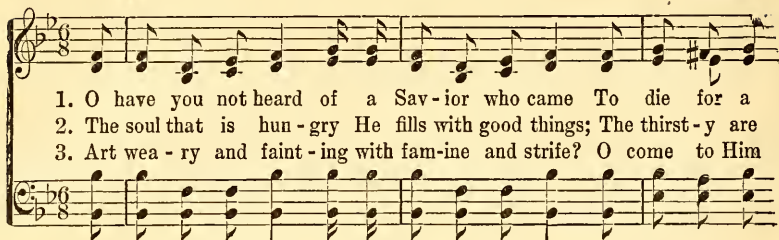


Where is He now? In heav-en in-ter-ced - ing!  
died for you! Be - lieve it thou, In heav-en in-ter-ced - - ing!

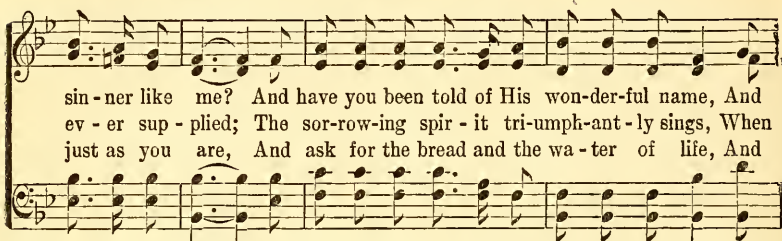
Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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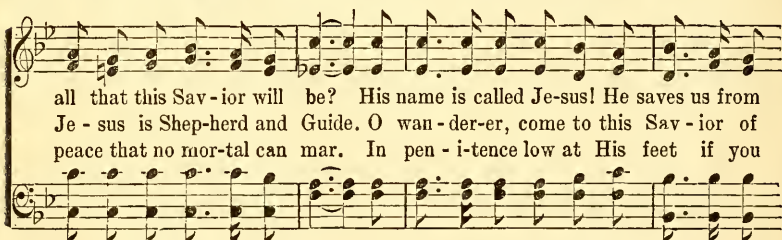
Dr. W. H. Doane.



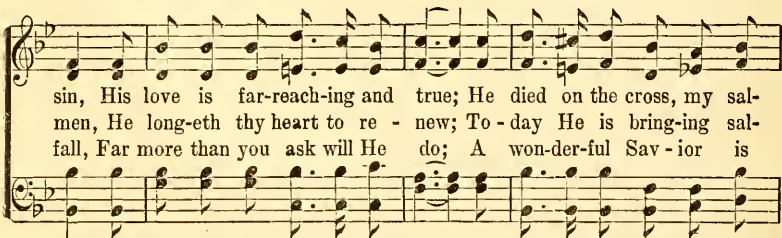
1. O have you not heard of a Sav-ior who came To die for a  
2. The soul that is hun-gry He fills with good things; The thirst-y are  
3. Art wea-ry and faint-ing with fam-ine and strife? O come to Him



sin-ner like me? And have you been told of His won-der-ful name, And  
ev-er sup-plied; The sor-row-ing spir-it tri-umph-ant-ly sings, When  
just as you are, And ask for the bread and the wa-ter of life, And



all that this Sav-ior will be? His name is called Je-sus! He saves us from  
Je-sus is Shep-herd and Guide. O wan-der-er, come to this Sav-ior of  
peace that no mor-tal can mar. In pen-i-tence low at His feet if you



sin, His love is far-reach-ing and true; He died on the cross, my sal-  
men, He long-eth thy heart to re-new; To-day He is bring-ing sal-  
fall, Far more than you ask will He do; A won-der-ful Sav-ior is

CHORUS.



va-tion to win, And He is the Sav-ior for you.  
va-tion so near, And He is the Sav-ior for you. O come to this  
Je-sus for all, And He is the Sav-ior for you.



M. M. W.

HOLY SPIRIT.

M. M. Wells.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side, }  
 { Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land. }

*D.C.*—Whisp'ring soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come, Fol - low me I'll guide thee home."

*D. C.*

Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet-est voice,

2 Ever present, truest Friend,  
 Ever near Thine aid to lend,  
 Leave us not to doubt and fear;  
 Groping on in darkness drear.  
 When the storms are raging sore,  
 Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er,  
 Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come,  
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

3 When our days of toil shall cease,  
 Waiting still for sweet release,  
 Nothing left but heaven and prayer,  
 Wondering if our names are there;  
 Wading deep the dismal flood,  
 Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;  
 Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come,  
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

## A Wonderful Savior.

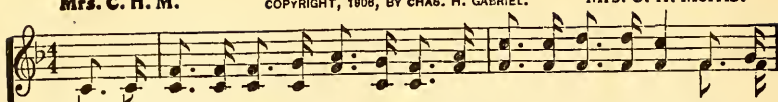
won - der - ful, Sav - ior to - day, The Friend ev - er - last - ing and true; A

won - der - ful, won - der - ful Sav - ior to me, And a won - der - ful Sav - ior for you.

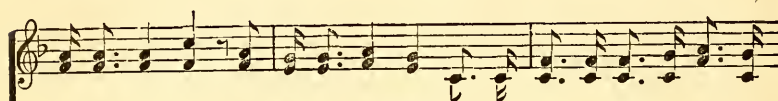
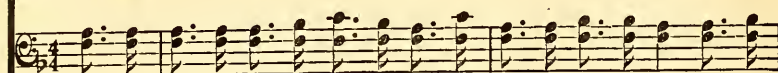
Mrs. C. H. M.

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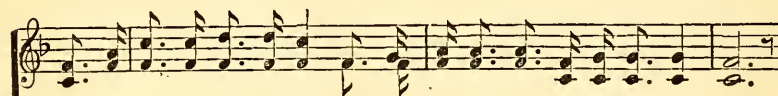
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



1. We to - day may have the pow - er which they had at pen - te - cost, Just the
2. It was while they all were praying, that the Spir - it was out - pour'd, We may
3. As the Spir - it gave them utt'rance they be - gan to tes - ti - fy, We may
4. As we tar - ry here, O Father, cleanse and fill each waiting heart, With the



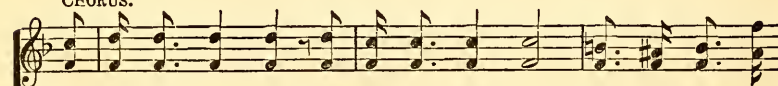
ver - y same pow'r, the ver - y same pow'r; This our her - i - tage in Je - sus  
have the same pow'r, the ver - y same pow'r; In like man - ner we must wait with  
have the same pow'r, the ver - y same pow'r; And three thousand were con - verted  
ver - y same pow'r, the ver - y same pow'r; Lib - er - ty and strength for service



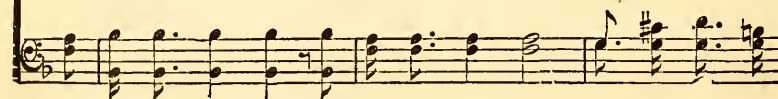
e'en the bless - ed Ho - ly Ghost, Just the ver - y same, the ver - y same pow'r.  
one de - sire and one ac - cord, We may have the same, the ver - y same pow'r.  
and their Lord did glo - ri - fy, We may have the same, the ver - y same pow'r.  
to Thy chil - dren all im - part, Just the ver - y same, the ver - y same pow'r.



CHORUS.



The ver - y same pow'r, the ver - y same pow'r, Praise, O praise His



Edna R. Worrell.

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Foster. Arr. by C. B. S.



1. What makes my heart so hap - py ev - er, Gay as the flow'rs?
2. What makes my tasks a joy and pleasure, Hard tho' they be?
3. When sore oppressed, I'm weak and wea - ry, Lad - en with care;
4. Who, when the clouds of life are o'er me, By storm winds driv'n,



FINE.

What makes me feel as I have nev - er Felt since my childhood hours?  
 What turns each tear to heav'nly treasure—Pearls in the crystal sea?  
 Who makes my burden seem less dreary? Helps me my load to bear?  
 Sheds light up - on the way be - fore me, Show - ing the way to heav'n?



D. S.—O I'm so glad I let Him en - ter, Nev - er more to de - part!

CHORUS.

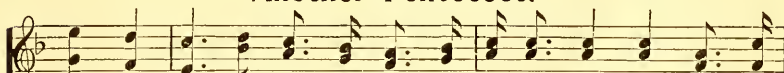
D. S.



O 'tis Je - sus, pre - cious Je - sus! Dwell - ing in my heart!



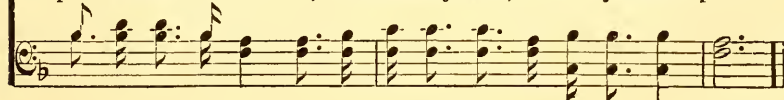
## Another Pentecost.



ho - ly name for - ev - er! Just the ver - y same pow'r Je - sus



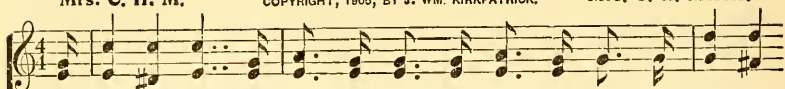
promised should come down; Just the ver - y same, the ver - y same pow'r.




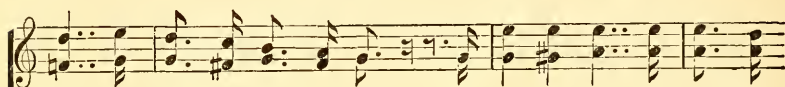
Mrs. C. H. M.

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Mrs. C. H. Morris.



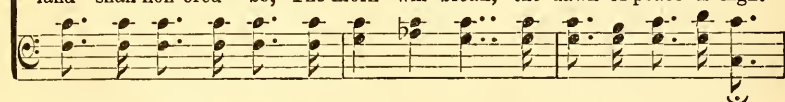
1. The fight is on, the trum-pet sound is ring-ing out, The cry "To  
 2. The fight is on, A-rouse, ye sol-diers brave and true! Je - ho-vah  
 3. The Lord is lead-ing on to cer-tain vic-to-ry; The bow of



arms" is heard a-far and near; The Lord of hosts is march-ing  
 leads, and vic-t'ry will as-sure; Go buck-le on the ar-mor  
 prom-ise spans the east-ern sky; His glo-rious name in ev-'ry


on to vic-to-ry, The tri-umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.  
 God has giv-en you, And in His strength un-to the end en-dure.  
 land shall hon-ored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.


CHORUS. *Unison.*


The fight is on, O Chris-tian sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar-

ray,.... With ar-mor gleam-ing, and col-ors stream-ing, The right and





# The Fight is On.

*Harmony.*

wrong en - gage to - day! The fight is on, but be not  
wea - ry; Be strong and in His might hold fast; If God be  
for us, His banner o'er us, We'll sing the vic - tor's song at last!  
vic - t'ry, vic - t'ry,

No. 154.

## Hallelujah! What a Savior!

P. P. B.

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P. P. Bliss.

1. "Man of Sorrows," what a name For the Son of God who came  
2. Bear - ing shame and scoff - ing rude, In my place condemned He stood,  
3. Guilt - y, vile and help-less we; Spot-less Lamb of God was He;  
4. Lift - ed up was He to die, "It is fin-ished," was His cry;  
5. When He comes, our glo-rious King, All His ransomed home to bring,  
Ru - ined sin - ners to re-claim! Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!  
Sealed my par - don with His blood; Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!  
"Full a-tone-ment!" can it be? Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!  
Now in heav'n ex - alt - ed high, Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!  
Then a - new this song we'll sing, Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior.

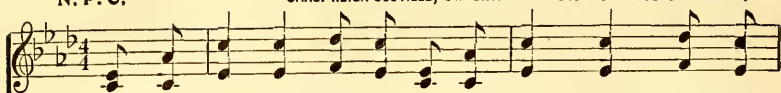
## No. 155.

## The Banner of Love.

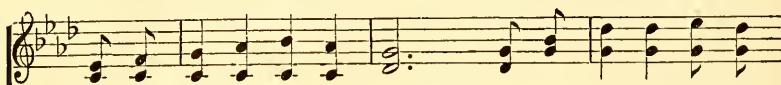
N. P. C.

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CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNERS.

Nellie Place Chandler.



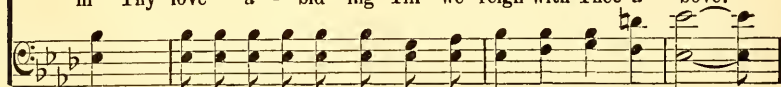
1. See the hosts ad - vanc-ing! Fall in line, O sol - dier  
 2. On - ward! for - ward hast - en ye, O loy - al sol - dier,  
 3. Not by might or pow - er, but by Spir - it's lead - ing,



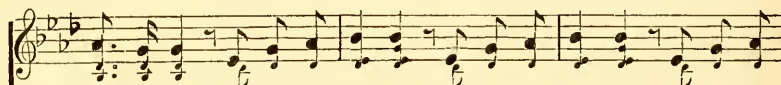
Bound for Ca-naan's land a - bove! Christ, the great Com-mand-er  
 Sin, the foe's on ev - 'ry hand! Trust our Cap-tain lead-ing,  
 Saith the Lord, O God of love, We will trust Thy guid-ing,



leads us on to vic-t'ry, As we march in faith and love.  
 all His or - ders heed-ing, And ye shall pos - sess the land.  
 in Thy love a - bid - ing Till we reign with Thee a - bove.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

We come with singing, Our tribute bring-ing To hon-or Him who is our



Lord and King; With banners fly-ing, In meek-ness try-ing The world un-



Old Melody.

1. { There is a hap-py land, Not far a-way, }  
 { Where saints in glo-ry stand, Bright, bright as day; } Oh, how they sweetly sing,  
 2. { Bright in that hap-py land Beams ev-'ry eye; }  
 { Kept by a Fa-ther's hand, Love can-not die. } Oh, then to glo-ry run;  
 3. { Come to that hap-py land, Come, come a-way; }  
 { Why will you doubting stand, Why still de-lay? } Oh, we shall hap-py be

"Wor-thy is our Savior King," Loud let His praises ring, Praise, praise for aye!  
 Be a crown and kingdom won; And bright a-bove the sun, Reign ev-er-more.  
 When from sin and sorrow free; Lord, we shall dwell with Thee, Blest ev-er-more.

## The Banner of Love. Concluded.

to His feet to bring; In cho-rus swell-ing, The glad news

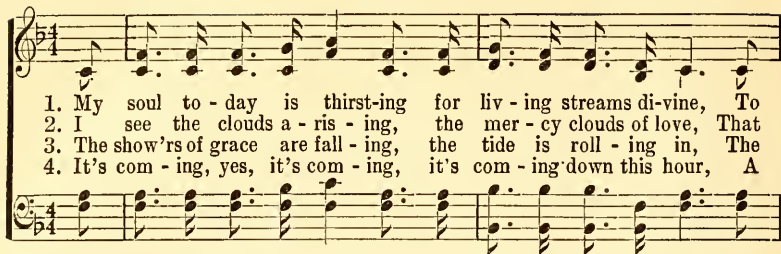
tell-ing Of Him who rules and reigns in heav'n a-bove; If Christ be

for us We'll be vic-to-rious! His ban-ner o-ver us is love.

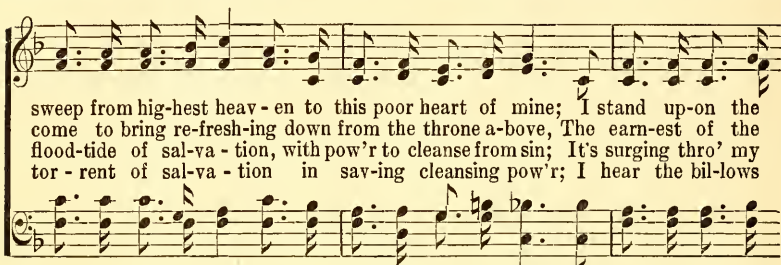
Rev. H. I. Zelley.

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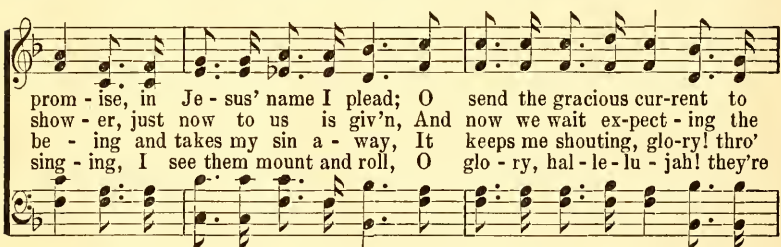
H. L. Gilmour.



1. My soul to - day is thirst-ing for liv - ing streams di-vine, To  
 2. I see the clouds a - ris - ing, the mer - cy clouds of love, That  
 3. The show'rs of grace are fall - ing, the tide is roll - ing in, The  
 4. It's com - ing, yes, it's com - ing, it's com - ing down this hour, A

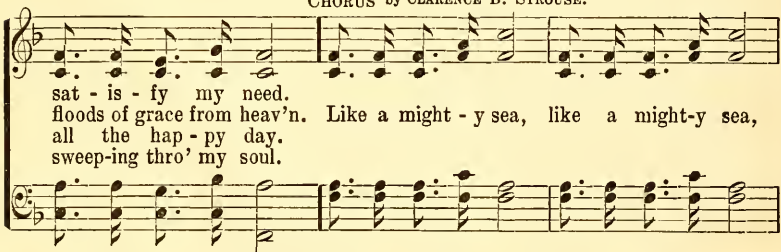


sweep from high-est heav - en to this poor heart of mine; I stand up-on the  
 come to bring re-fresh-ing down from the throne a-bove, The earn-est of the  
 flood-tide of sal-va - tion, with pow'r to cleanse from sin; It's surging thro' my  
 tor - rent of sal-va - tion in sav-ing cleansing pow'r; I hear the bil-lows



prom - ise, in Je - sus' name I plead; O send the gracious cur-rent to  
 show - er, just now to us is giv'n, And now we wait ex-pect - ing the  
 be - ing and takes my sin a - way, It keeps me shouting, glo-ry! thro'  
 sing - ing, I see them mount and roll, O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! they're

CHORUS by CLARENCE B. STROUSE.




sat - is - fy my need.  
 floods of grace from heav'n. Like a might - y sea, like a might-y sea,  
 all the hap - py day.  
 sweep-ing thro' my soul.



Comes the love of Je-sus sweep-ing o - ver me; The waves of glo - ry roll, the



# Like a Mighty Sea.



shouts I can't con-trol, Comes the love of Je - sus, sweep-ing o'er my soul.

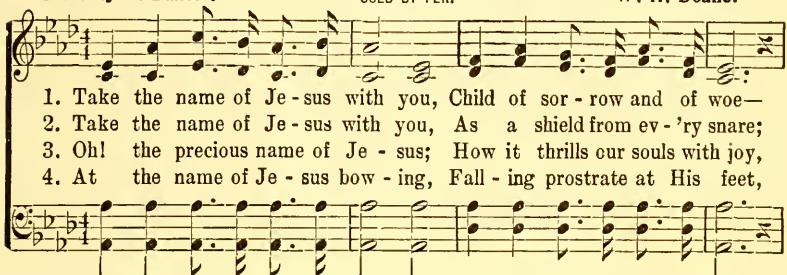
No. 158.

## Precious Name.

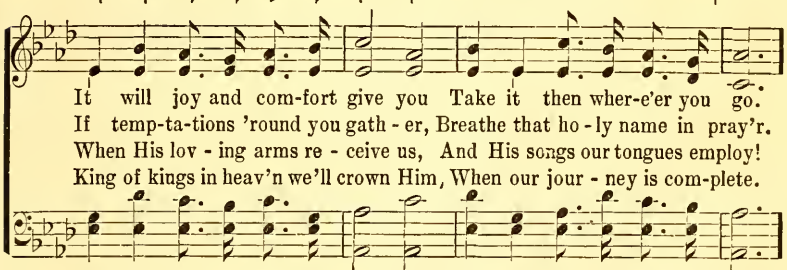
Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

COPYRIGHT, 1899 BY W. H. DOANE.  
USED BY PER.

W. H. Doane.




1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe—
2. Take the name of Je - sus with you, As a shield from ev - 'ry snare;
3. Oh! the precious name of Je - sus; How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing prostrate at His feet,



It will joy and com-fort give you Take it then wher-e'er you go.  
If temp-ta-tions 'round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in pray'r.  
When His lov - ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ!  
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour - ney is com-plete.

### CHORUS.



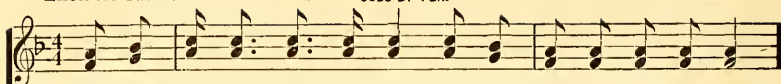
Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n; Precious  
Precious name O how sweet.

name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.  
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

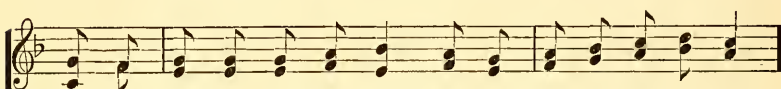
Ellen H. Gates.

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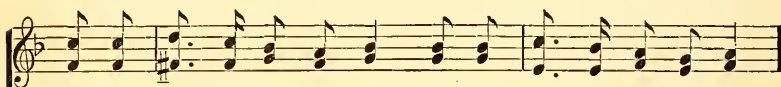
P. P. Bliss.



1. Oh, the clang-ing bells of Time! Night and day they nev - er cease;
2. Oh, the clang-ing bells of Time! How their changes rise and fall,
3. Oh, the clang-ing bells of Time! To their voices, loud and low,
4. Oh, the clang-ing bells of time! Soon their notes will all be dumb,



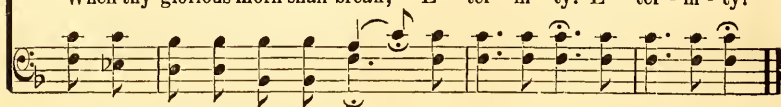
We are wearied with their chime, For they do not bring us peace;  
 But in un - der tone sub - lime, Sounding clear - ly through them all,  
 In a long, un - rest - ing line We are march-ing to and fro;  
 And in joy and peace sub - lime, We shall feel the si-lence come;



And we hush our breath to hear, And we strain our eyes to see  
 Is a voice that must be heard, As our mo - ments on-ward flee,  
 And we yearn for sight or sound, Of the life that is to be,  
 And our souls their thirst will slake, And our eyes the King will see,



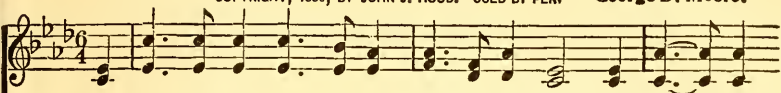
If thy shores are draw-ing near,— E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!  
 And it speaketh aye one word,— E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!  
 For thy breath doth wrap us round,— E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!  
 When thy glorious morn shall break,— E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!



H. L. Gilmour.

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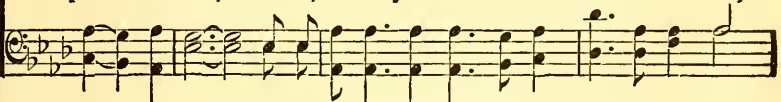
George D. Moore.



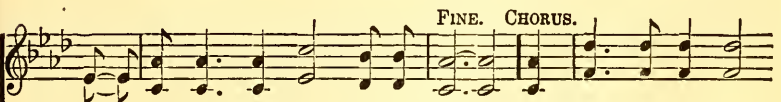
1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So burdened with
2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And, faith tak - ing
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old
4. Oh, come to the Sav - ior, He pa - tient - ly waits, To save by His



sin and distrest, Till I heard a sweet voice say - ing, "make me your choice."  
 hold of the word, My fet - ters fell off, and I an - chored my soul;  
 sto - ry so blest, Of Je - sus, who'll save who - so - ev - er will have  
 pow - er di - vine; Come, anchor your soul in the hav - en of rest,



*D.S.—The temp - est may sweep o'er the wild storm - y deep,*



And I en - tered the ha - ven of rest.  
 The ha - ven of rest is my Lord. I've an - chored my soul  
 A home in the ha - ven of rest.  
 And say, "my Be - lov - ed is mine."



*In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.*



*in the hav - en of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;*



## No. 161.

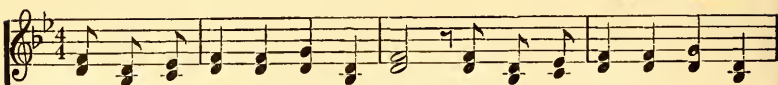
## To the Harvest Field.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY E. O. EXCELL. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN, OWNER.

C. H. G.

USED BY PER.

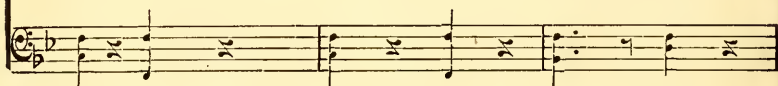
Chas. H. Gabriel.



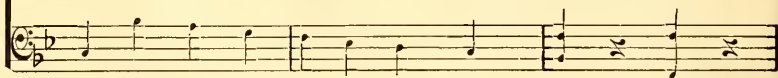
1. A band of faith-ful reap-ers we, Who gath-er for e-ter-ni-  
 2. We are a faith-ful gleam-ing band, And la-bor at our Lord's com-  
 3. The gold-en hours like mo-ments fly, And har-vest days are pass-ing



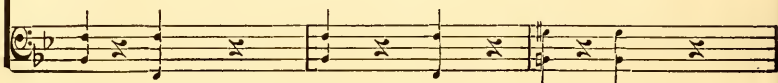
ty, The "gold-en sheaves of rip-ened grain From 'ev-'ry  
 mand, Un-yeild-ing, loy-al, tried and true, For lo! the  
 by; Then take thy rus-ty sick-le down, And la-bor



val-ley, hill and plain; Our song is one the reap-ers  
 reap-ers are but few; Be-hold the wav-ing har-vest  
 for a fade-less crown; Why will you i-dly stand and



sing, In hon-or of their Lord and King— The Mas-ter  
 field A-bun-dant with a gold-en yield; And hear the  
 wait? Be-hold, the hour is grow-ing late! Can you to





# To the Harvest Field.



of the har - vest wide, Who for a world of sin - ners died.  
 Lord of har - vest say To all: "Go reap for me to - day."  
 judgment bring but leaves, While here are wait - ing gold - en sheaves?



## CHORUS.



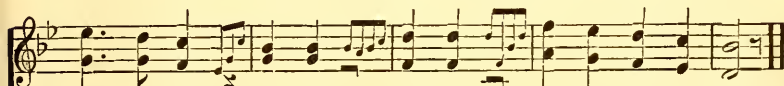
To the har - vest field a - way, For the Mas - ter



call - eth; There is work for all to - day, Ere the dark-ness



fall - eth. Swift-ly do the mo-ments fly, Har-vest days are



go - ing by, Go - ing, go - ing, go - ing, go - ing by.



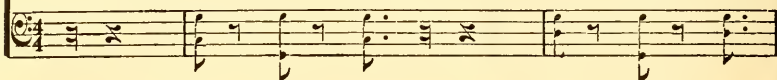
E. D. Elliott.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY BIEDERWOLF & STROUSE.  
LAKESIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

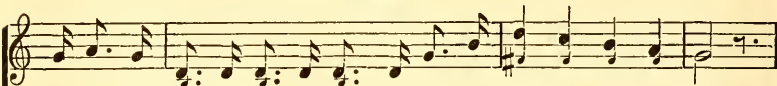
Wm. Edie Marks.



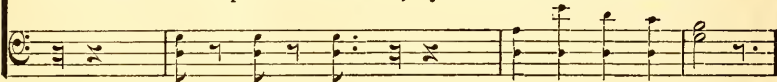
1. O be ye fear-less Chris-tian youth, Up-hold the stan-dard of the truth,
2. His "Faithful Fol-low-ers" are we, And "Cheerful Christians" all shall be,
3. Let "Conquest Flag" be now un-furled, By grace we'll take for Christ the world,



And let the world Christ's mer-cy see; Un-furl hope's emblem "Jesus Saves,"  
Pro-claim-ing Jesus' love to - day; The "Willing Workers" gladly come,  
And gain a glo-rious vic-to - ry! Press on ye sol-diers true and brave,



O see that "Pardon" free-ly waves, Proclaim for-give-ness full and free!  
And "Busy Bees" His prais-es hum, Re-joic-ing on the home-ward way.  
Press on for "Triumph" still doth wave, By faith the bat-tle ours shall be!



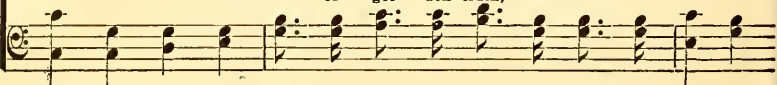
## REFRAIN.



Un-furl the ban-ner Christian youth, Up-lift the  
O Chris-tian youth,



stand-ard of the truth of gol-den truth, That all the world may



C. B. S.

Clarence B. Strouse.

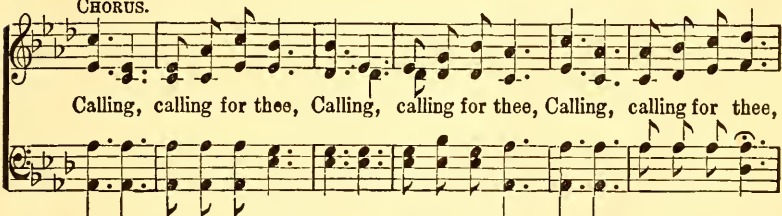


1. Come with thy load of sin, Christ died thy soul to win;  
 2. Come take His par - don free, He shed His blood for thee,  
 3. Come now while He is near, He's a - ble, have no fear,  
 4. Come Je - sus seeks the lost; On Cal - v'ry paid the cost,  
 5. Come with a cour - age strong, De - cide to leave the wrong,  
 6. Come now, why do you wait? This hour may seal your fate,



Now He will take thee in, Je - sus is call - ing for thee.  
 Then you will hap - py be. Je - sus is call - ing for thee.  
 Come while His voice you hear, Je - sus is call - ing for thee.  
 He saves the tem - pest tossed, Je - sus is call - ing for thee.  
 Hear His voice in the song, Je - sus is call - ing for thee.  
 Some day may be too late, Je - sus is call - ing for thee.

## CHORUS.



Calling, calling for thee, Calling, calling for thee, Calling, calling for thee,



*Echo.\** Je - sus is call - ing, call - ing, Call - ing call - ing for thee.  
*Echo.*

\* Have gallery or chorus sing echo alone.

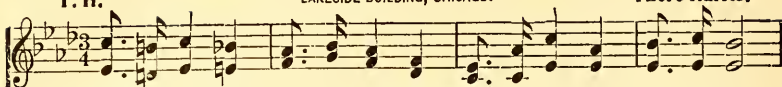
## Uphold the Standard. Concluded.



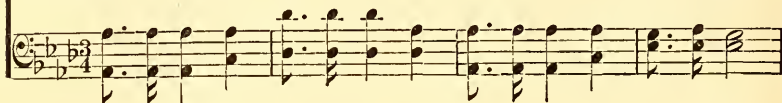
know The Lord who loves them so, Up - hold the stan - dard of the truth!

T. H.

Thoro Harris.



1. Far from Je-sus long I wandered, On the wilds of sin a-stray;
2. When at last the Sav-ior found me, Swift I followed at His call;
3. O the heights of full sal-va-tion! O the depths of Je-sus' love,
4. Saved to tell the bless-ed sto-ry Of the Sav-ior's love to me,
5. To re-store the lost and dy-ing Thro' the pow'r of grace un-known,



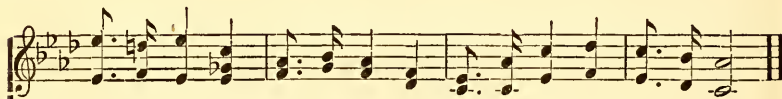
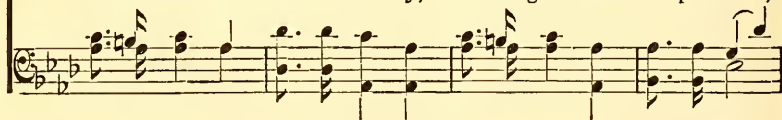
Ma-ny pre-cious years I squandered Ere I found the bet-ter way.  
 When with cords of love He bound me He be-came my All-in-all.  
 To the lost of ev-'ry na-tion, Reaching down from heav'n a-bove!  
 To re-lect His match-less glo-ry And re-veal His sym-pa-thy.  
 All His mer-cy mag-ni-fy-ing, Christ has called me for His own.



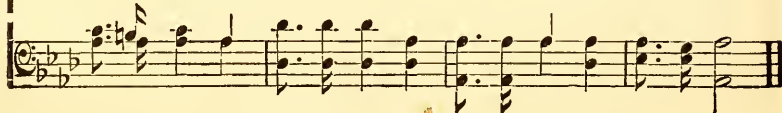
CHORUS.



I am saved! O won-drous sto-ry, Now His good-ness I'll pro-claim;



Glo-ry in the high-est! glo-ry To the ev-er bless-ed Name.



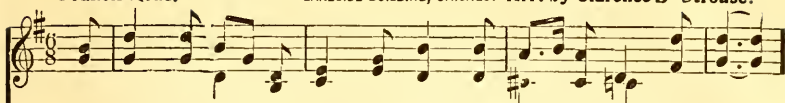


## My Shepherd King.

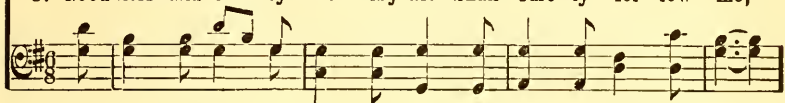
Francis Rous.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY BIEDERWOLF &amp; STROUSE-

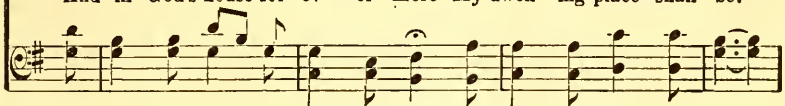
LAKESIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO. Arr. by Clarence C. Strouse.



1. The Lord's my Shep-herd, I'll not want: He makes me down to lie
2. My soul He doth re-store a-gain; And me to walk doth make
3. Yea, though I walk thro' death's dark vale, Yet will I fear no ill;
4. A ta - ble Thou hast fur-nished me In pres-ence of my foes;
5. Good-ness and mer-cy all my life Shall sure-ly fol-low me;



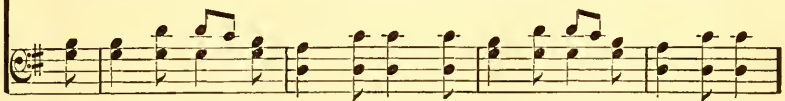
In pas-tures green; He lead-eth me The qui-et wa-ters by.  
 With-in the paths of right-eous-ness, E'en for His own name's sake.  
 For Thou art with me, and Thy rod And staff me com-fort still.  
 My head Thou dost with oil a-noint, And my cup o-ver-flows.  
 And in God's house for-ev-er-more My dwell-ing-place shall be.



## CHORUS.



My Shep-herd is the Lord of Hosts, My Shep-herd, He who loves me most;



When dan-ger's near His voice I hear, My Shep-herd is the Lord of Hosts.



Edith Sanford Tillotson.

B. D. Ackley.



1. Ban - ner bright with thy col - ors shin - ing o'er us, Dear bright flag
2. Crim - son bars, you can speak to us of cour - age, Snow - y white,
3. Star - gemmed flag, may thy children long re - mem - ber, What great price



and the em - blem of the free; Hearts beat high when we see thee  
give us peace - ful hearts and pure; Loy - al blue, may our lives in  
has been paid thy folds to raise; May we live to be wor - thy



wave a - bove us, Free - dom's sign art thou o - ver land, o - ver sea:  
truth be ground - ed, So we'll wear our col - ors while times shall en - dure:  
of thy keep - ing, May we show thee hon - or de - vo - tion and praise.



## CHORUS.



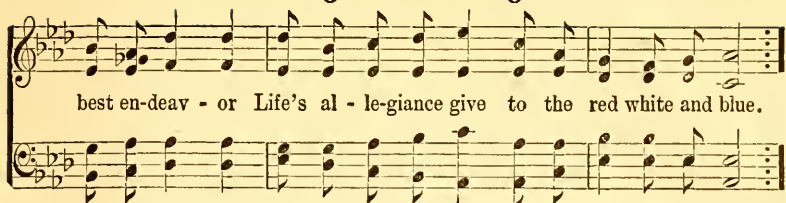
Heart and hand we'll pledge to star - ry ban - ner, Staunch and



strong we'll stand to col - ors true, Day by day we'll serve with

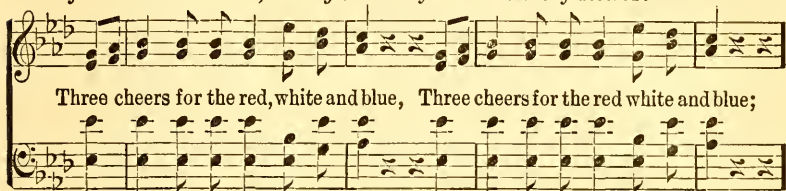


## Song to the Flag.

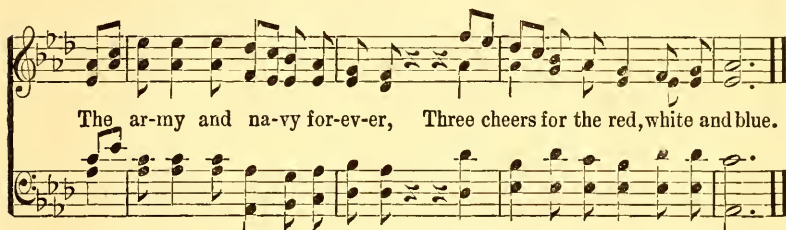


best en-deav - or Life's al - le-giance give to the red white and blue.

*After Chorus last time, or may be used after each verse if desired.*



Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red white and blue;

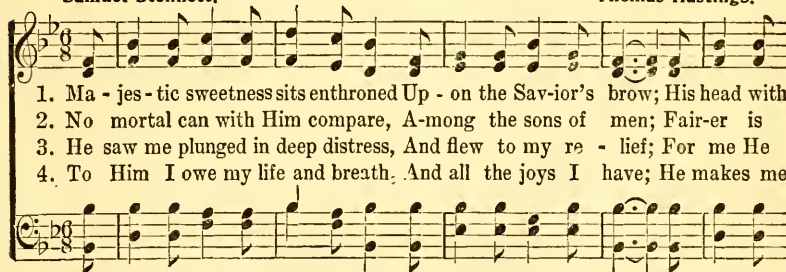


The ar-m-y and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

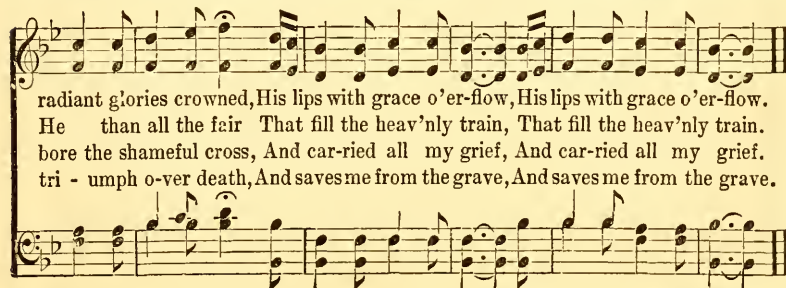
## No. 167. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

Samuel Stennett.

Thomas Hastings.



1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Up - on the Sav - ior's brow; His head with
2. No mortal can with Him compare, A - mong the sons of men; Fair - er is
3. He saw me plunged in deep distress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me



radiant gl'ories crowned, His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.  
 He than all the fair That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.  
 bore the shameful cross, And car-ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.  
 tri - umph o-ver death, And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.



1. On life's path - way are there cross-es? Je-sus knows and cares;
2. Tho' life's shad - ows dark are fall-ing, Je-sus knows and cares;
3. When the e - ven-tide is near-ing, Je-sus knows and cares;
4. Are you heav - y bur-dens bear-ing, Je-sus knows and cares;

1. On life's pathway are there cross-es? Je - sus knows and Je - sus cares;

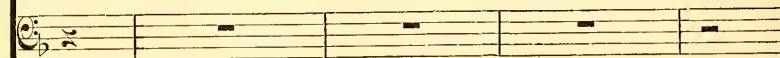


Do you suf - fer heav-y loss-es? Je-sus knows and cares;  
 Tho' the fu - ture seems ap-pall-ing, Je-sus knows and cares;  
 When the light is dis-ap-pear-ing, Je-sus knows and cares;  
 Glad-ly all your sor-row shar-ing, Je-sus knows and cares;

Do you suf-fer heav - y loss - es? Je-sus knows and Je - sus cares;

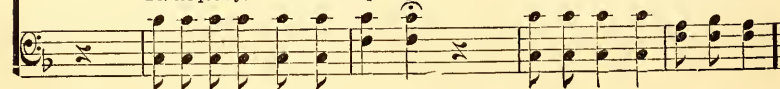


Doth there come the hour of weep-ing, Treasures van-ish from your keep-ing,  
 Tho' the years their griefs are bringing, Hushing ev - 'ry voice of sing-ing,  
 When with tears the eyes are fill-ing, Anguish deep the soul is thrill-ing,  
 Tho' your life be filled with cry-ing, Pleasures van-ished, joys be dy-ing,



Bit-ter pain your heart be reap-ing? Je-sus knows and cares.  
 Fear ye not, the cry is ring-ing, Je-sus knows and cares.  
 Peace He brings, His heart is will-ing; Je-sus knows and cares.  
 Yet look up be-yond the sigh-ing, Je-sus knows and cares.

Bit-ter pain your heart be reap - ing? Je - sus knows and Je - sus cares.





L. E. J.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY WM. M. PEPPER.

L. E. Jones.

1. Dear Lord, I would now as Thy mes - sen - ger go, O'er  
 2. O send me to where there are hearts that are sad, And  
 3. I would not be i - dle when souls are a - stray, All

mount-ain or val - ley or sea; O fill me and fit me to  
 quick at Thy bid - ding I'll go; O help me to tell them the  
 bur - dened with sor - row and sin; O may I to them all Thy

tell of Thy love And just where Thou will - eth send me.  
 mer - cy and grace, That Thou art a - wait - ing to show.  
 good-ness de - clare, And un - to Thy joy bring them in.

## CHORUS.

I'll go,.... send me,.... On an - y er-rand of love for thee;  
 I'll go, send me,

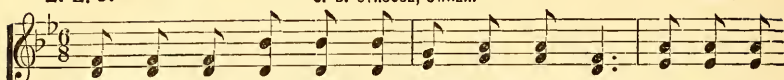
*Rit.*....  
 I'll go,.... send me,.... On an - y er-rand of love for thee.  
 I'll go, send me,

# No. 170. Bury Thy Sins at the Fountain.

L. E. J.

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C. B. STROUSE, OWNER.

L. E. Jones.



1. Would you from bur - dens and sor - rows be free? Bur - y thy
2. Je - sus the price of thy ran - som hath paid, Bur - y thy
3. Would you have heart all un - spot - ted and pure? Bur - y thy
4. Would you have rest and a ful - ness of joy? Bur - y thy



sins at the foun - tain; Pre - cious the cur - rent, 'tis flow - ing for thee  
sins at the foun - tain; On him thy ev - 'ry trans - gres - sion is laid,  
sins at the foun - tain; Would you have peace that doth ev - er en - dure,  
sins at the foun - tain; Would you be used in the Mas - ter's em - ploy,



## CHORUS.



Bur - y thy sins at the fount - ain. Bur - y thy sins at the



fount - ain, Bur - y thy sins at the fount - ain, pre - cious the blood,



sin - cleans - ing blood, Bur - y thy sins at the fount - ain.



Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY, OF W. H. DOANE.  
USED BY PER.

W. H. Doane.



1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit-
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen-
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crush'd by the tempt - er, Feel - ings lie bu-
4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la-



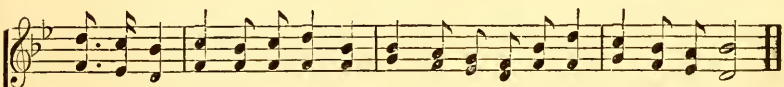
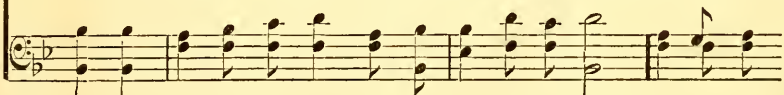
y from sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the  
i - tent child to re - ceive; Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them  
ried that grace can re - store; Touch'd by a lov - ing heart, Wak-ened by  
bor the Lord will pro - vide; Back' to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly



## CHORUS.



fall - on, Tell them of Je - sus the might-y to save.  
gen - tly: He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve. Res - cue the  
kind-ness, Chords that are bro - ken will vi - brate once more.  
win them; Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav - ior has died.



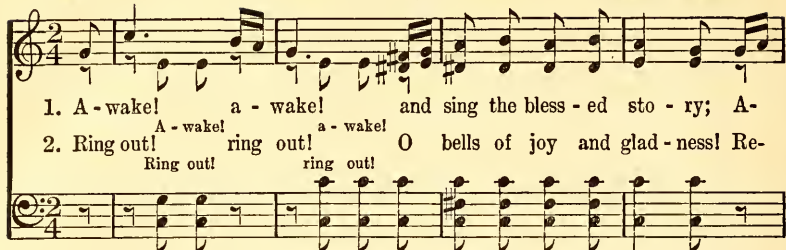
per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing; Je - sus is mer-ci-ful, Je - sus will save.



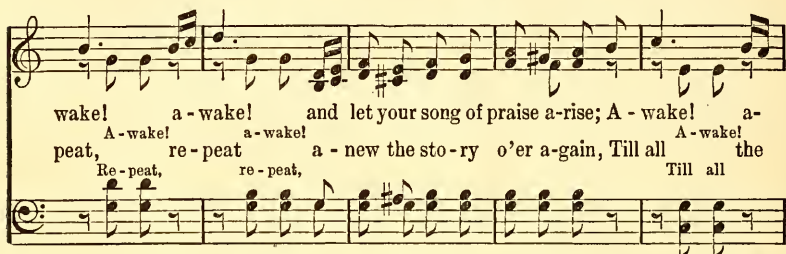
Charlotte G. Homer

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.  
HENRY DATE, OWNER.

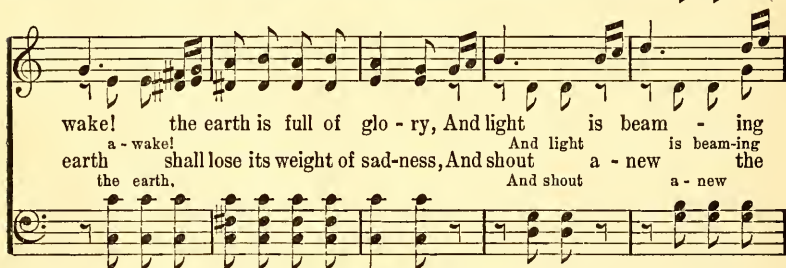
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. A - wake! a - wake! and sing the bless - ed sto - ry; A -  
A - wake! a - wake!  
2. Ring out! ring out! O bells of joy and glad - ness! Re -  
Ring out! ring out!

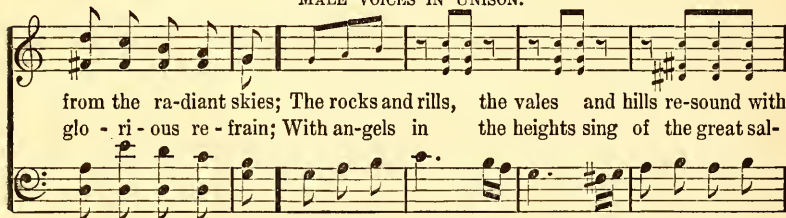


wake! a - wake! and let your song of praise a-rise; A - wake! a -  
A - wake! a - wake!  
peat, re - peat a - new the sto - ry o'er a - gain, Till all the  
Re - peat, re - peat, Till all



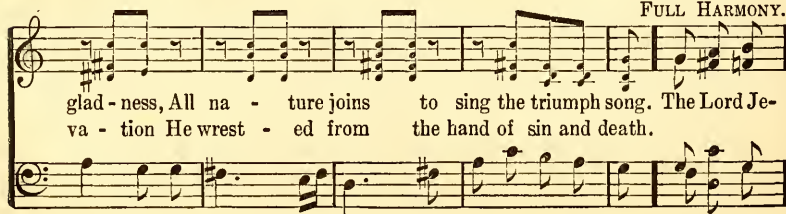
wake! the earth is full of glo - ry, And light is beam - ing  
a - wake! And light is beam - ing  
earth shall lose its weight of sad - ness, And shout a - new the  
the earth, And shout a - new

## MALE VOICES IN UNISON.



from the ra - diant skies; The rocks and rills, the vales and hills re-sound with  
glo - ri - ous re - frain; With an - gels in the heights sing of the great sal -

## FULL HARMONY.



glad - ness, All na - ture joins to sing the triumph song. The Lord Je -  
va - tion He wrest - ed from the hand of sin and death.



# Awakening Chorus.

UNISON.

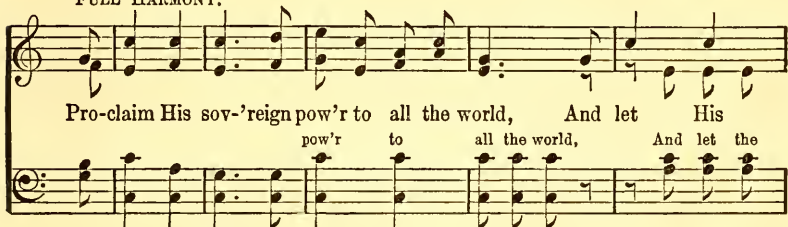


ho - vah reigns and sin is back-ward hurled! Re-joice! re-  
sin is back-ward hurled!



joice! lift heart and voice, Je - ho - vah reigns!

FULL HARMONY.



Pro-claim His sov'-reign pow'r to all the world, And let His  
pow'r to all the world, And let the



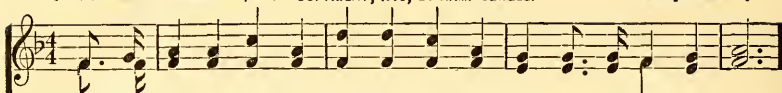
glo - rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns!  
grand and glo-rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns! Je - ho - vah reigns!



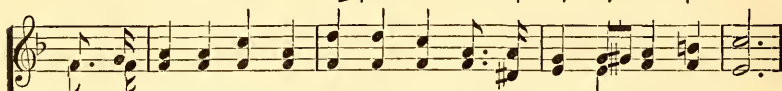
Re-joice! re-joice! re-joice! Je - ho - vah reigns!  
Re-joice! re-joice! re-joice!

Rev. Johnston Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY HAMP SEWELL.

Hamp Sewell.



1. When the battle's smoke has cleared away, And ar-mor I have laid down;
2. Tho' the bat-tle now is fierce and hard, I'll strug-gle and not de-spair;
3. If for Je-sus here I toil and fight Till day-light has passed a-way,
4. In the bat-tle's van my place shall be, And then, when life's sun goes down;



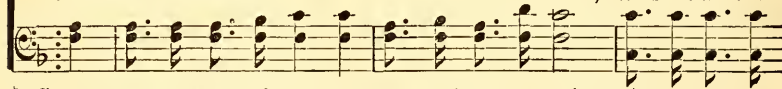
When the morning breaks, on that glad day, Then I'll wear the vic-tor's crown.  
 And I'll have at last a great reward, For I'll wear a crown up there.  
 With my Sav-ior, King, in mansions bright, I shall wear a crown some day.  
 Thro' a long and blest e - ter - ni - ty I shall wear a vic-tor's crown.



## CHORUS.



And when the bat-tle's o - ver we shall wear a crown, We shall wear a



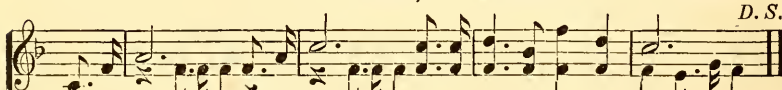
D.S.—And when the bat-tle's o - ver we shall wear a (Omit.)



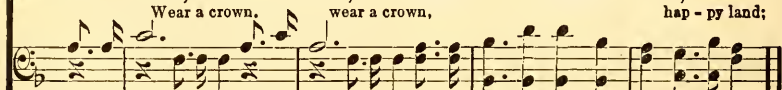
crown, we shall wear a crown; crown, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem;



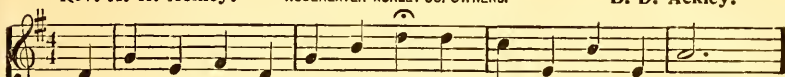
crown, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.



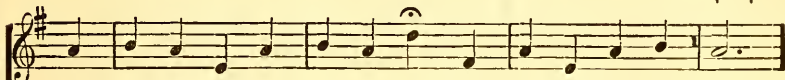
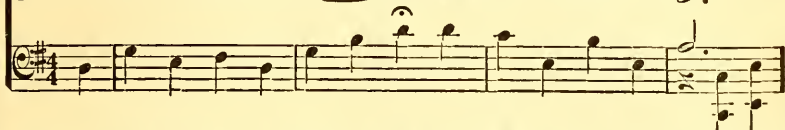
Wear a crown, wear a crown, When we en - ter Canaan's land;



Wear a crown, wear a crown, hap - py land;



1. My faith temp-ta-tion shall not move, For Je-sus knows it all,
2. When grief is more than I can bear—Too weak am I to call—
3. Some-times I fal-ter filled with fear, I can-not see at all,



And holds me with His arm of love—He will not let me fall.  
If I but lift my heart in pray'r, He will not let me fall.  
His voice I nev-er fail to hear—"I will not let thee fall."



## CHORUS.



He will not let me fall! He will not let me fall,  
He will not let me fall!



He is my Strength, my Hope, my All, He will not let me fall!



Jennie Ree.

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W. E. BIEDERWOLF, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Onward up the King's great highway, Upward to the promis'd land, We are  
2. Tho' the day be dark and drear-y, Tho' the stormy winds rush by, Yet we

marching with a shout of triumph, For the Lord of hosts is in command;  
know the sun is brightly shin-ing Just beyond the clouds that veil the sky;

Stead-i-ly, our force in-creas-ing, On we go with songs of joy, For no  
Onward, then, and upward, ev-er, Sing-ing, praising more and more, Till we

en-e-my shall hold the way be-fore us, Neither shall they frighten or de-destroy.  
reach at last the promis'd land of beauty, And our days of marching all are o'er.

## CHORUS.

On - ward at the King's command, Up - ward to the promis'd land,  
On-ward, on-ward at the King's command, and Up-ward, up-ward to the promis'd land, now



# On the Great Highway.

Moves the might-y ar-my of the Lord in proud ar-ray, To vic-to-ry and

glo-ry, o'er the King's highway; Then vic-to-ry and glory o'er the King's highway.

## No. 176. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I've wan-dered far a-way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;  
 2. I've wast-ed ma-n-y pre-cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;  
 3. I've tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;  
 4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;  
 5. My on-ly hope, my on-ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home;  
 6. I need His cleans-ing blood, I know, Now I'm com-ing home;

THE PATHS OF SIN TOO LONG I'VE TROD, LORD, I'M COM-ING HOME.  
 I NOW RE-PENT WITH BIT-TER TEARS, LORD, I'M COM-ING HOME.  
 I'LL TRUST THY LOVE, BE-LIEVE THY WORD, LORD, I'M COM-ING HOME.  
 MY STRENGTH RE-NEW, MY HOPE RE-STORE, LORD, I'M COM-ING HOME.  
 THAT JE-SUS DIED, AND DIED FOR ME, LORD, I'M COM-ING HOME.  
 O WASH ME WHIT-ER THAN THE SNOW, LORD, I'M COM-ING HOME.

D. S.—O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Com-ing home, com-ing home, Nev-er-more to roam,



1. If you could see Christ stand-ing here to - night, His thorn-crown'd head and
2. If you could see that face, so calm and sweet, Those lips that spake words
3. He whis-pers to your heart, turn not a - way, For He's be - side you,

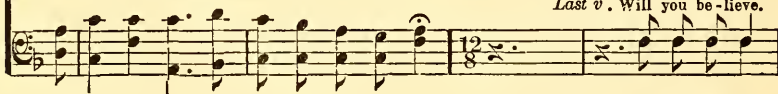


pierced hands could view; Could see those eyes that beam with heav'n's own light,  
on - ly pure and true; Could see the nail prints in His ten - der feet;  
in your nar - row pew; If you will - list - en, you will hear Him say,



And hear Him say—"Beloved, 'twas for you." Would you be-lieve, . . . . .  
And hear Him say—"Beloved, 'twas for you." *Last v.*  
In lov - ing tones—"Beloved, 'twas for you." Will you be-lieve, . . . . .

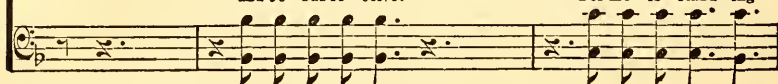
Would you be-lieve,  
*Last v.* Will you be-lieve.



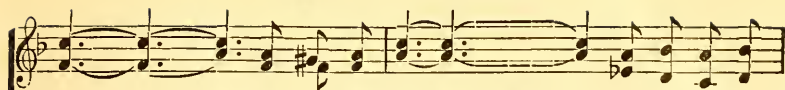
and Je - sus re - ceive . . . . . If He were stand - - ing  
and Je - sus re - ceive . . . . . For He is stand - - ing

and Je - sus re - ceive?  
and Je - sus re - ceive?

If He were stand-ing  
For He is stand-ing



## Would You Believe.



here? . . . . . Would you be - lieve . . . . . and Je - sus re-  
here; . . . . . Will you be - lieve . . . . . and Je - sus re-

here, were stand-ing here?  
here, is stand-ing here;

Would you be - lieve  
Will you be - lieve



ceive . . . . . If He was stand - ing . . . . . here? . .  
ceive? . . . . . For He is stand - ing . . . . . here. . .

and Je - sus re - ceive' If He were stand - ing, If He were stand - ing here? . .  
and Je - sus re - ceive? For He is stand - ing, For He is stand - ing here. . .



## No. 178.

## Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper.

J. E. Gould.



1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pest-u-ous sea!
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I reach the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar



D. C.-Chart and compass come from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me!

D. C.-Wondrous Sov-'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me!

D. C.-May I hear Thee say to me: "Fear not, I will pi - lot Thee!"



Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;  
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou sayst to them be still; "Be still!"  
'Twix me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,



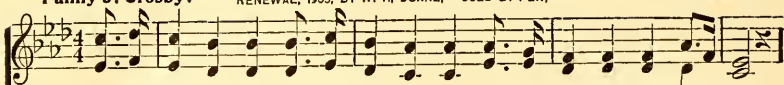
## No. 179.

## I Am Thine, O Lord.

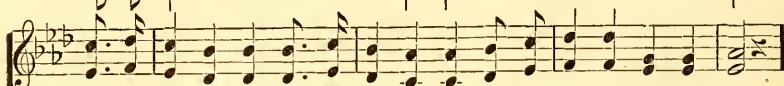
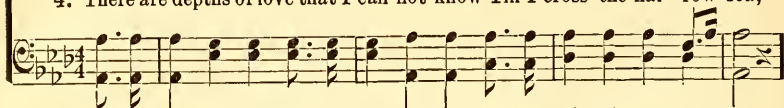
Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1876, BY BIGLOW & MAIN.  
RENEWAL, 1903, BY W. H. DOANE, USED BY PER,

W. H. Doane.



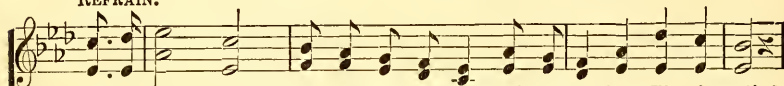
1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy serv-ice Lord, By the pow'r of grace di-vine;
3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That be-fore Thy throne I spend
4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the nar-row sea,



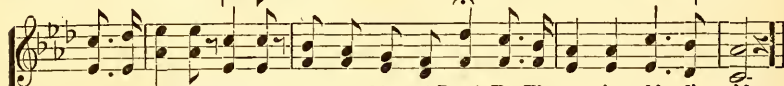
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos-er drawn to Thee.  
 Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.  
 When I kneel in pray'r and with Thee, my God, I commune as friend to friend.  
 There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.



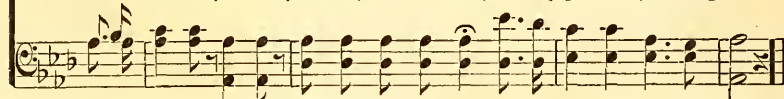
## REFRAIN.



Draw me near-er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;  
 near-er, near-er,

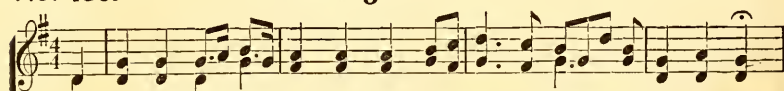


Draw me near-er, near-er, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.

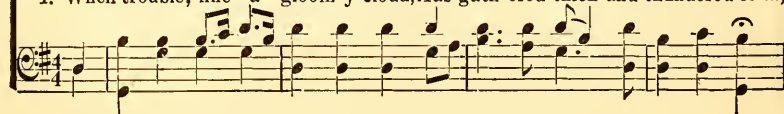


## No. 180.

## Loving-Kindness.



1. A-wake, my soul, to joy-ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ru-ined in the fall, Yet loved me, not-with-standing all;
3. Tho' num'rous hosts of might-y foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op-pose,
4. When trouble, like a gloom-y cloud, Has gath-ered thick and thundered loud,





Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. H. DOANE.  
USED BY PER.

W. H. Doane.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry;  
 2. Let me, at Thy throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief;  
 3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - its, Would I seek Thy face:  
 4. Thou, the spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me—

While on oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.  
 Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.  
 Heal my wound - ed, bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.  
 Whom have I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

D. S.—While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Sav - ior, Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry;

## Loving-Kindness. Concluded.

He just - ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how free!  
 He saved me from my lost es - tate, His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how great!  
 He safe - ly leads my soul a - long, His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how strong!  
 He near my soul has al - ways stood, His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how good!

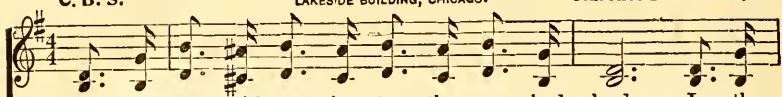
Lov - ing - kind - ness, lov - ing - kind - ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how free!  
 Lov - ing - kind - ness, lov - ing - kind - ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how great!  
 Lov - ing - kind - ness, lov - ing - kind - ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how strong!  
 Lov - ing - kind - ness, lov - ing - kind - ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how good!

# No. 182. The Promised Land of Blessing.


C. B. S.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY BIEDERWOLF & STROUSE  
LAKESIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO.


Clarence B. Strouse,



1. Won't you come with us in - to the prom - ised land, In the  
2. O the wil - der - ness is dark and sad and drear, There are  
3. Don't be - lieve the false re - ports of faith - less spies, For the




roy - al ranks of Je - sus take your stand; It grows bright - er ev - 'ry day,  
doubts and care, and tri - als mixed with fear; But the Sav - iour's word is true;  
fruits of Ca - naan are be - fore your eyes; And what God has promised you,



And there's sun - shine all the way, Won't you come with us in -  
There's a bet - ter life for you, Won't you come with us and  
He is a - ble now to do, Won't you come with us and

## CHORUS.



to the promised land.  
view the promised land. Won't you come with us in - to the promised  
view the promised land.



land, In the roy - al ranks of Je - sus take your  
the promised land,

# The Promised Land of Blessing.

stand; . . . . . It grows brighter ev-'ry day, And there's sunshine all the  
O take your stand;

way, Won't you come with us in - to the prom - ised land. . . . .  
the prom-ised land.

## No. 183. "Old Time Religion."

CHO.-'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, 'Tis the old time re - lig - ion,  
1. It was good for our moth - ers, It was good for our moth - ers,  
2. Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y, Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y,  
3. It has saved our fa - thers, It has saved our fa - thers,

'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, It's good enough for me.  
It was good for our moth-ers, It's good enough for me.  
Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y, It's good enough for me.  
It has saved our fa - thers, It's good enough for me.

4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel,  
It's good enough for me.

5 It was good for the Hebrew children,  
It's good enough for me.

6 It was tried in the fiery furnace,  
It's good enough for me.

7 It was good for Paul and Silas,  
It's good enough for me.

8 It will do when I am dying,  
It's good enough for me.

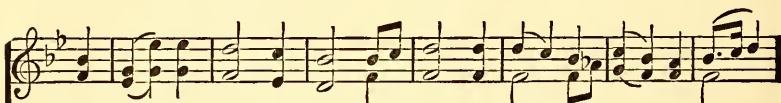
9 It will take us all to heaven,  
It's good enough for me.

E. Perronet.

Arr. by T. G. Richards.



1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall,
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,



Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a-dem,  
 Ye ran-somed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
 On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe,  
 We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,



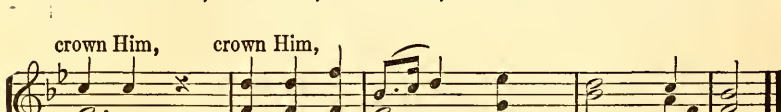
And crown . . . . . Him, crown Him,



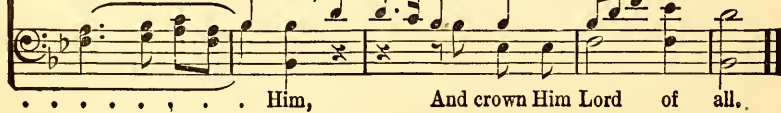
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him And crown Him Lord of  
 And crown . . . . . Him, crown Him,



And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown . . . . .



all, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all!  
 crown . . . . . Him,



. . . . . Him, And crown Him Lord of all.



# No. 185.

# More Love to Thee.

Elizabeth P. Prentiss.

USED BY PER. OF W. H. DOANE.  
OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

W. H. Doane.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the  
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-  
3. Then shall my lat-est breath Whis-per Thy praise; This be the

pray'r I make On bend-ed knee; This is my ear-nest plea,  
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my pray'r shall be,  
part-ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its pray'r shall be,

More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!

# No. 186.

# Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams,

Lowell Mason.

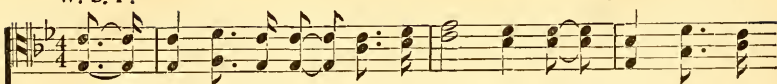
1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me;  
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone;  
3. There let the way appear Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me, In mer-cy giv'n;

Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!  
Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!  
An-gels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

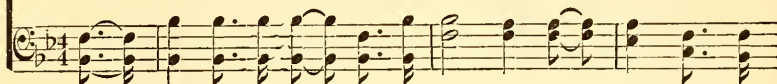
# No. 187. The Church in the Wildwood.

W. S. P.

Dr. Wm. S. Pitts.



1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild - wood, No love - li - er
2. How sweet on a clear, Sabbath morn - ing To list to the
3. There, close by the church in the val - ley, Lies one that I
4. There, close by the side of that loved one, 'Neath the tree where the

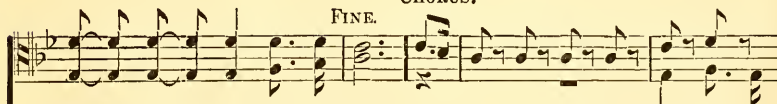


place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the  
clear ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet-ly are call - ing, Oh,  
loved so well; She sleeps, sweetly sleeps 'neath the wil-low; Dis-  
wild flow-ers bloom, When the fare-well hymn shall be chant-ed, I shall

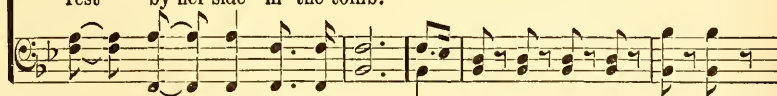


D. S.—spot is so dear to my child-hood As the

## CHORUS.



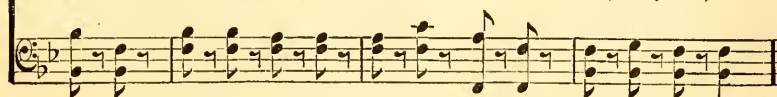
lit-tle brown church in the vale.  
come to the church in the vale. Come to the  
turb not her rest in the vale. Oh, come, come, come, come, come,  
rest by her side in the tomb.



lit-tle brown church in the vale.



church by the wild - wood, Oh, come to the church in the dale; No  
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;



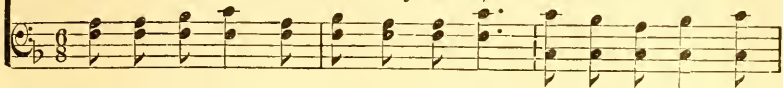
R. De K.

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LAKESIDE BUILDING CHICAGO.

Russell De Koven.



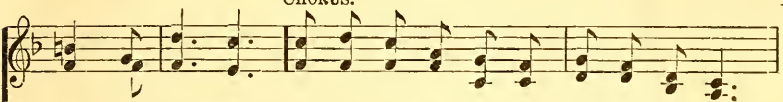
1. Long have you sought the bless - ing to win, Earn - est - ly tried to
2. La - bor - ing hard His fav - or to gain, Striv - ing the grace of
3. "Not un - to Him who work - eth" this grace; You may be - hold His
4. Come to the Lord, sur - rend - er your all, Low at His feet in



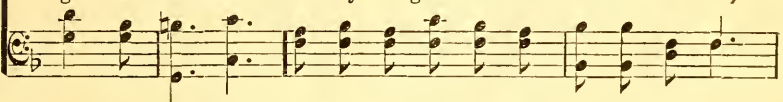
con - quer your sin? Strug - gle no more, bid Je - sus come in; On - ly let  
 God to ob - tain, Seem - eth your ef - ferts fruit - less and vain? On - ly let  
 rec - on - ciled face, With all the saints He'll grant you a place, If you let  
 pen - i - tence fall, He will in love re - spond to your call, When you let



## CHORUS.



go - and trust Him! On - ly let go of the world and its sin,



O - pen your heart, bid the Mas - ter come in; Je - sus can save you; O



broth - er, be - lieve! On - ly let go, and His grace re - ceive.



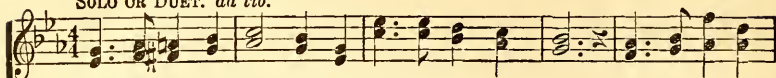
# No. 189.      Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

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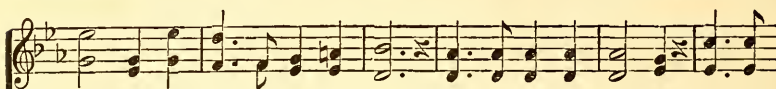
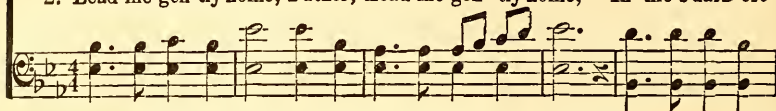
W. L. T.

W. L. Thompson.

SOLO OR DUET. *ad lib.*



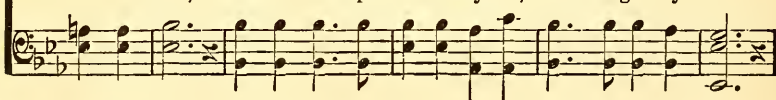
1. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen-tly home, When life's toils are
2. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen-tly home, In life's dark-est



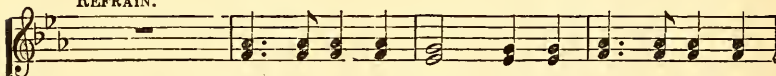
end - ed, And parting days have come, Sin no more shall tempt me, Ne'er from  
hours, Father, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wand'ring, Lest from



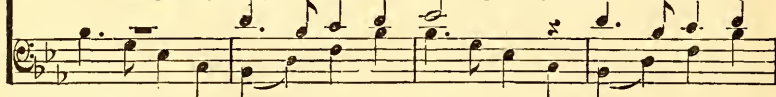
Thee I'll roam, If Thou't on - ly lead me, Father, Lead me gen-tly home.  
Thee I roam, Lest I fall up - on the wayside, Lead me gen-tly home.



REFRAIN.



Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther Lead me gen - tly,  
Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther,



Lest I fall up - on the way - side, Lead me gen - tly home.  
gen - tly home.





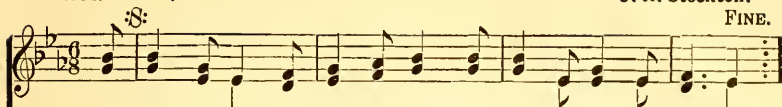
## No. 190.

## The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter.

J. H. Stockton.

FINE.



1. { The great Phy-si - cian now is near, The sym - pa-thiz - ing Je - sus, }  
 He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus. }
2. { Your ma - ny sins are all for-giv'n, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus, }  
 Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je-sus. }



D. S.—Sweet-est car - ol ev - er sung, \*1 Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.

## REFRAIN.



{ Sweet-est note in ser-aph song, }  
 { Sweetest name on mortal tongue; }



- 3 All glory to the dying Lamb!  
 I now believe in Jesus;  
 I love the blessed Savior's name,  
 I love the name of Jesus.

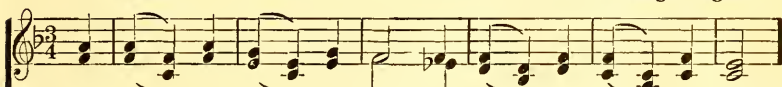
- 4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,  
 No other name but Jesus;  
 Oh! how my soul delights to hear  
 The charming name of Jesus.

## No. 191.

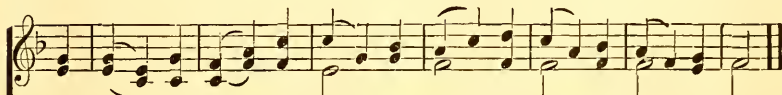
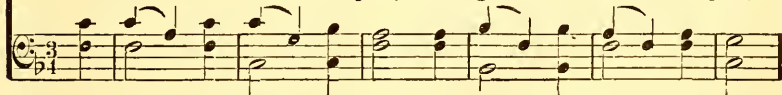
## Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett.

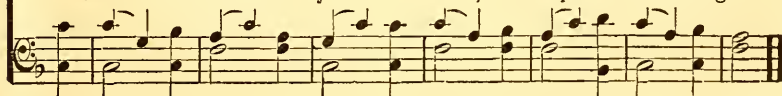
Hans George Naegeli.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;  
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;  
 3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;  
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;



Thé fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.  
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.  
 And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.  
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.



## No. 192.

## Sun of My Soul.

John Keble.

Peter Ritter.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;  
 2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wea-ried eye-lids gen-tly steep,  
 3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can-not live;  
 4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take;

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.  
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.  
 A-bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.  
 Till, in the o - cean of Thy love, We lose our-selves in heav'n a - bove.

## No. 193.

## Closer to Thee.

C. H. M.

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LAKESIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Draw me, oh Lord, to that great heart of Thine; Let me like  
 2. Near to Thy side where the crim-son drops flow, Mak-ing me  
 3. Light of my life where the dark shad-ows creep, Be Thou my  
 4. This be my pray'r while life's path-way I take, Till on my

John on Thy bos-om re-cline, Feel-ing Thine arms round a-whit-er, yes, whit-er than snow, More of Thy won-drous sal-guide for the path-way is steep; Safe 'neath Thy wing ev-er-sight heav-en's glo-ries shall break, Till I at last in Thy

J. Hart.

J. Ingalls.

FINE.

1. { Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; }  
 { Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r. }  
 2. { Now, ye need - y come and wel-come; God's free boun-ty glo - ri - fy; }  
 { True be - lief and true re - pent-ance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh. }

D. C.—Glory, hon - or, and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.

CHORUS. D. C.

Turn to the Lord, and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of His dear name;

3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
 All the fitness He requireth  
 Is to feel your need of Him.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
 Bruised and mangled by the fall,  
 If you tarry till you're better,  
 You will never come at all.

## Gloser to Thee. Concluded.

bout me en-twine, Clos - er, my Sav - ior, to Thee, to  
 va - tion to know, Clos - er, my Sav - ior, to Thee, to  
 more would I keep, Clos - er, my Sav - ior, to Thee, to  
 like - ness a - wake: Clos - er, my Sav - ior, to Thee, to

*rit.*.....  
 Thee, Yes, clos - er, my Sav - ior, to Thee .....  
 Yes, clos - er to . . . Thee.

## No. 195.

## Just as I Am.

Charlotte Elliott.

Wm. Bradbury.

1. Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
 2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot  
 3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a-bout With many a 'con-flict many a doubt,

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!  
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot O Lamb of God! I come! I come!  
 Fight-ing and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

- 4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind, 5 Just as I am! Thou wilt receive,  
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
 Yea, all I need in Thee to find, Because Thy promise I believe,  
 O Lamb of God! I come! I come! O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

## No. 196.

## Save Me at the Cross.

Wm. Cowper.

Old Melody.

1. Ap-proach, my soul, the mer-cy-seat Where Je-sus an-swers prayer;  
 2. Thy prom-ise is my on-ly plea; With this I ven-ture nigh;  
 3. Bowed down be-neath a load of sin, By Sa-tan sore-ly pressed,  
 4. Oh, won-drous love! to bleed and die, To bear the cross and shame,

There hum-bly fall be-fore His feet, For none can per-ish there.  
 Thou call-est burdened souls to Thee, And such, O Lord, am I.  
 By war with-out and fears with-in, I come to Thee for rest.  
 That guilt-y sin-ners, such as I, Might plead Thy gra-cious Name.



Rev. Joseph H. Gilmore.

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USED BY PER.

William B. Bradbury.

1. He lead-eth me! oh! blessed thought, Oh! words with heav'nly comfort fraught;  
 2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where E-den's bowers bloom,  
 3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine;  
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,

What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.  
 By wa - ters still, o'er troubled sea, — Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me.  
 Con-tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Still 'tis my God that lead-eth me.  
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.

## REFRAIN.

{ He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me! By His own hand He leadeth me;  
 His faith-ful follower I would be, For by His hand He leadeth me.

## Save Me at the Cross. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

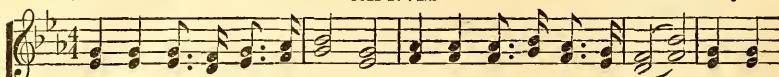
{ O Je - sus, receive me! No more will I grieve Thee;  
 Thou gracious Redeemer, (*Omit.....*) O save me at the cross!

# No. 198. Shall We Gather at the River?

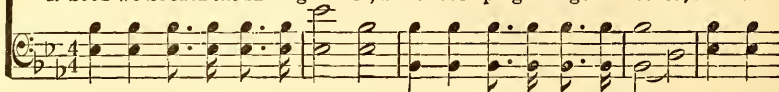
R. L.

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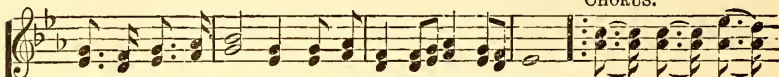
Robert Lowry.



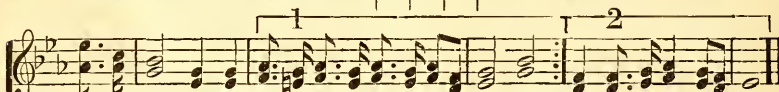
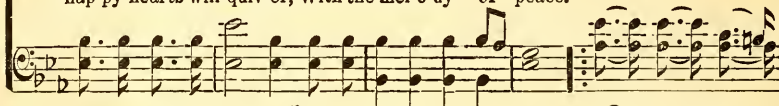
1. Shall we gath-er at the riv-er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod; With its
2. On the mar-gin of the riv-er, Wash-ing up its sil-ver spray; We shall
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv-er, Lay we ev-'ry bur-den down, Grace our
4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv-er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease; Soon our



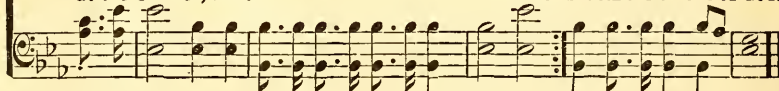
CHORUS.



- crys-tal tide for-ev-er Flowing from the throne of God?  
walk and worship ev-er, All the hap-py gold-en day. { Yes, we'll gath-er  
spir-its will de-liv-er And pro-vide a robe and crown. { Gather with the saints  
hap-py hearts will quiv-er, With the mel-o-dy of peace.



- at the riv-er, The beautiful, the beau-ti-ful riv-er,  
at the riv-er, That flows from the throne of God.



## No. 199. Come to Jesus.

Unknown.

Arr. by E. O. E.



1. Come to Je-sus, come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus just now; Just now come to
2. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you just now; Just now He will



- Je-sus, Come to Je-sus just now.  
save you, He will save you just now.



- 3 He is able.
- 4 He is willing.
- 5 Call upon Him.
- 6 He will hear you.
- 7 He'll forgive you.
- 8 He will cleanse you.
- 9 Jesus loves you.
- 10 Only trust Him.

# No. 200.

# At the Cross.

Isaac Watts.

COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY R. E. HUDSON.  
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R. E. Hudson.

1. { Alas! and did my Savior bleed, And did my Sov'reign die,  
Would He devote that sa- cred head For such a worm as I? }

2. { Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd upon the tree.  
A - maz-ing pit - y, grace unknown! And love beyond degree! }

## CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the burden of my heart rolled a-

way, It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am happy all the day.  
rolled away,

# No. 201. Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Isaac Watts.

Hugh Wilson.

1. A - las! and did my Savior bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would He devote that  
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd upon the tree? A-maz-ing pit - y!

sa-cred head For such a worm as I?  
grace unknown! And love beyond de-gree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut His glories in,  
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,  
For man, the creature's sin.

4 But drops of grief can le'er repay  
The debt of love I owe:  
Here, Lord, I give myself away, -  
'Tis all that I can do.

## No. 202.

## Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady.

Thomas Hastings.

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee:  
D. C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side which flow'd,

2 Could my tears forever flow,  
Could my zeal no languor know,  
These for sin could not atone,  
Thou must save, and Thou alone:  
In my hand no price I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyes shall close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold Thee on Thy throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

## No. 203.

## Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care,  
2. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, The joys I feel, the bliss I share,  
3. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear

And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wish-es known;  
Of those whose anxious spir - its burn With strong de-sires for thy re - turn!  
To Him, whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the wait-ing soul to bless;

D. S.—And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r.  
D. S.—And glad-ly take my sta-tion there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.  
D. S.—I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.

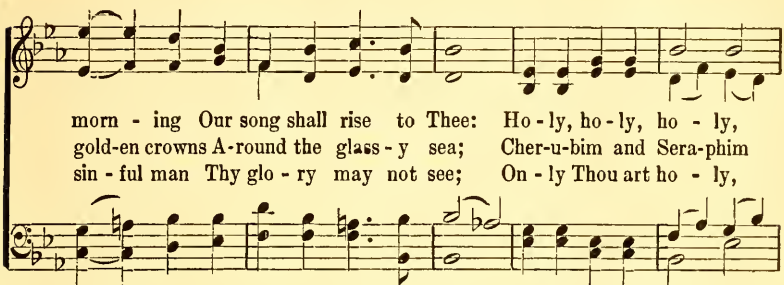


Reginald Heber.

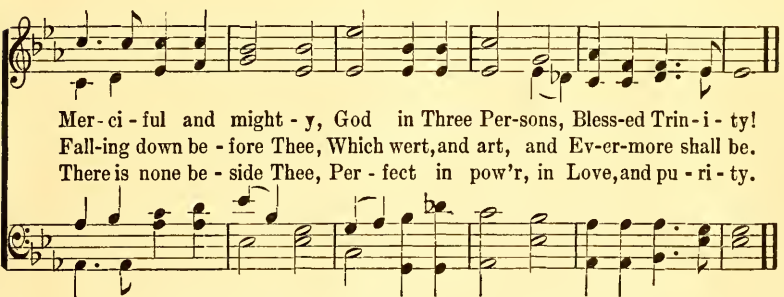
John B. Dykes.



1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the  
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! All the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their  
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Tho' the dark-ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of

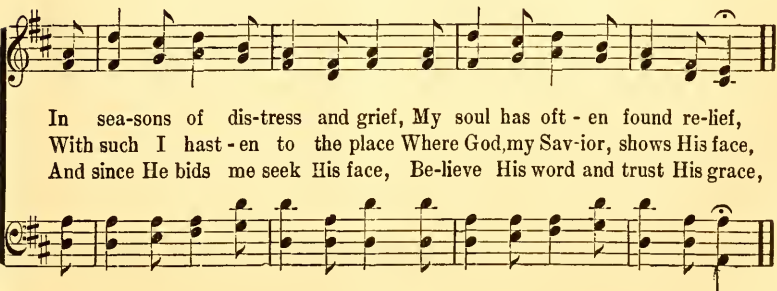


morn - ing Our song shall rise to Thee: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,  
 gold-en crowns A-round the glass - y sea; Cher-u-bim and Sera-phim  
 sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly,



Mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per-sons, Bless-ed Trin-i - ty!  
 Fall-ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and Ev-er-more shall be.  
 There is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in Love, and pu - ri - ty.

## Sweet Hour of Prayer. Concluded.



In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re-lief,  
 With such I hast - en to the place Where God, my Sav-ior, shows His face,  
 And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word and trust His grace,

## No. 205.

## What a Friend.

H. Bonar.

C. C. Converse.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!  
 2. Have we tri-als and temp-ta-tions? Is there troub-le an - y-where?  
 3. Are we weak and heav-y la - den, Cum-bered with a load of care?—

**FINE.**  
 What a priv-i-lege to car-ry Ev - y-thing God in pray'r!  
 We should nev-er b di-cour-aged, ake it to the Lord in pray'r.  
 Pre-cious Sav-ior, still our r f-uge, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.

D.S.—All be-cause we do not car-ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r.  
 D.S.—Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak-ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.  
 D.S.—In His arms He'll take and sh eld Thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

**D. S.**  
 O what peace we oft-n for-feit, O what need-less pain we bear,  
 Can we find a friend so faith-ful, Who will all our sor-rows share?  
 Do thy friends de-spise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r,

## No. 206.

## Blessed Be the Name.

Wm. H. Clark. COPYRIGHT, 1888, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Arr. by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. All praise to Him who reigns a - bove, In maj - es - ty su-preme;  
 2. His name a - bove all names shall stand, Ex-alt - ed more and more;  
 3. Re-deem-er, Sav - ior, Friend of men Once ru - ined by the fall;  
 4. His name shall be the Coun-sel - lor, Th might-y Prince of Peace,

## No. 207.

## Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson,

John Wyeth.  
FINE.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev'-ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, }  
 { Streams of mer-cy, nev - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise: }  
*D. C.*—Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.

*D. C.*  
 Teach me some mel - o-dious son - net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,  
 Hither by Thy help I'm come;  
 And I hope by Thy good pleasure,  
 Safely to arrive at home.  
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
 Wandering from the fold of God;  
 He, to rescue me from danger,  
 Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor  
 Daily I'm constrained to be!  
 Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,  
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee.  
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
 Prone to leave the God I love;  
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,  
 Seal it for Thy courts above.

## Blessed Be the Name. Concluded.

Who gave His son for man to die, That He might man re - deem.  
 At God the Fa-ther's own right hand, Where an-gel hosts a - dore.  
 Thou hast de-vised sal - va-tion's plan, For Thou hast died for all.  
 Of all earth's kingdoms, Con-quer-or, Whose reign shall nev-er cease.

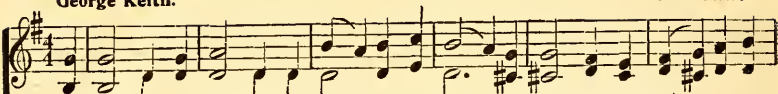
CHORUS.  
 Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord; of the Lord.

## No. 208.

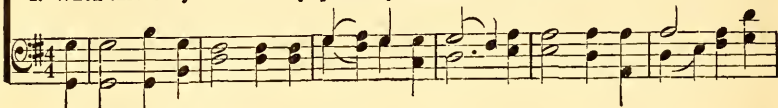
## How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith.

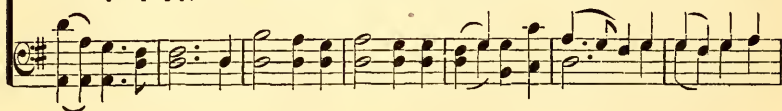
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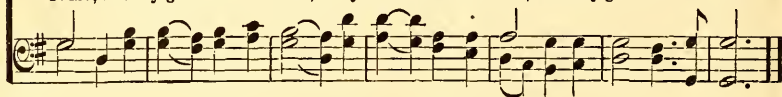
1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
2. "Fear not I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy God, I will
3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of sor - row shall
4. "When thro' fiery tri - als thy path-way shall lie, My grace all suf - fi - cient shall



- ex - cel-lent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for  
 still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by my  
 not o - ver-flow For I will be with thee thy tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti - fy  
 be thy sup - ply, The flames shall not hurt thee; I only de - sign Thy dross to con -



- ref - uge to Je - sus have fled? To you who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled.  
 gra-cious, om-nip - o - tent hand, Up - held by my gracious, om - nip - o - tent hand, '  
 to thee thy deep - est dis-tress, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est distress, '  
 sume, and thy gold to re - fine, Thy dross to con - sume, and thy gold to re - fine."



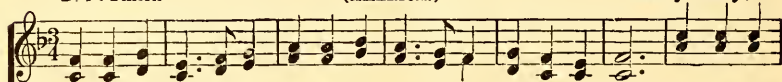
## No. 209.

## My Country! 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. Smith

(AMERICA.)

Henry Carey.



1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na - tive country, thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song: Let mortal
4. Our fathers' God to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our



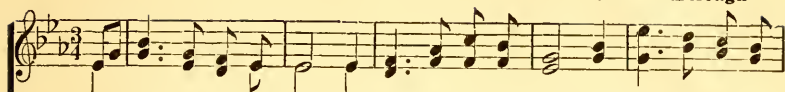


# No. 210.

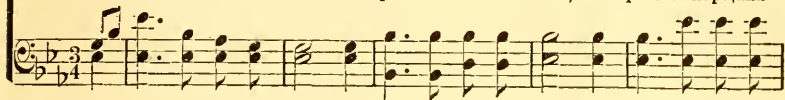
# I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H.

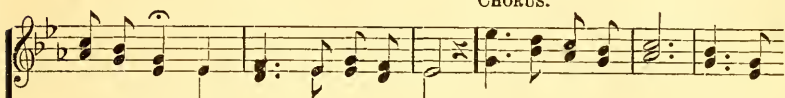
Rev. L. Hartsough



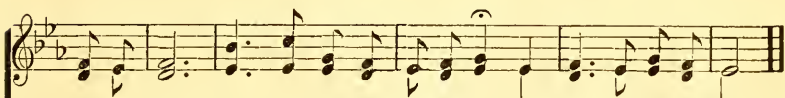
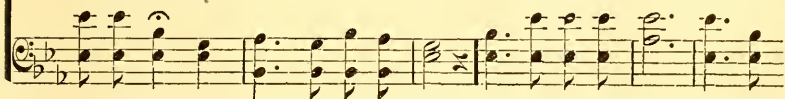
1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to thee, For cleans-ing in Thy
2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To perfect hope, and



## CHORUS.



pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.  
ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure. I am com-ing, Lord! Com-ing  
peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n above.



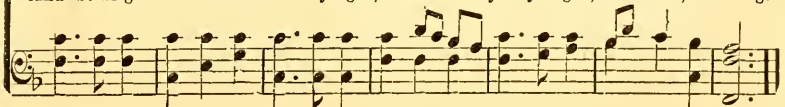
now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry!



## My Country! 'Tis of Thee. Concluded.



fa - thers died! Land of the pilgrims' pride! From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring!  
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.  
tongues awake Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.  
land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!



## No. 211.

## At Galvary.

Wm. R. Newell.

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D. B. Towner.

1. Years I spent in van - i - ty and pride, Car - ing not my Lord was  
 2. By God's Word at last my sin I learned; Then I trem-bled at the  
 3. Now I've giv'n to Je - sus ev - 'ry - thing, Now I glad - ly own Him  
 4. O the love that drew sal - va-tion's plan! O the grace that brought it

cru-ci - fied, Know-ing not it was for me He died On Cal-va - ry.  
 law I'd spurn'd, Till my guilt - y soul im-plor-ing turned To Cal-va - ry.  
 as my King, Now my raptured soul can on - ly sing Of Cal-va - ry.  
 down to man! O the might-y gulf that God did span At Cal-va - ry!

## CHORUS.

Mer-cy there was great, and grace was free; Par - don there was mul-ti-

plied to me; There my burdened soul found lib-er - ty, At Cal-va - ry!

## No. 212.

## All Hail the Power.

O. Holden.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros-trate fall;  
 2. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res-tial ball,  
 3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;

## No. 213.

## I'll Live for Him.

R. E. Hudson.

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C. R. Dunbar.

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;  
 2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live,  
 3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry To save my soul and make me free;

CHO.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!

Chorus D. C.

Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!  
 And now hence-forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!  
 I'll con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

## All Hail the Power. Concluded.

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;  
 To Him all ma - jes - ty a - scribe, And crown Him Lord of all;  
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 To Him all ma - jes - ty a - scribe, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

# No. 214. Take My Life and Let it Be.

Handel.

1. Take my life and let it be Con-se-er-ated, Lord, to Thee; Take my hands, and  
 2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau-ti - ful for Thee; Take my voice, and  
 3. Take my lips and let them be Fill'd with mes-sag-es for Thee; Take my sil - ver  
 4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in end-less praise; Take my in - tel-

let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love, At the im-pulse of Thy love.  
 let me sing, Al-ways, on - ly for my King, Al-ways, on - ly for my King.  
 and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold, Not a mite would I with-hold.  
 lect and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose, Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will, and make it Thine,  
 It shall be no longer mine;  
 Take my heart, it is Thine own,  
 It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love, my God, I pour  
 At Thy feet its treasured store;  
 Take myself, and I will be  
 Ever, only, all for Thee.

# No. 215. Why do You Wait?

G. F. R.

Geo. F. Root.

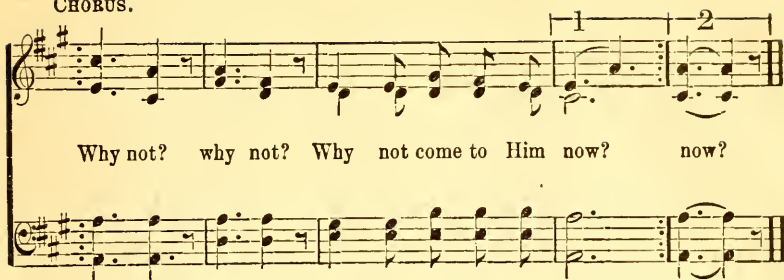
1. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, Oh, why do you tar - ry so long?  
 2. What do you hope, dear broth - er; To gain by a fur - ther de - lay?  
 3. Do you not feel, dear broth - er, His spir - it now striv - ing with - in?  
 4. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, The har - vest is pass - ing a - way,

Your Sav - ior is wait - ing to give you A place in His sanc - ti - fied throng.  
 There's no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way.  
 Oh, why not ac - cept His sal - va - tion, And throw off thy bur - den of sin?  
 Your Sav - ior is wait - ing to bless you, There's danger and death in de - lay?



## Why do You Wait?

CHORUS.

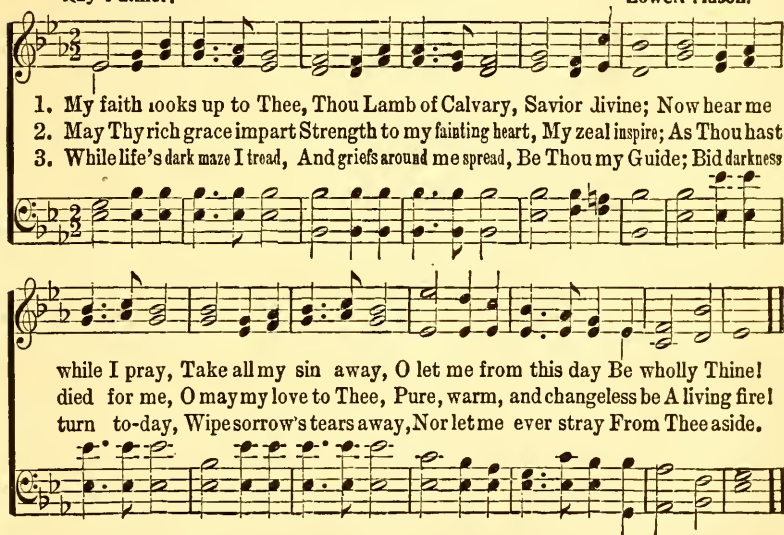


Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now?

## No. 216. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer.

Lowell Mason.



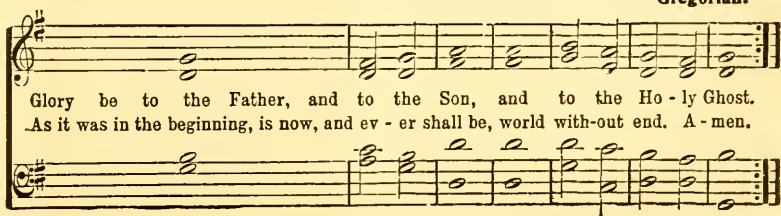
1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Savior divine; Now hear me  
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As Thou hast  
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness

while I pray, Take all my sin away, O let me from this day Be wholly Thine!  
died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be A living fire!  
turn to-day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ever stray From Thee aside.

## No. 217.

## Gloria Patri.

Gregorian.



Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost.  
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with-out end. A - men.

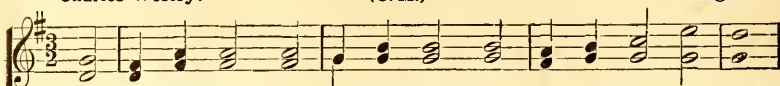
## No. 218.

## I Do Believe.

Charles Wesley.

(C. M.)

Arranged.



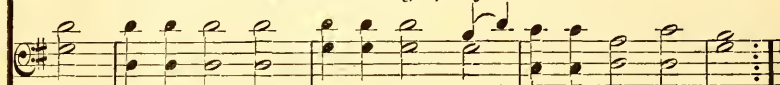
1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee; No oth - er help I know;
2. On Thy dear Son I now be - lieve, O let me feel Thy pow'r;
3. Au - thor of faith! to Thee I lift My wea - ry, long - ing eyes;



CHO.—I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve That Je - sus died for me,



- If Thou with - draw Thy - self from me, Ah, whith - er shall I go?  
 And all my va - ried wants re - lieve, In this ac - cept - ed hour.  
 O let me now re - ceive that gift; My soul with - out it dies.



And that He shed His pre - cious blood From sin to set me free.

## No. 219.

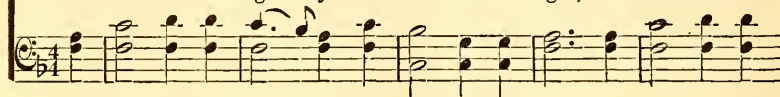
## My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book.

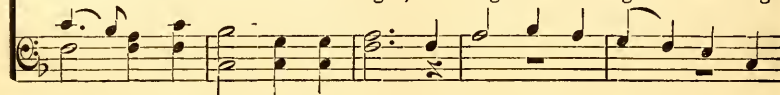
A. J. Gordon.



1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou Hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. In man - sions of glo - ry And end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -



- fol - lies Of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, My  
 par - don On Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing The  
 dore Thee In heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing



## My Jesus, I Love Thee,

Sav - ior art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 Crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.

## No. 220. I Need Thee Every Hour.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL, USED BY PER. Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp - ta - tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick - ly and a -
4. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in -

### CHORUS.

Thine Can peace af - ford.  
 pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev-'ry hour I  
 bide, Or life is vain.  
 deed, Thou bless - ed Son!

need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee!

## No. 221.

## Take Me As I am.

J. H. S.

J. H. Stockton.

1. Je - sus my Lord, to Thee I cry: Un - less Thou help me, I must die;  
 2. Help-less I am, and full of guilt, But yet Thy blood for me was spilt;  
 3. No pre - p - a - ra - tion can I make, My blest re - solves I on - ly break;  
 4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full sal - va - tion I would prove;

Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.  
 And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But take me as I am.  
 Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And take me as I am.  
 But since to Thee I can - not move, Oh, take me as I am.

D.S.—Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.

## CHORUS.

Take me as I am,.... Take me as I am;....  
 Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am;

## No. 222. I Am Trusting, Lord, in Thee:

Wm. McDonald.

BY PERMISSION.

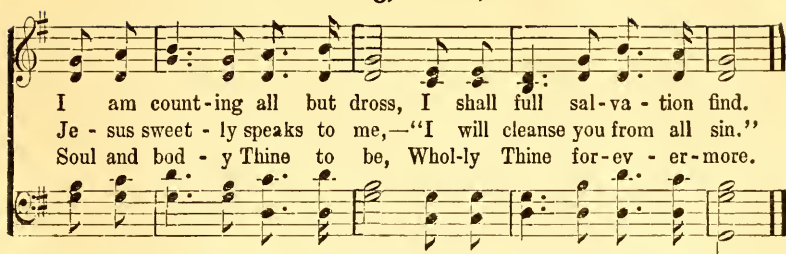
W. G. Fischer.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;  
 2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned with-in;  
 3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends and time and earth - ly store;

CHO.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee; Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;



# I Am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.



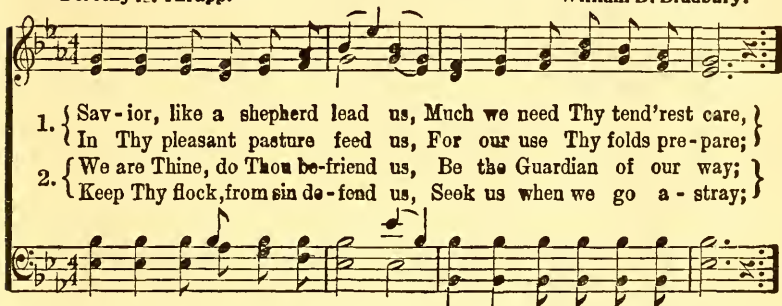
I am count-ing all but dross, I shall full sal-va-tion find.  
 Je-sus sweet-ly speaks to me,—“I will cleanse you from all sin.”  
 Soul and bod-y Thine to be, Whol-ly Thine for-ev-er-more.

*Humbly at Thy cross I bow, Save me Je-sus, save me now.*

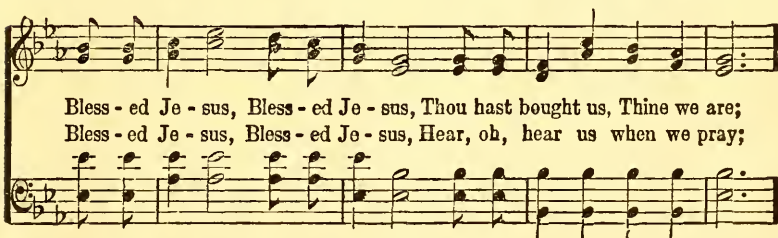
## No. 223. Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp.

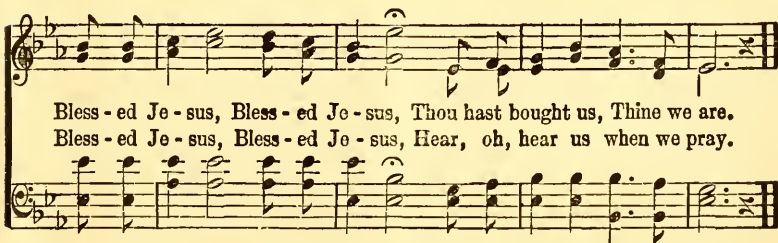
William B. Bradbury.



1. { Sav-ior, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care, }  
 { In Thy pleasant pasture feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare; }  
 2. { We are Thine, do Thou be-friend us, Be the Guardian of our way; }  
 { Keep Thy flock, from sin de-fend us, Seek us when we go a-stray; }



Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;  
 Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray;



Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.  
 Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,  
 Poor and sinful though we be;  
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us;  
 Grace to cleanse and power to free;  
 Blessed Jesus,  
 We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,  
 Early let us do Thy will;  
 Blessed Lord and only Savior,  
 With Thy love our bosoms fill;  
 Blessed Jesus,  
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.

## No. 224.

## There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper.

Lowell Mason.

1. { There is a fount-ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins, }  
 { And sin-ners, plung'd be-neath that flood ..... }  
 D.C.—And sin-ners, plung'd be-neath that flood .....

2 FINE. D. C.

Lose all their guilty stains; Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains;  
 Lose all their guilty stains.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
 That fountain in his day;  
 And there may I, tho' vile as he,  
 Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood  
 Shall never lose its power,  
 Till all the ransomed church of God  
 Be saved, to sin no more.

- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream,  
 Thy flowing wounds supply,  
 Redeeming love has been my theme;  
 And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
 I'll sing Thy power to save,  
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,  
 Lies silent in the grave.

## No. 225.

## The Lord's Prayer.

1. Our Father, who art in heaven, hal-low-ed be Thy name;  
 2. Give us this day our dai-ly bread;  
 3. And lead us not into temptation, but de-liv-er us from evil;

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.  
 and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass a- gainst us.  
 for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for - ever. A - men.

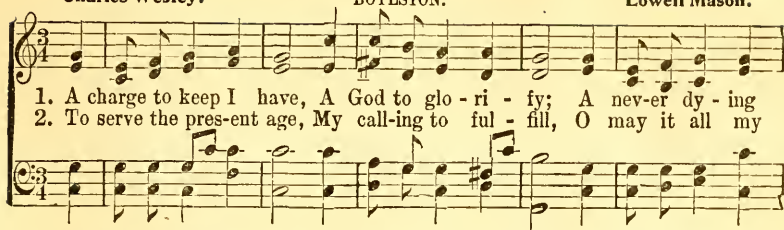
## No. 226.

## A Charge to Keep.

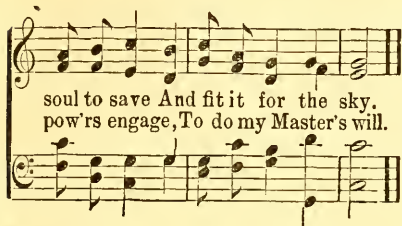
Charles Wesley.

BOYLSTON.

Lowell Mason.



1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy; A nev - er dy - ing  
 2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill, O may it all my



soul to save And fit it for the sky.  
 pow'rs engage, To do my Master's will.

- 3 Arm me with jealous care,  
 And in Thy sight to live;  
 And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare  
 A strict account to give.  
 4 Help me to watch and pray,  
 And on Thyself rely,  
 Assured, if I my trust betray  
 I shall forever die.

## No. 227.

## I Love Thy Kingdom Lord.

(Tune above.)

Dwight.

- 1 I love Thy kingdom, Lord—  
 The house of Thine abode,  
 The church our blest Redeemer saved  
 With His own precious blood.  
 2 I love Thy church, O God!  
 Her walls before Thee stand,  
 Dear as the apple of Thine eye,  
 And graven on Thy hand.  
 3 For her my tears shall fall,  
 For her my prayers ascend;

- To her my cares and toils be given,  
 Till toils and cares shall end.  
 4 Beyond my highest joy  
 I prize her heavenly ways,  
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
 Her hymns of love and praise.  
 5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,  
 To Zion shall be given  
 The brightest glories earth can yield,  
 And brighter bliss of heaven.

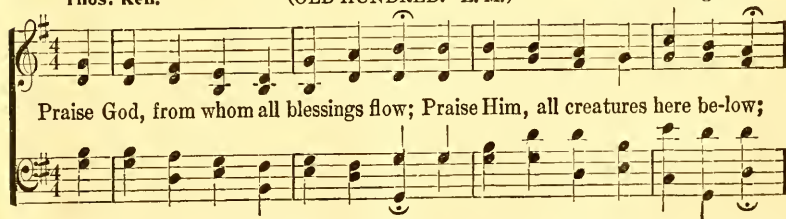
## No. 228.

## Doxology.

Thos. Ken.

(OLD HUNDRED. L. M.)

Lewis Bourgeois.



Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low;



Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'nly hosts; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

## Responsive Readings.

### No. 229. PSALM 51.

1 Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

3 For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

5 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

6 Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

7 Purge me with hissope, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8 Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

9 Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

10 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

11 Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy holy spirit from me.

12 Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free spirit.

13 Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

14 Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation: and my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

15 O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.

16 For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering.

17 The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

18 Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion; build thou the walls of Jerusalem.

19 Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt offering and whole burnt offering; then shall they offer bullocks upon thine altar.

### No. 230. ISAIAH 53.

1 Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed.

2 For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground; he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

3 He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

4 Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

5 But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

6 All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

### No. 231. PSALM 90.

1 Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.

2 Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

3 Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

4 For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

5 Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep; in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.



## Responsive Readings.

**6** In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

**7** For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled.

**8** Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

**9** For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told.

**10** The days of our years are threescore years and ten: and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

**11** Who knoweth the power of thine anger? Even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.

**12** So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

**13** Return, O Lord, how long? And let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

**14** O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

**15** Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil.

**16** Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children.

**17** And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us: yea, the work of our hands establish thou it:

### No. 232. JOHN 3: 1-18.

**1** There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews:

**2** The same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God; for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him.

**3** Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.

**4** Nicodemus said unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born?

**5** Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.

**6** That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.

**7** And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness; even so must the Son of man be lifted up:

**8** That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.

**9** For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

**10** For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.

**11** He that believeth on him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already; because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.

### No. 233. ISAIAH 55.

**1** Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

**2** Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

**3** Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.

**4** Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people.

## Responsive Readings.

5 Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

6 Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near:

7 Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

### No. 234. PSALM 142.

1. I cried unto the Lord with my voice; with my voice unto the Lord did I make my supplication.

2 I poured out my complaint before him; I shewed before him my trouble.

3 When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then thou knewest my path. In the way wherein I walked have they privily laid a snare for me.

4 I looked on my right hand, and beheld, but there was no man that would know me: refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul.

5 I cried unto thee, O Lord: I said, Thou art my refuge and my portion in the land of the living.

6 Attend unto my cry; for I am brought very low; deliver me from my persecutors; for they are stronger than I.

7 Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name: the righteous shall compass me about: for thou shalt deal bountifully with me.

### No. 235. PSALM 121.

1 I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

2 My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

4 Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

5 The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

6 The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

7 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

8 The Lord shall preserve thy going-out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

### No. 236. PSALM 1.

1 Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly are not so: but a like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

### No. 237. MATTHEW 11: 20-30.

1 Then began he to upbraid the cities wherein most of his mighty works were done, because they repented not:

2 Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works which were done in you had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes.

## Responsive Readings.

3 But I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment, than for you.

4 And thou Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shall be brought down to hell; for if the mighty works, which have been done in thee, had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day.

5 But I say unto you, That it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment, than for thee.

6 At that time Jesus answered and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth; because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.

7 Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in thy sight.

8 All things are delivered unto me of my Father; and no man knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him.

9 Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

10 Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

11 For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

### No. 238.

MATTHEW 13: 24-30; 36-43.

1 Another parable put he forth unto them, saying, The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man which soweth good seed in his field:

2 But while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way.

3 But when the blade was sprung up, and brought forth fruit, then appeared the tares also.

4 So the servants of the householder came and said unto him, Sir, didst not thou sow good seed in thy field? from whence then hath it tares?

5 He said unto them, An enemy hath done this. The servants said unto him, Wilt thou then that we go and gather them up.

6 But he said, Nay; lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the wheat with them.

7 Let both grow together until the harvest; and in the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them; but gather the wheat into my barn.

8 Then Jesus sent the multitude away, and went into the house: and his disciples came unto him, saying, Declare unto us the parable of the tares of the field.

9 He answered and said unto them, He that soweth the good seed is the Son of man;

10 The field is the world; the good seed are the children of the kingdom; but the tares are the children of the wicked one;

11 The enemy that soweth them is the devil; the harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels.

12 As therefore the tares are gathered and burned in the fire; so shall it be in the end of this world.

13 The Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity;

14 And shall cast them into a furnace of fire; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.

15 Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Who hath ears to hear, let him hear.

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